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THE SPINNER

From the Painting by Paul Peel,
in the Art Association Gallery,
Montreal



THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LIII.

TORONTO, MAY, 1919

No. 1

THE WAY TO SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL PEACE

BY W. E. RANEY



AS it possible, Victor Hugo inquires, for Napoleon to win Waterloo? He says that it was not; and not because of Wellington, not because of Blücher, but because of God.

It was time that Napoleon should be eliminated. His excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. Probably, Hugo says, the principles and the elements, upon which the regular gravitations of the moral, as of the material, world depend, had complained. Smoking blood, overfilled cemeteries, mothers in tears, these were formidable pleaders. Napoleon had embarrassed God.

But if God intervened at Waterloo to eliminate Napoleon, why did he not interfere at Marengo or Austerlitz? Why all the intervening carnage and welter of human misery when it might have been prevented at an earlier date?

Attila the Hun, in the fifth century, was called the Scourge of God. May we believe that the people of that time

who named him so were using words having a very real meaning? And if Attila was the Scourge of God, so perhaps also were Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, who reared their pyramids of human skulls, and Napoleon and every other predatory world conqueror.

Jeshuran waxed fat and kicked. And so it has been. Peace hath her defeats no less renowned than war—riches, idleness, luxury, intellectual pride, and perhaps there is no cure for the social carbuncles begotten of these things but blood letting, and perhaps William Hohenzollern has served as a leech for the world of to-day, as Attila did for the world of his day.

We tell ourselves that there was spiritual decadence in Germany, and that Germany deserves to suffer the penalty. So be it. But it is as though the prophets had dwelt not on the sins of Israel, but on the abominations of the Philistines. We ignore the fact that we also have paid and are paying the penalty. The destroying angel passed over the land, and only the

door-posts of the Quakers and Menonites and Doukhobours bore the mystic sign of immunity.

Unless this is a mad world, without guidance or governance, there was somewhere a cause for this penalty, this slaughter of both first-born and the younger sons, beside which the last of the plagues of Egypt was a local circumstance.

Unquestionably the highest conceptions of the moral law are to be found in the Bible: Resist not evil; if a man takes your cloak, give him your coat also; get wisdom; get understanding; love mercy; do justice. These are some of the Christian precepts.

But what are the precepts of our twentieth century social order? Our laws, which are the expression of our real social conscience, are based, not so much upon Christian ethics as upon the ancient Roman or Saxon systems, both pagan. And what is our modern civilization? Rather, perhaps, we should ask, What was our modern civilization four years ago or five? Because there has been some change. It was churches, colleges and hospitals. It was a great literature and widely-diffused knowledge. It was wealth and luxury. It was railroads and steamships, telegraphs and telephones, the printing press and the daily newspaper, electricity and gasoline, the seeder and the harvester, and all the multitude of labour-saving devices. And in its nether regions, it was expressed by the tango and the turkey-trot; a legalized liquor traffic, and in many cities police protected prostitution; feminine fashions dictated by the demi-mondaine and lecherous playhouses; legalized theft by manipulation of joint stock company laws and common gaming houses under the protection of the Criminal Code, when conducted by governors and members of Parliament, but not protected at all when conducted in the back room of a Chinese laundry.

The moral law says, Thou shalt not steal. To steal in this commandment means to take the property or earnings of another without rendering an

equivalent. But our economic fabric was based largely upon the violation of this commandment. All gambling is theft, and all (or almost all) speculation is gambling. There was recently a great hub-bub about war profits. A citizen accused of over-kindness to himself in this respect, explained that, after all, his 80 per cent. profit meant only an increase of two-fifths of a cent a pound to the consumer of his bacon, and he had no qualms of conscience. There was no reason why he should have had, if that kind of thing is not against the moral law in peace times. His excuse was precisely that of all the other men—the oil men, the cement men, the tin pot men—who, having secured control of the supply of some article of human consumption, proceed to levy tribute. They have no qualms of conscience, because their consciences are grounded not upon the moral law within them, but upon the Criminal Code, and the Criminal Code is silent on the subject of profits.

And not only do our laws safeguard and encourage the accumulation of vast wealth in the hands of individuals, but they permit the owner to control its devolution, until in the European countries the dead hand has become too heavy to be borne, and here in America, where society is still in the making, we already count our millionaires by the thousands, and our near-paupers by the millions. The evil is not so great whilst the men who engrossed the millions still live, for, after all, they remain human. But when they have passed and are succeeded by parasitic sons and sons' sons, who view the rest of mankind from a pedestal and put into practice the theory that they are a superior breed of humanity, the social order and the moral law are both outraged. And this is so whether the parasites call themselves dukes, or earls, or barons, or knights, and whether they live in the old world or in a country that has respect to the forms of democracy, but not to its spirit.

It is a moot point whether any man can earn a million dollars, much less

ten, or twenty, or two hundred or a thousand millions, in a lifetime. At all events, if he gets such vast wealth he does so with the assistance of the existing social order, and if he is permitted to control his gettings while he lives, there will be no violation of the moral law if society appropriates them at his death, subject to a provision for his dependents, but leaving his children, when old enough to do so, to work for their living like other self-respecting members of society. In other words, there is no natural testamentary right and no inherent right of inheritance.

Another moral law is, Thou shalt not kill. The heathen woman throws her child to the crocodiles. Civilized women have other means of preventing the demonstration of the Malthusian theory, until race suicide has become a by-word, though scarcely a reproach.

Primitive man was his own beast of burden—in time his labours were lightened by the domestication of the camel, the ox and the horse. Then after many centuries came steam and machinery, and the fruits of his industry were multiplied by ten; and then came electrical and gasoline energy and more machinery, and they were again multiplied many fold. And still in the twentieth century myriads of the people of the highly civilized countries win a bare subsistence, and men and women and little children live huddled together in unsanitary surroundings and die for lack of the things which they could command were they given their fair share of the fruits of their toil. May this also be murder according to our moral law?

Before the war, there was a general consensus of opinion among the students of the subject in the United States that \$16.00 a week was the minimum need of subsistence of a labouring class family. But in one of the great Chicago packing houses, the average weekly income of more than half of the men was \$6.37. In the steel industry of the United States, according to a Government report,

twenty per cent. of the men worked twelve hours a day and seven days a week, and half the employees got less than eighteen cents an hour. Not one of the twelve basic industries of the country paid the head of a family, on an average, within one hundred dollars a year of the minimum for family subsistence, and nearly one-third of all the working class families of the country had incomes of less than \$500.00 a year. And as the scale of wages descends, infant mortality increases. The rate was 84 per 1,000 where the father earned \$1,200 or more a year. When the father earned only \$500 a year, the rate was 255 per 1,000, or more than three times as great. In a pitiable effort to eke out the family larder, more than 600,000 boys in the United States between ten and twelve years were workers for wages. And conventional commercial morality saw nothing in these figures but the law of supply and demand. But all the while the moral law was being violated and the penalties were piling up.

It would be strange if the millions of men, who are the victims of these conditions, endured their lot without protest. Syndicalism, sabotage, bolshevism, anarchism, socialism, and the Industrial Workers of the World are the eruptive protests of those of them who resent most keenly the injustice of the present order. And however much we may reprobate their excesses, we cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that their complaints are grounded upon facts and figures taken from Government blue books. "Don't you know," said President Wilson the year before the war, "that this country from one end to the other believes that something is wrong. What an opportunity it would be for some man without conscience to spring up and say, 'This is the way, follow me,' and lead in paths of destruction. . . . We are in a temper to reconstruct economic society as we were once in a temper to reconstruct political society."

A bare score of years ago, the conscience of the world was shocked by the atrocities of Leopold in the Bel-

gian Congo. The natives were enslaved and tortured and murdered that the old King might have jewels to lavish on his court favourites. But had the conscience of the world been better educated and less hypocritical, it would have discovered similar conditions nearer the heart of both the European and American civilizations.

Service is the basis of the moral law. Self is the tap root of the laws by which we are actually governed, and the vice of it is that the average man accepts the law of the land as the boundary of his responsibility, and justifies himself by the laws society has made to replace the moral law within the individual.

Our self-made laws are in number as the sands of the seashore. No man knoweth them. They are contained in volumes so numerous that they could scarcely be read by a man in his lifetime, and their number grows steadily greater year by year. If there is no statute, what is the nearest precedent? It is only when there is no statute and no precedent that the judge is free to consult the moral law within him. Now and then, indeed, he feels impelled to remind litigants that his court is not a court of morals. He might also often truthfully say that it is not a court of justice, though I have never heard it put by the court itself quite so frankly as that. In truth and in fact, our courts are courts of law. Sometimes the law is justice and sometimes it is not.

Greed is one of the master passions of mankind. It was thought by the Idealists of the French Revolution that ignorance was the chief prop of greed, and that if only men were educated, greed would lose its mastery. What men meant then by education was the getting of knowledge. Well, in the century and a quarter since the French Revolution, knowledge has come beyond anything that Rousseau dreamed, and greed is more strongly entrenched than ever before. For greed was crafty, and when education became inevitable, greed said, "Go to now, education also shall be

my bondservant". And greed engrossed the fruits of knowledge, and more and more our universities were given over to the pursuit of science and less and less to the distinction between right and wrong.

Idealists of the last century perceived that while knowledge had come, wisdom still lingered, and that while we were mastering the material forces of the universe, we were losing our moral sense, and they warned us that the only true education, the only education that would conquer greed, was that which would help men to see clearly the relation of cause and effect, and the difference between right and wrong. But the voices of the Idealists were voices crying in the wilderness, and greed paid no heed at all, except to see to it that as little as possible of these things was heard in college halls.

The essence of democracy, as of Christianity, is brotherhood. The essence of autocracy is privilege, and privilege is greed rampant. But a democracy of millionaires and paupers is a contradiction in terms. As well speak of a democracy of autocrats (or aristocrats) and slaves.

The figures for Canada are not available, but from the Report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue of the United States published in 1917, it appears that at the end of 1916 there were 22,696 millionaires in that country. In that year 396 persons in the United States paid taxes on incomes of \$1,000,000 or more, as against 120 in 1915, 60 in 1914 and 44 in 1913, an increase of eight-fold in three war years!

Ten of the 396 who had incomes of \$1,000,000 or more in 1916 paid income taxes on \$5,000,000 or more!

The defeat of the German armies was a victory for international morality. To adapt the language of Hugo to the events of 1918, it was not possible that the Kaiser should have won the war—not because of Foch, not because of Haig, not because of Pershing, but because of God.

After Lincoln's proclamation of

emancipation of the slaves in September, 1862, the question at issue between the North and the South became a moral, instead of a political, one. Before that time, the South had the sympathy of Great Britain on the issue of secession, and many people, even in the North, were lukewarm. Washington was depressed by Bull Run and Antietam, and the outlook was dark indeed. It is said that during the first two years of the war, no one ever heard President Lincoln say that he knew the country would be successful in the war. But his emancipation proclamation brought the moral opinion of the world definitely to the side of his Government, and, after that time, no one ever heard Lincoln express a doubt of success.

A house divided against itself cannot stand. A civilization cannot endure permanently, half barbarian and half Christian, as was our civilization prior to the war. I do not include in this generalization the civilization of Germany. We now know that that civilization was essentially barbarian, and as the war progressed, it changed only for the worse.

But no sooner was the war started, than the Christian element in the civilization of the rest of the world began to assert itself over the pagan. With an abandon of self, Belgium and England, and Canada and Australia, and even South Africa, threw their bodies across the path of the beast, and, from that moment, even as the blackness of darkness descended upon the earth, the morning light began to break, and men began to say that after the war, the world would never be the same again. What they meant to say was that the triumph of international morality would be followed by the triumph of social morality. Of course, it was not to have been expected that the new order would be born full-grown. That would not have been according to the law of evolution. The application of the moral law to commerce and industry, education and

legislation, will be a complicated process and may perhaps not be accomplished without a painful struggle.

But the world has been thinking these years in terms of the essentials. People have been "seeing clear and thinking straight". Having rid the civilized world of autocracy, they will have scant patience with its blood relations, aristocracy and plutocracy. They may not at this moment see clearly how the desired changes are to be brought about, but they do see clearly the false pretence that our social order, as at present constituted, is grounded on the teachings of the Prince of Peace. The militant democracy of to-day, under the hard pressure of laws that create social conditions as far removed from each other as the poles, is Christianity with the graces—faith, hope and charity—subtracted. In other words, the socialists, and perhaps even the anarchists and bolsheviks, accept the social teachings of Christianity and reject the spiritual. In this respect they are one step in advance of the defenders of the present social order, who reject both.

If the masses have the support of the leaders of public opinion in their struggle for social justice, the graces will be added in due season. If not, the solution will have to wait on strikes and lock-outs and other social disorders—for, by one means or another, a Waterloo is as inevitable for social immorality as it was for international immorality.

In his speech before the Peace Conference proposing the formation of a League of Nations, President Wilson said:

"Gentlemen, the select classes of mankind are no longer the governors of mankind. The fortunes of mankind are now in the hands of the plain people of the whole world."

The "select classes" will do well to recognize the change socially and industrially, as they have already done politically. It is the only way to social and industrial peace.

THE TEAR OF ISIS*

BY N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN



AND everywhere, of course there was sand everywhere. Was this not the desert and Egypt! And always before until he had disembarked at Port Said, Egypt, the Desert and the Sand had been synonymous to Halliday. Like many another of us he had never expected to get farther in the Nile country than his imaginings carried him. But now, having come, he had found that Egypt was made up of many things beyond his farthest fancyings, scents and colours and sounds, unsensed in any of his thoughts and dreamings, and over all and through all, the beginning of all and the end of all—mystery. He had loved it too, with the very deep love of an intensely romantic undemonstrative middle-aged Englishman who would rather be cut in little pieces than let one suspect he regarded anything in the world from any attitude except a frivolous one.

When for the first time, standing on the outskirts of the encampment he had watched the sun go down into a sea of golden sand, that had not seemed so much to receive it quiescently as to mount in any ecstasy of glittering joy to meet it, he had almost swooned at the marvel and the magnitude of it; but he had abruptly turned from the sight with a curt command to his orderly, an unneces-

sary command made simply to hide the tremor of his lips and hands. When, the first day of his arrival he had seen the too slender khaki column swing off and away until it was lost to sight behind the hummocks and the palms, he had had to grind his teeth together to keep the sobs from choking him, so swift his imaginings carried him forward to what was in store for the men, who scorned to send an equal force to meet a force in ambush; who would be ashamed to fight an enemy which did not outmatch them two or three to one. He watched them go, and the realization of what the British in Egypt meant made his head throb with the splendour of it. The Sand itself, the Queen of Rivers, the ancient Trees, the Monuments, and millions of voices from the great Tombs all had been calling, calling for centuries to a deaf world, until England had heard and English men had come to restore through untold sacrifice the ancient glories of a civilization more marvellous than our own. That was what the little khaki column marching over the Sand spelled to Halliday. Outnumbered they! when all the hosts of the dead Pharaohs and Ptolomys marched beside them to spur them on to victory. He had stood there long after they had gone, visioning a rushing joyful host in the heavens, hearing the clash of cymbals and the song of those who

*The tears of the Egyptian gods and goddesses, particularly those of Isis, were supposed upon falling to the earth to be endowed with miraculous powers.

with triumph, until a brother officer called him laughingly from his reverie, and he had turned with a quick cast on his lips which entirely hid the tears on his cheek.

Yes, he had loved it all. He had loved the narrow, old-world streets of the cities, where romance and intrigue lurked and beckoned round every corner; he had loved the way the sun embraced everything, the tall leaning buildings, the dusty mosques, the squat little shops, even the warm worn cobblestones under foot, which could they speak might tell tales that would put Scheherazade to envy. He had peered through his monocle into the shadowy incense laden, musky depths of the bazaars and his heart had swelled to the suggestive stimulus of them. He had looked, not too intently, for he would not spoil by reality the loveliness of his ideals, at women with veiled faces, and had brushed against slim shoulders, and once touched furtively a pink-palmed slender olive hand. But only as one reads a book, feeling nothing but the impersonal interest conjured up by the mind alone. He had loved the little naked, round-stomached, black-eyed children, playful as puppies and colourful as bubbles. He liked to think that the blood of forefathers dead four thousand years and more still flowed in their veins, and that instinctively their little feet and hands kept time as they danced and played, to rhythms and songs born of poets who were old when the pyramids were in the making. But if you had asked Halliday as he had been asked again and again how he liked campaigning in Egypt, he would have answered as he had answered a score of times, "Rather rotten, mostly hot, and all that sort of thing you know."

So, no one really knew Halliday. Everybody liked him. He was a favourite with his brother officers, a capital story-teller and the lightest-hearted man among them, in spite of his fast-graying hairs and a bit of

solation. His men were a little afraid of him but rendered him unswerving obedience, and women found him pleasant of manner and banteringly flattering of speech, but entirely cold and unmoved by the warmest coquetry. No one would have believed that Halliday was the shyest man in the regiment, and that his dreams were made up of rosy and golden tissues as beautiful and vagrant and unsubstantial as the air-castles of a little boy; that, having learned the deepest lessons in life from a mother who was love personified, and from another woman whose love was no less pure though an impassable barrier separated her from him in life, he had come to love so widely and deeply and impersonally that his love embraced the whole world and beyond, but was quite impractical from a wholly material point of view. And that was how he had loved Egypt.

And it had brought him to this, nothing but Sand.

It was very dark, darker than the cellar in his father's house in boyhood, and the feel of the Sand and the smell of the Sand were everywhere. He had not minded it before because there had been the sun before or else the stars; but just now it was dark and it was wet, the rain was falling. It had been falling for an eternity. Sheets of it, blankets of it. He had never in all his mind's conjuring pictured the desert in the rain. He could not see anything, not even his hand before his eyes. He could not visualize the desert in the rain. By now you will understand that that was Halliday's life, standing on a plane a little apart from his fellows, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, thinking compositely. But just now he could not seem to get away from the Dark without and the Dark within. He tried to. He tried to detach himself, to think of the rain and the desert apart from himself; of himself as looking on while the dark clouds sent down

their overflow and the thirsty sand reached up its billions of parched mouths. He almost succeeded. He almost began to rejoice in that cosmic sense of rejoicing which had come to be so much the greater of all his senses; and then—the Rain and the Sand came closer, closer, and pressed against him and smothered him with their smell and he had to fight hard against an inclination to cry out.

But presently his trained mind began to exert something of its normal control over his faculties, and he tried to remember what had happened. The enemy had been retreating when night and the storm came, and the army had kept following to make sure of a complete rout. He had no idea when he had dropped out of the ranks. He had been wounded just previously somewhere around the shoulder and had dropped his revolver from his left hand. He was carrying his sword in his right. He recalled distinctly that he had shouted to one of his lieutenants but that his voice did not seem to carry and the other had not answered. They had all been running, madly exultantly running, and he hated dreadfully to fall back. He had tried to keep on, but it was dark and the rain blinded one still further, and besides he was losing a lot of blood. Where was he? He tried to feel around him, then he tried to stand. Something wrong with one of his legs or back. He essayed crawling next but that was quite as useless as trying to stand. Furthermore it brought a very terrible dull grinding pain down one side of his body. Then he smiled. That was it. That was why he could not keep the press of the Rain and the Sand away and lift himself to the plane outside where he belonged. He had not understood before. Now that he did, what had frightened him ceased to be a terror. It was only his wound.

But the pain was not to be minimized and vanquished in a moment. It was too real, and the cold and the

wet were too real. He tried to reach his haversack. He had a first-aid kit and such like in it. But he could not reach it, he could not. He ground his teeth and concentrated all his strength of mind and body on the effort, but his muscles at both shoulders seemed paralyzed. With a sigh he gave up for the time. Well then, now to put his theories to the test. If he were part of the Infinite, a little thing like a broken leg, or a broken shoulder or even a broken body could not matter. He tried to fix his mind on that one great fact; to get his normal philosophical mental poise. After a time his mind let go of the pain as the predominant thing and he began to reason more clearly. Halliday believed he was fatally wounded, but the idea of death had no more terror to him than going to sleep has to a child, so he dismissed that phase of the situation. But if he were going to live even until the morning he must make his plans. Of course they would come back for him, might be on their way back now, and possibly others might have fallen near him, though he doubted that. The enemy had not been firing as they ran except a few fitful shots. However he would send out a call. He did so and was surprised at the faintness of it. It only penetrated about two inches of the dark and then returned to him. Something wrong with his vocal chords evidently. He gave up the idea of trying to summon help. He was sorry he had lost his revolver, he might have sent out a shot or two. Well, there seemed nothing left to try unless it was to sleep. There would be several more hours of dark. He was not sure how many but he thought it must be close to midnight. He closed his eyes and put the thought of being cold and wet away. Fortunately he was not thirsty, the rain attended to that. Having by this time grown surer of himself mentally, he ventured to feel out again with his uninjured arm and his

hand came in contact with what was either a large or a small sand mound. He must reach that and get the protection of it. With infinite patience and fortitude he worried the few feet towards it. It took him a long time, moving by inches, but it was worth the effort, for he could lean against it and it sheltered him a little from the slanting rain. But he was quite exhausted, and he thought he must have fainted, for it suddenly came to him that the left side of his body was in a torture of pain. Unconscious of what he did he began to pick up the sand in handfuls and throw it from him mechanically, trying with all his mental strength to get a grip on his will. Presently his fingers closed on something hard, a round, flat object. He sifted the sand from it and felt it with dull curiosity. He put it on his wet knee, and, holding it with the ball of his hand, examined it more minutely with his finger tips.

It seemed to have characters scratched upon its smooth surface. A little flutter of excitement moved Halliday, though he smiled grimly to himself for evincing any interest. Even if he had found something, something of tremendous archaeological value, of what earthly use would it be to him when he was going to die in a few hours. He pictured others seeking for him and discovering the stone with its hieroglyphics, clasped in his hand, and picking it up and examining it, and the good old colonel getting out his spectacles to try to decipher the characters.

His pain suddenly began to grow surprisingly less and a little drowsiness fell upon him. He clasped the stone closely in his hand, and leaned more comfortably against the sand mound. He supposed he was dying and smiled a little deprecatingly, for to die so gently made him feel humble for the great mercy of it. He was not sorry to die. Of course there was his mother, but

she was as philosophical as he, and he had no manner of doubt that it was only a question of a short time when they would be reunited. He would have liked to live longer if he had had his choice, just long enough to see the end of the war, the Holy War, as Halliday named it in his heart of hearts. But he knew how it would end ultimately and his being alive or not would make no difference one way or the other. There were a few memories he wanted to carry away with him, and these he recalled lovingly, dwelling upon them as one dwells upon the beautiful pictures of some favourite story while one turns the leaves of a book many times read. And he had always thought he would like to go out holding fast by a hope that had been long deferred, but that he felt quite sure would be realized in some form or another after life was done. So he reached down through the years to a picture that was the most beautiful of all, and, as his mind held it, and his inner vision dwelt upon it, the old wistful longing which had been his through all his youth returned. He was surprised that it should be so, surprised that he could feel an emotion so poignant after so many years of quiescent patience. But there it was, the old ardent eagerness which had belonged to those wonderful days when the future was a rainbow-coloured, unknown quantity. Again he smiled at the fantastic tricks his drowsy mind was playing him, and, leaning more heavily against the sand, he opened his eyes slowly to recall the present.

What was this! The Dark and the Rain were falling away from him! He sat up straight, unconscious of any pain, and looked about marveling. Every moment it was growing lighter, brighter. Stay! there was the sun, and low in the west. And hark! What was that! A bird's note. And that! The croaking of frogs in some distant meadow. There was a flutter of wind on his cheek

and in it was the scent—the scent of clover and sweet-brier and balm-of-gilead and and—the sea.

There was the sea, there was the white fringe of it only a few yards from his feet, and beyond—the blue-ness of it, and beyond again—the rose and the gold of it where the sun was sinking. There were the mountains rosy, too, with purple shadows crowding the foothills, and here close about him was still the sand, but the sand of the seashore, and behind him was a granite boulder with grasses and little white-tipped flowers growing in the crevices. A bee droned lazily by him, heavy with its load of honey, and a sea-gull circled high above a little white-sailed boat a mile from shore.

It was all dearly familiar. He saw a dozen old landmarks that he well knew. Presently he ventured to stretch his body a bit. He felt no discomfort. He tried to raise his left hand, and he did so without effort. Then he opened very timidly his right hand, and closed it quickly. He held the round flat stone there. It was pearly white and scratched with infinitesimal characters. Curiously enough, he was not greatly amazed or perplexed. He felt a mild wonder and an intense satisfaction, and his body seemed to throb and glow as the body of one who has taken his first champagne, but with more vital, forceful energy. His eyes seemed suddenly clean-washed, and all his senses quickened. He knew it was a miracle, but he had no desire to understand it.

Then he saw Her coming. His eye caught the flutter of her dress first, then her little feet, her round white chin and the brim of her wide hat. He could not see her face until she was before him and had tilted up her head. By that time he had sprung to his feet breathless, speechless. Her cheeks held sprays of wild-rose colour, she bit her red lower lip with her little white teeth to hold back a smile.

And so they stood and looked at each other, and he was so tumultuously happy and confounded that he was afraid to speak.

At last she released her lip, and an irrepressible dimple came in her left cheek. She spoke very softly with a delicious shyness, lowering her head a little and lifting up her thick-fringed lids to look at him.

"Perhaps," she said, "you did not expect me after all."

Hesitatingly, stammeringly Halliday responded, "I did—did—didn't dare to expect you."

"But I promised," she said with sudden gravity, "and I saw your mother in the rose-garden and she told me I would find you here."

Then Halliday knew that it was a dream or that it was magic. At first he had thought he might have died and gone to heaven. Now he knew that instead he had gone back more than twenty years, and that he was dreaming what had happened then. But he was very timid. He was living his most sacred memory over again, and he felt ashamed and almost afraid. His heart was beating fast and he dared not move nearer her lest he should wake up. He clutched the talisman tightly in his hand and spoke.

"You are Letty, aren't you?"

She nodded. It was an odd question, but she did not seem to find it so.

"Of course I am Letty, and this is the hour we are to have out of a lifetime, the hour we are to remember until we go to heaven." She smiled swiftly and bravely, though her lips drooped a bit when the smile was done.

"I know you—you Letty. I have never forgotten you," Halliday said, "but I am a bit confused. I can't think coherently and I don't want to, that's the odd part. I want to put out my hand and touch you too, but I am afraid."

The dimple came in her cheek again and she bit her lip quickly to

stare the smile. She moved toward him softly and laid her hand in the one he held out. As the warm little palm touched his own, all Halliday's youth, all his old memories, emotions, desires rushed upon him. The past became vivid, alive, the only reality. He held her hand tightly and drew her closer to him. The twenty odd years which had passed since he had seen her vanished with all that they meant of everything. He was young again, and there was no room in his throbbing heart or brain for anything but the supreme demands of that moment.

"Letty," he said, as he had said twenty odd years ago. "It's all nonsense and it's all wrong. I thought about it all night. For myself it does not matter so much. I would not mind if I had to suffer alone, but to know that you must suffer too is unbearable."

"I am not suffering," said she, smiling again. "I am entirely content. Did we not promise one another one happy hour with no regrets and no vain complaining? To-morrow we will go separate ways. This one hour is all our own. I do not suffer."

"One hour out of a lifetime," said he, with unsteady lips, "and life is so infernally long. I thought last night would never end. It isn't fair, Letty. What did mother say to you?"

"She said she knew we would do what is right."

He dropped her hand. Unconsciously he thrust the talisman into the breast pocket of his shirt.

"Let us walk down the beach a little way," he said, "there is a tree that overhangs the bank. It is very pretty. I wish I could show you all the beauties of this place, Letty. I wish it was yours as well as mine. We should build a boathouse near that willow with a verandah on the south side, where we could have tea; and mother and I had planned a pergola from the rose garden to the bank. I'm not going to build the pergola."

"Life is very long," she reminded him softly. "You have such a beautiful home here. I want to think that by and by after I have been gone a while, you will marry and have little boys and girls who can play about and—"

"Letty," he stopped abruptly, and putting his hand on her shoulder moved her about to face him. "Letty," he repeated, his face paling a little, "do you want to think that?" His eyes sought hers. The rose colour in her cheeks grew rosier, her glance wavered and fell. "Do you want to think that I will marry and have children, Letty?" he insisted, "do you, Letty?"

"I want to think it," she said slowly. "I really do want to think it, but—but—I can't."

"Very well," he let her go, and they walked on. "Don't try, it's not worth while."

When they reached the seat under the willow and sat down beside one another, he noticed that her lashes were wet, and he was hot with self-reproach in a moment. "Don't think I was vexed," he pleaded. "I was only hurt for a minute. It is all over now," and because he must not do anything else he clenched his hands in his pockets and bit his lip hard. She shook her head and smiled faintly.

"This is the most beautiful hour in the whole day, isn't it?" she asked, her eyes on the glowing west. "We could not have chosen a more lovely one unless it had been the sunrise time, and that is far too early for a lazy boy like you. Look, Philip, all those wonderful clouds give promise of a bright to-morrow, and that's the promise we are looking for, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Halliday, his eyes on her face.

"It doesn't matter," she said steadily "how long or how dark the night is, if the sun shines in the morning we forget all about the darkness in a moment. It is as if it had not been. And it must be the same

way with life when we leave it and wake up in some other Light than the sun."

He did not answer, and she turned to him. "It must be, mustn't it, Philip?" she asked.

"I suppose so," he nodded, smiling wistfully, and suddenly she put her hand up and touched his cheek with timid fingers.

"Don't doubt it," she said entreatingly. "It's so true. It will all be made up to us by and bye."

He held the hand that she would have withdrawn. It was the left hand, and he sought gently to take off the wedding ring from her finger. As he did so the knowledge thrust itself upon him again that it was only a dream, and he thought impatiently that he ought to have the weaving of his own dreams. He remembered that she had not let him remove her wedding ring before, had not let him even keep her hand in his, and that at the end of the hour which was torturingly happy, and that spelt their final separation, she would not discuss any other farewell than a quick pressure of her hands. Well then, this was a dream and he would have it to suit him. That was twenty odd years ago, and there would be no manner of harm to anyone to change things in a dream now. So with her eyes rather fearfully fixed upon his, he persisted in trying to take off her wedding ring.

"You must, not," she said faintly. She had said that before, and her wild rose colour had faded before just as it was fading now. He must get beyond the dream. He felt if he could get beyond one point in the dream that an indescribable difficulty might be overcome, that he could take her in his arms and keep her there, never to let her go again, because holding her close the dream would end and he would go out of life at the same moment. He had no doubt whatever that this enchantment that was upon him was the semi-consciousness that comes to many people just

before the end, and that he would never waken to realization again.

All of these thoughts passed through his mind in an instant, even while he smiled into her frightened eyes and drew her closer to him.

"It's all right, dear," he said, "quite all right. It's only a dream anyhow. You're not afraid of me in a dream now are you?"

She smiled tremulously, keeping her wide eyes on his in questioning doubt. What would she say? He turned a little cold with apprehension. What would she do? Would the dream end abruptly and would she vanish before his eyes, under his touch? He had changed the dream already, could she change it too? He gripped her little hands and held her eyes compellingly.

"You said before," went on Halliday, "that it would all be made up to us by and bye, and no doubt it will, dear. But you know I mayn't want to kiss you in the by and bye when you are only a vague little spirit and I a tall gaunt-looking shadow, and you may not want to let me. And Letty, I do want to now. I want to kiss you more than I ever wanted anything in my real life. I don't care if it is only a dream. I want to kiss you more than I wanted to kiss you twenty years ago."

This was a very long speech for Halliday. He looked at her anxiously. "I'm so afraid of saying the wrong thing," he said. "But you know, don't you, dear, that it may be nearly the end of things for me, and I want what belongs to this life before I go. Can't you understand?"

He held her little hands against his breast, her face was just beneath his own, and it was very pale, only her lips were scarlet, and her eyes were dim with unshed tears. And that was all, as it had been before, all as he remembered it. She had done nothing, said nothing outside of the dream. After all he could not change it unless she changed it too. And she looked so frightened!

"I'm a beast," said Halliday wearily. "It's all right, dear. Don't worry about it. We'll just sit here quietly together, as we did twenty years ago, and watch the sun go down." He dropped her hands and turned away from her. But he was sick with disappointment. He suddenly felt very old and tired, and then his leg began to ache dully and his back gave a twinge of pain. He turned to look at her again and found she was not there. The seat beside him was empty. He stared up and down the beach, there was not a soul in sight. And the colour was fading from the sky. It was growing dark, growing dark rapidly. The air became damp and the fragrance of sweet briar and clover vanished. Strange scents came to him. He felt the rain on his face and behind his back the wet sand. He was awake!

He closed his eyes. He tried to sink into merciful sleep again. He even whispered softly over and over "Letty, Letty!" and endeavoured to bring the pictures of his dreaming back. But the pain of his wounds was hot upon him, all drowsiness had left him utterly. And he was very cold in spite of the burning pain. He had a flask in his haversack, he thought of it longingly, and lifted his right hand. Suddenly he realized the talisman was gone. He felt cautiously in the pocket of his shirt and found it there. He tried to lift his hand higher but he could not.

It was not so dark now, and he knew that in a very few minutes daylight would come as swift as the rush of a bird's wing. Presently he would be able to get a view of those characters on the disc, providing the lasting darkness did not come before daybreak; providing the increasing pain in his side left him a desire for anything save a surcease of suffering. If only he could reach his haversack. What did people do when they were tortured like this and helpless and alone? Halliday checked a groan. No use to give way.

He tried again to reach the strap on his right shoulder, tried until his whole body steamed with perspiration and his back throbbed as though a furnace burnt inside it. Then he realized that he was still instinctively holding fast to the talisman. His hand dropped to his knees, and a sudden thought came to him.

Supposing, just supposing there were magic in the talisman! He had read of such things, since coming to Egypt he had heard of them. What if there were some latent power in this flat object he held in his hand which a word of his could call into life. It might be a wishing stone, the sort of thing he used to love to read about when he was a lad. If it were a wishing stone what would he ask for? It was not hard to answer that question. He would ask for his haversack, and then, and then—he would ask to go to his last sleep with the touch of those lips denied him in life on his. Was it fancy or did he feel the talisman move slightly in his hand. "I want," said Halliday aloud, his voice and his whole body trembling very much. "I want my haversack and I want Letty," and then a blackness came upon him just as the sun reached the sand's rim and sent its glittering heralds far and wide.

When he came to himself he was conscious of no pain. He opened his eyes. The light dazzled them at first and anyway he thought he must still be dreaming. Someone stood beside him, a gray clad figure, and tender hands were binding up the long gash in his left shoulder. He kept his eyes closed, unquestioningly accepting the amazing change in his condition, too faint and too happy to bother about the why and the wherefore of anything. The whole of his left side was numb, there was no pain anywhere. But he was faint and a little thirsty and he asked for water.

He felt his head lifted with hands so tenderly soft that a sob came to his throat for the compassion of them.

He swallowed gratefully the liquid held to his lips. Stronger in a few moments, he opened his eyes again. He was lying back on the sand, the mound sheltering him from the direct heat of the sun's rays; his folded coat was under his head and the sand had been scooped away that his wounded arm might rest easily. He felt warmly comfortable, and he refused to puzzle where and how the gray-garbed woman got there to minister to him. She was bandaging the calf of his leg now, putting a splint on it, and he saw his haversack and its contents spread out on the ground beside him. Her head was turned from him, he could see only her white coif.

"Is there any use bothering about me?" asked Halliday. "I supposed I was all in."

She did not answer, she was working very swiftly and skilfully.

"Its awfully good of you," said Halliday. Then because he knew that nurses and doctors do not like to be questioned he was silent until she had quite finished. But he looked about him. He could see miles and miles of desert but not a human being in sight save the nurse. Puzzled, he glanced at her again, and a sudden frightened expectancy seized him. He lifted the talisman before his eyes. It shone with a strange luminosity and the characters upon it were vividly good. It felt warm in his palm with a warmth of its own, and as he looked it seemed to palpitate evenly like a living breathing thing. He thrust it in the bosom of his shirt. Then he stretched his hand along his body toward the stooped, gray-garbed kneeling figure.

"Letty," he questioned, timidly, huskily.

She raised her head and he looked into a face beautiful, dearly familiar, with a spray of wild rose colouring in the cheeks, and the white teeth holding the red lower lip to check a smile.

"Is it you, Letty?" he whispered.

"It is I," she said, releasing her

lip and smiling frankly, and her voice was just as tender and soft, with a lower note of poignant sweetness.

"But I'm not dreaming now am I, Letty? This is the desert, isn't it? And the morning after the battle?"

"You are not dreaming," she answered.

"How did you come here all alone?" he asked.

But she only smiled again.

"Did you hear me calling you?" he asked.

She nodded, still smiling.

"Put your hand on mine, Letty dear. I can't be quite sure of you," he entreated her.

She laid it where he asked, curving her fingers about his.

"You have not grown any older," he said, an exultant contentment upon him. "How is that, dear?"

"Under my coif," she said, "my hair is white."

"But your face is so young, as young as it used to be."

"It is young to you, Philip."

"All through these years, Letty," he asked after a happy pause, "has life been kind?"

"As kind as it has been to you, dear dreamer of happy dreams."

She stooped and pressed her lips to his other hand, the wounded one that lay helpless on his breast.

His body glowed and trembled under her touch, he heaved a great sigh that shook him from head to foot.

"Is the hope just as strong, Letty?"

"The hope is a certainty," she smiled. "It will be made up to us."

"It will all be made up to us," he repeated, watching her face, drinking in the tender loveliness of it, the wonderful shining smile of her eyes, the soft bright smile of her lips.

Suddenly from far, far off came the faint notes of a bugle. He saw her start a little away from him, but his eyes held hers.

"Letty," he entreated, "are you going?"

"For a little while," she smiled happily.

"Letty, am I going to live on without you?"

Her smile was most beneficently tender and compassionate in a moment.

"For a little while," she said.

Again the bugle call came to them, clearer, nearer now.

"Dear," he whispered, the hot colour mounting to his pallid face. "I only want one thing more on earth."

She leaned nearer to him, her face above his face, her soft hands on his cheeks. He held her slender body, warm and trembling in his arm, and then—all of his wish came true.

He knew nothing more until he heard men's voices around him, well-known voices talking in low tones. He opened his eyes. He recognized Seaton, a young lieutenant in his own company, and one of the doctors.

"Helloa," said the latter. "He's coming round. How about it, captain?"

"I'm all right," said Halliday. "How long have I been here? What day is this?"

"This is the 3rd of March, sir," Seaton answered. "You've been here all night."

"How did the fight end?" asked Halliday.

"We drove 'em across the river, and those that aren't drowned in the mud, are still running."

"By Jove," said Halliday with vast satisfaction.

He learned that his left shoulder blade had been shattered by a bullet: that it was weakness occasioned by loss of blood that caused him to faint and fall; and that in falling he had broken his leg above the ankle, wrenched his thigh and further complicated the injury to his shoulder. In the excitement of the chase, and the rain and darkness, he had not been missed until they reached the stream, where some of the enemy in ambush darted upon them and kept

them engaged until daylight. He learned furthermore that owing to the first aid that had been rendered him, he would recover entirely in time. But when his puzzled fellow officers questioned him closely as to who could have rendered him such assistance, Halliday only shook his head. It was as much a mystery to him, he declared, as it was to them.

Through the weeks that he lay in the hospital he kept the talisman near him and looked at it now and then, though he always took care that no one else should see it. It had lost its luminous appearance, and no longer seemed a sensate thing, even the hieroglyphics seemed gradually to be growing fainter. There was a badly wounded native soldier in the bed next him who had won the D.S.O., and who kept him entertained by scores of stories about the country, its people and its history past and present. When they were both convalescent Halliday ventured to show him his treasure. From his bed he stretched out his hand to his companion, holding the disc in his palm. "What do you make of this?" he asked him.

The other was visibly excited and agitated in a moment. He muttered something in his native tongue and made a quick pass with his hands, all the time keeping his eyes upon the stone. Then whisperingly he asked Halliday where he had found it. Halliday, watching the other's face eagerly, told him. It was some time before the Egyptian spoke. But first, he took the disc in his hand reverently, examined it minutely, muttering something in his own language. Then he gave it back.

"It is the 'Tear of Isis,'" he whispered to Halliday, in so low a tone that no one else could hear. "Thou art beloved of the gods."

And then he rambled on to explain. He had heard of others who had found such stones though not for a generation or more. Their origin was a great and sacred mystery which

no mere decipherer of hieroglyphics could translate. For himself he had no need of translation. He had read of it in the sacred books, and his father and his grandfather had told him of it. In the dawn of Egypt's history when, Osiris having been killed, Isis sought for his body over desert and hill and sea from the mouth of the Nile to the confines of Ethiopia, where ever her tears had fallen in the sand, the sun god had blessed them, and they had become sleep-stones. Over and over again those lost or dying in the desert had found them, and death had come to them in happiest sleep or had held them in its enchantment of dreams until aid had arrived. More than this, even as it is well-known that long after his death Osiris used to come to Isis by night to help her in various ways and advise her as to how she would bring up their infant Horus, so, it is said, that those who find these sleep-stones can call upon one whom they have loved and who has passed to the spirit land, and that one will return from the place of shadows to fulfil the desire of those who call and to obey any proffered request.

Halliday placed the talisman in the pocket of his pajamas, and thanked the other briefly. The latter after a pause leaned nearer, saying:

"The Tear of Isis accomplishes its purpose but once."

Halliday nodded. "I understand," he said. "I have nothing more to ask of it."

*

It was three months later, Halliday was at home on furlough. He was sitting in the bay window of the drawing-room with his mother. They had been talking since breakfast, and it was nearly lunch time. Halliday had only arrived the night before, and there had been a thousand things to discuss. Presently his mother rose and going to an escritoire near the fireplace unlocked a drawer and took out a newspaper clipping.

"My dear," she said, as she came to his side, "I have something here to show you. I would have sent it to you, but thought I had better wait and give it to you when you came home." She handed him the paper, and then moved away to the open window to busy herself among the rambler roses that hung in clusters around the casement.

Halliday read the clipping. It was from a paper three months old and ran as follows:

"Died at Saloniki on the 3rd day of March, 1916, nursing sister Letitia Eleanor, beloved wife of Colonel Hargreaves Hamilton, B.E.F."





A BAZAAR IN TUNIS

From the Painting by Villegas V. Cordero,
in the Art Association Gallery, Montreal

HORATIO WALKER: PAINTER OF THE HABITANT

BY M. O. HAMMOND



LATE in the summer of 1870, an impressionable boy from Ontario was making his first visit to the old city of Quebec. His father had brought a shipment of timber to Wolfe's Cove, now marked by rotting docks, but then a lumber mart for two continents. As the lad drew into Quebec he was astonished to see a flotilla of fur-laden canoes manned by Montagnais Indians from the Lower St. Lawrence. The spectacle seemed like a page from Parkman himself.

"How I would like to live here," said the boy.

It was Horatio Walker's first glimpse of the land he was to perpetuate in paint for future generations. The Canada of yesterday had gripped him; it has held him ever since and made him its supreme artist-interpreter. Others have come and gone, on visits or vacations; he has set up his home and spent his life in the very midst of the habitants. He came while rural life was yet primitive and unspoiled; he sighs now as the old order changes and gives place to the new. Horses may replace oxen, shoes may drive out the sabots, store clothes may oust the homespun, but the habitant life of the past will linger in the poetic canvases of Horatio Walker.

As a boy of twelve left these romantic scenes to return to the more prosaic backwoods of Perth County, his decision to make his home in Quebec was completed, but it was years before this

hope was realized. Already in Listowel, where his father was a considerable citizen, his native ability in art was evident. A curious incident, a landmark in his career, had occurred a few months before. Observing the lad's facility with pencil and brush as evidenced even in cartoons of his teacher, the local Orange lodge, needing a banner for their coming Twelfth of July procession, had asked the Walker boy to paint one for them. The opportunity was as great as the compliment, and soon there was a dashing silk banner, with "King Billy" on the white horse, crossing the Boyne, on one side, and the open Bible and the immortal names of Ulster towns on the other side. The banner was an instant success, and for his first public commission the boy artist received the tremendous sum of \$20. In the Listowel of those days that spelled fortune to a youngster, and soon the swelling artist was treating his chums to such luxuries as the town afforded. A hair cut with a shampoo was about the height of metropolitan imitation to which their tastes led them.

A kind father indulged a yearning boy's love for Quebec with two or three more annual visits, with fresh glimpses of timber rafts, steep-roofed cottages, and dominating church spires, the memory of which remained and beckoned as other tasks came to hand. At fifteen, young Walker went to Toronto and secured employment in the photograph studio of Notman &



Horatio Walker

Fraser. We think of photography nowadays as a recently developed art. We do not realize the artistic product of the Notman studios of that day in Montreal, Toronto, Halifax and Boston, recording the leading men and women of two nations and rendering pictures in natural colour through the skilled brushes of real artists. It was a studio in which a young artist might well seek a place. The "atmosphere" was there, trained men mingled with eager youths, and the celebrities of the day passed steadily through the portals. Among living Canadian artists who worked and learned in this home of the strangely assorted paint brush and wet plate were R. F. Gagen and F. McGillivray Knowles, as well as Horatio Walker. Mr. Gagen, as an older man, then gave Walker most of the practical instruction he ever received, though its volume was natural-

ly slight considering the circumstances.

It is evident that Walker was an apt pupil, for at twenty he had left photographs behind and crossed the border to attain his first success in paint. He lived for a short time in Rochester, wandering afield sketching in the rolling and wooded valleys of northern New York, as well as doing several commissions. His first picture shown in New York, to which height he had now reached, was called "A Sty". It depicted with much realism, a number of pigs lying down, and was a worthy precursor of many later rural studies. The sketches for it were made in Quebec, where the young artist had strayed from Toronto when chance offered. A larger picture followed, the next year, bringing election to the Society of American Artists, then to the American Watercolour



Ave Maria
Painting by Horatio Walker

Society, where he won a \$300 prize with a picture called "Swineherd and Pigs". This fine bit of French Canadian life was bought at once for the Riker Art Gallery at Northampton, Mass., and the young artist had made his first score in the world at large.

Now began the thorough study of Quebec rural life, which is the basis of Walker's individuality and his achievement. He possessed remarkable natural gifts in draftsmanship, for the lack of which no splashing colour can compensate. From a modest studio in Quebec City, he radiated through the riverside parishes, pack on back, sketchbook in hand, and learned his country and his people thoroughly. Only a deep enthusiasm would carry a young man for years through this drilling and grilling. He walked forth and back through the shore settlements from Portneuf to Charlevoix, seventy-five miles, sketching the habitant as he worked, as he played, and as he lived. No peddler or insurance agent could be more devoted to his "beat" and his calling. He talked with the people in their own *patois*, he lived in their primitive homes, he attended their festivities and joined in their hours of sorrow. Moreover, he was their link with the outside world. In his pack were the late French-Canadian newspapers, and from these he read the news to the habitants, hungry for variety in their drab life. Murder trials and stories of great crimes and disasters interested them most, and they crowded round the dim light in their cottage as the visitor, joining in the smoking of *tabac Canadien*, unfolded these thrilling tales of a faraway cruel, but interesting, world. For this suave and talkative stranger the habitants conceived a real liking, and for the courteous and kindly old men who headed the north shore families of that generation the artist had a fondness and respect which has never left him. Close contact for years brought an exhaustive collection of sketches in pencil, watercolour, and oil, recording the whole life of a people with sym-

pathy and exactness. With his power with the pencil, as well as his luminous colour, the artist made spot sketches which have been a solid basis for the more ambitious interpretations of later years. Those early impressions of the habitant have been constantly freshened and reinforced as the artist yearly takes to the field on the Isle of Orleans, and makes new sketches of the quaint life now fast passing away. We still think of rural Quebec as picturesque and backward, but to an artist like Horatio Walker there are many changes in a generation, and he sighs for art's sake as the old implements and the old garments give place to modern and exotic things. He has lived on the Island since the eighties, and has ever made his environment his work and his interest. There have been annual visits to New York, and several sojourns in Europe, but they have been for observation and recreation, rather than study. The artist has made his way in his own method, dowered by nature with a colour sense and supreme ability to draw.

And what kind of man is the habitant as seen by Walker, his artistic interpreter? There is a natural tendency to compare the work of Walker with that of Millet, who has perpetuated on canvas the peasant life of France. The resemblance, however, stops when the type of subject has been mentioned. Millet gives the world a discouraged, downtrodden race, as symbolized in "The Man with the Hoe". Walker's men are hard-working, but they are not gloomy nor despairing. There is ignorance and lack of animation in Millet's figures, but in Walker's there is sunlight and the glory of accomplishment. Faces in Millet's works tell of the hopeless struggle to raise rent for a non-producing owner; Walker's farmers know that the reward of their industry is their own.

As has been so well said, "Art is life seen through a temperament". Millet, dealing with down-trodden peasant life, carried that side perhaps to an exaggeration. Walker, possess



Horses at the Trough

Painting by Horatio Walker

ing a sanguine temperament, living in a new country, perhaps idealizes his people. At any rate, no Walker picture fails to cheer and inspire the spectator. The colours alone would do this were one to disregard the epic theme or the superb drawing. There is ever a warmth that carries its seductive tones to the fibre of one's body. Is there a cloud in the sky? There will be a rosy glow, as in "Plowing—The First Gleam", as the sun breaks over the south shore of the St. Lawrence; or in "Oxen Drinking", where the day ends with a glorious burst of colour, suffusing the tired figures at the trough. Is there a woodsman in the forest? Against the snow and the dark trees there will be a touch of red, perhaps the axeman's trousers, perhaps his shirt. Always there is luminous colour which reaches the spectator's faculty for appreciation.

Some say Walker's pictures are theatrical, that his figures do unusual things to heighten the effect. It is quite true that this artist is daring, but if his farmers are represented at times in striking attitudes, they are not impossible, though rather, perhaps, uncommon attitudes. The up-raised hand with the goad in "Plowing—The First Gleam" is arrested and demonstrative, but it gives at once a fine feeling of effort and movement, which promises that the day will see something accomplished. In "Oxen Drinking" there is a spacious sky, full of colour and interest, all giving a Homeric scale and epic grandeur to the scene. Even the woman and turkeys in "At Feeding Time" and the figures in "A Sty—Boy Feeding Pigs" uplift and glorify the routine of these commonplace tasks. One cannot study them without a new sense of the dignity of labour and an enhanced respect for such workers. His men in the fields are absorbed in their tasks and almost unconscious of their own personalities. They fall naturally into their environment, and their work and their land seem to form part of the great scheme of a nation's enterprise and development. Arched by a

kindly sky, living on a goodly earth, their place in the world is worthy, and men's reward will correspond with their effort.

Absorbed in their daily tasks, they yet do not neglect their religion, and in the hour of trouble or unrest they kneel at the wayside shrine. This symbol for the devout habitant is plentifully distributed along the highways of Quebec, but the more elaborate shrines with a large figure of Christ on the cross are fewer than formerly. In "A Rural Shrine" Mr. Walker shows a figure bowing in prayer before a figure of the Christ. He is returning from toil, and as he prays his oxen stand, seemingly with understanding. The shrine lifts high on the canvas and is dark against a bright sky beyond. Clouds and a warm glow fill a large space, and one feels, no matter what one's creed, that here is comfort for the weary and hope for the habitant's future life.

Many artists of to-day would say Horatio Walker is conservative and old-fashioned. Compared with the radicals, he is both. He has not experimented in the new methods of the Impressionists and Futurists, and doubtless has little sympathy with them. He is a realist and a careful, honest painter, but withal a colourist. He paints life as he sees it, even though his spectacles may be a trifle rosy. He knows the life he interprets, and he pictures it with sympathy. His home at St. Petronille, Isle of Orleans, faces Quebec, six miles up river, and from his garden the Falls of Montmorency, like a bridal veil, and the ever-changing Laurentians, are always in view. The site is eminently historic, for on the point now forming Walker's spacious country house style of home, Jacques Cartier camped when in 1535 he spent the first winter ever endured by a white man in Canada.

The river road winds through the village and far down the Island towards St. Francois. The massive village church almost casts its shadow from the hill to the Walker studio, and



Looking towards Quebec City from Horatio Walker's garden on the Island of Orleans



Horatio Walker chatting with friends in his garden on the Island of Orleans



Girl Feeding Turkeys
Painting by Horatio Walker



Milking, Evening
Painting by Horatio Walker



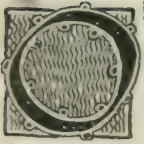
De Profundis
 Painting by Horatio Walker

down the road the shrines are freely sprinkled. An old-fashioned wind-mill with sails for farm power is but one remnant of primitive methods. The habitants are laying aside their

home pun, and old cottages as they fall are replaced with hard, tinny-looking structures; but while Walker's art remains the world will never forget its happy, simple-living habitant.

FROM THE TOMB OF VIRGIL

BY EDWIN SMITH



ON the road from Naples to Pozzuoli and Baia, high above the famous Grotto of Posilipo, and in the midst of a pretty orchard, stands the ruined columbarium known as The Tomb of Virgil.

Virgil died at Brundisium (Brindisi) B.C. 19, and at his own request his body was brought to Naples and buried at this spot. The tomb was originally shaded by a gigantic bay, which is said to have died on the death of Dante. Petrarch, who was brought hither by King Robert, planted another, which existed in the time of Sannazaro, but was destroyed by the relic-collectors in the last century.

The tomb itself is a small square vaulted chamber with three windows. Early in the sixteenth century a funeral urn, containing the ashes of the poet, stood in the centre, supported by nine little marble pillars. Some say that Robert of Anjou removed it, in 1326, for security to the Castle Nuovo, others that it was given by the Government to a cardinal from Mantua, who died at Genoa on his way home. In either event the urn is now lost.

Not one out of a thousand visitors to this enchanted land makes a pilgrimage to this tomb, but it is worth the climb if, for no other reason than the view which one gets of the famous bay—the most beautiful and romantic sheet of water which the earth contains. Indeed, it would be difficult to choose a more favourable spot for viewing not only the famous bay, but the historic and interesting cities, towns and villages which stretch like

a string of rarest jewels around these romantic shores.

The bay is of a circular figure, in most places upwards of twenty miles in diameter; so that, including all its breaks and inequalities, the circumference is considerably more than sixty miles. This whole space is so wonderfully diversified by all the riches, both of art and nature, that there is scarce an object wanting to render the scene complete; and it is hard to say whether the view is more pleasing from the singularity of many of these objects, or from the incredible variety of the whole. You see an amazing mixture of the ancient and modern; some rising to fame, and some sinking to ruin. Palaces reared over the tops of other palaces, and ancient magnificence trampled under foot by modern folly. Mountains and islands that were celebrated for their fertility changed into barren wastes, and barren wastes into fertile fields and rich vineyards. Mountains sunk into plains, and planes swelled into mountains. Lakes drank up by volcanoes and extinguished volcanoes turned into lakes. The earth still smoking in many places, and in others throwing out flame. In short, nature seems to have formed this coast in her most capricious mood, for every object is a *lusus naturae*. She never seems to have gone seriously to work, but to have devoted this spot to the unlimited indulgence of caprice and frolic.

The bay is shut out from the Mediterranean by the island of Capri, so famous for the abode of Augustus, and afterwards so infamous for that of Tiberius. A little to the west lie



Naples as seen from the Tomb of Virgil. Mount Vesuvius in the distance

those of Ischia, Procida, and Nisida; the celebrated promontory of Micaeum, where Aeneas landed; the classic fields of Baia, Capri and Pozzuoli, with all the variety of scenery that formed both the Tartarus and Elysium of the ancients; the Campi Phlegrei, or burning plains, where Jupiter overcame the giants; the Monte Nuovo, formed of late by subterranean fires; the picturesque city of Pozzuoli with the Solfatara smoking above it; the beautiful promontory of Posillipo, exhibiting the finest scenery that can be imagined, with its beautiful villas peeping out of magnificent parks and lovely vineyards; the great and opulent city of Naples with its three castles, its harbour full of ships from every nation, its palaces, churches and convents innumerable; the rich country from thence to Portici, covered with noble houses and gardens and appearing only a continuation of the city; all built over the roofs of those of Herculaneum, buried near one hundred feet by the

eruptions of Vesuvius; the black fields of lava that have run from that mountain, intermixed with gardens, vineyards and orchards; Vesuvius itself, in the background of the scene, discharging volumes of fire and smoke, extending, without being broken or dissipated, often to the utmost verge of the horizon; a variety of beautiful towns and villages round the base of the mountain, thoughtless of the impending ruin that daily threatens them. Some of these are reared over the very roofs of Pompeii and Stabia, where Pliny perished; and with their foundations have pierced through the sacred abodes of ancient Romans, thousands of whom lie buried here, the victims of this inexorable mountain. Next follows the extensive and romantic coast of Castellammare, with its ruined castle now inhabited by fishermen, standing in the sea upon a heap of rocks; on, by an unbroken succession of enchanting bays and beautiful scenery, to Sorrento, where the poet Tasso drew his inspiration



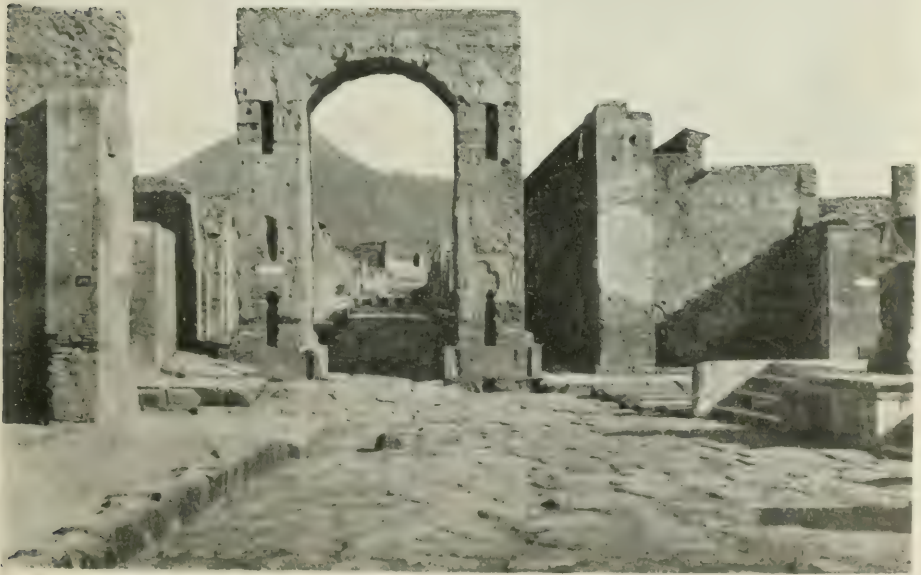
House of Diomedes, Pompeii



Capri, visible from the Tomb of Virgil



The Temple of Isis, Pompeii



Caligula's Arch, Pompeii



The Harbour Front, Naples, visible from the Tomb of Virgil

from the beauty surrounding him. The fairest country in the world is here spread about us. No matter which way you look, it is one succession of delights. Everywhere one beholds traces of antique beauty and joyousness, diversified with every picturesque object in nature.

It was the study of this mild and beautiful country that formed some of the greatest of the world's landscape painters. This was the school of Poussin and Salvator Rosa, but more particularly of the last, who composed many of his most celebrated pieces from the bold, craggy rocks that surround this coast; and no doubt it was from the daily contemplation of these romantic objects that they stored their minds with the variety of ideas they have communicated to the world with such elegance in their works. Says Hippolyte Adolphe Taine: "Veritably, to paint such nature as this, this violet continent extending around this broad, luminous water,

one must employ the terms of the ancient poets, and represent the great fertile goddess embraced and beset by the eternal ocean, and above them the serene effulgence of the dazzling Jupiter."

Now shall I occasion some surprise when I state here that this extensive coast, this prodigious variety of mountains, valleys, promontories and islands covered with an everlasting verdure, and loaded with the richest fruits, is all the product of subterranean fire? Yet the fact is certain, and can be only doubted by those who have wanted time or curiosity to examine it. It is strange, indeed, that nature should make use of the same agent to create as to destroy; and that what has only been looked upon as the consumer of countries, is in fact the very power that produces them. Indeed, this part of our earth seems already to have undergone the sentence pronounced upon the whole; but, like the Phœnix, has arisen again from its



Vesuvius in Eruption. Telescopic photograph from the Tomb of Virgil

own ashes, in much greater beauty and splendour than before it was consumed. The traces of these dreadful conflagrations are still conspicuous in every corner; they have been violent in their operations, but in the end have proved salutary in their effects. The fire in many places is not extinguished, but Vesuvius is now the only spot where it rages with any degree of activity.

Besides the discoveries of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which of themselves afford a great source of information and entertainment, the whole coast that surrounds this beautiful bay, particularly that near Pozzuoli, Camae, Micena and Baia, is covered with innumerable monuments of Roman magnificence. But, alas! how are the mighty fallen! This delightful coast, once the garden of all

Italy, and inhabited only by the rich, the gay and luxurious, is now abandoned to the poorest and most miserable of mortals. Perhaps there is no spot on earth that has undergone so thorough a change, or that can exhibit so striking a picture of the vanity of human grandeur. Those very walls that once lodged a Caesar, a Lucullus, an Anthony, the richest and most voluptuous of mankind, are now occupied by the very meanest and most indigent wretches on earth, who are actually starving for want in those very apartments that were the scenes of the greatest luxury. There, we are told, suppers were frequently given that cost \$250,000, and some that even amounted to double that sum.

The luxury, indeed, of Baia was so great that it became a proverb, even amongst the luxurious Romans them-

selves; and at Rome, we often find them upbraiding with effeminacy and epicurism those who spent much of their time in this scene of delights; Claudius throws it in Cicero's teeth more than once; and that orator's having purchased a villa here, hurt him not a little in the opinion of the graver and more austere part of the senate. The walls of these palaces still remain, and the poor peasants, in some places, have built up their miserable huts within them; but at present there is not one gentleman or man of fashion residing in any part of this country; the former state of which, compared with the present, makes the most striking contrast imaginable.

Ichabod is written large over all the coast from Micena and Baia to Pozzuoli, where St. Paul landed on his last voyage to Rome.

THE "FLU"

By ARTHUR L. PHELPS

STOPPED in the road at the cross-roads—
 He was going to the store,
 For sugar and wheat-flakes and candies,
 and a keg of coal oil.
 Head of a family;
 A merry man,
 We liked him.
 We chatted while his bright horses fretted
 And the sleigh-bells jingled.
 And he said, "Whoa, Nell!"
 "Well, come up!"
 "Come up yourself!" we said.

And now he is dead!



SUNDAY IN THE BACKWOODS

From the Painting by T. Ead,
in the Art Association Gallery.

Montreal

UKRAINIANS IN CANADA

AN ESTIMATE OF THE PRESENCE, IDEALS, RELIGION, TENDENCIES, AND CITIZENSHIP OF PERHAPS THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND UKRAINIANS IN CANADA

BY F. HEAP

LAST fall a party of Winnipeg duck-hunters on their way to St. Andrew's Marsh lost a military kit-bag that had been fastened to the outside of their automobile. As the bag contained socks, underwear and other clothing worth about fifty dollars, the road was retraced for a number of miles in the dark in an unsuccessful search for it. Next morning while the wet shooters were around their breakfast camp-fire on the prairie, a Galician boy passed by, herding cattle, but no words were exchanged. About half an hour later, a Galician farmer walked up and restored the lost bag. He explained in broken English that his boy had passed the camp half an hour previously and had observed a soldier amongst the party, which had given a clue to the ownership of the article he had found, and he added that in the days of his military service (in Austria) a soldier was fined or "docked" heavily for losing any article of his kit, and that he supposed the rule would be the same in the Canadian army. The stranger declined all offers of money, cigars, cigarettes, apples, etc., and without any suggestion from the campers or expression of intention on his part, returned half an hour later with a present of a big jar of cream.

A few nights afterwards, the same party was returning home from Devil's Creek when they unexpectedly found themselves out of oil and water

for the automobile. They went into a Galician farm-house on the chance of getting these necessities. The woman of the house at once went out into the cold and darkness to a shed about a hundred yards away and brought in a can of oil, and then went a similar distance and showed them the well. Then the party learned that her baby was dying, or at least very dangerously sick, with the "flu" and that her husband was off to the nearest town for a doctor. The woman, though half frantic over her baby, nevertheless had, without saying a word, quit rocking the cradle to attend to the strangers' wants.

These two little incidents (according to the writer's experience of these people, which has been considerably beyond the average), are by no means exceptional, but on the contrary are fairly typical of them.

The term "Ukrainians" means in Europe a certain distinct race, which is now, and from long before the Christian era, has been, inhabiting the south portion of Russia (chiefly around the Black Sea and Dneiper River), and the eastern portion of Austria (chiefly the provinces of Galicia and Bukowina). In Russia they include the Cossacks, and are often called "Little Russians", and number about thirty millions, and their chief cities are Kiev and Odessa. In Austria they are commonly called "Ruthenians" and "Galicians", and their chief city is Lemberg (or Lwiw), and they number about four millions. It

will thus be seen that "Ruthenians" and "Galicians", who are commonly here in Canada spoken of as being and constituting the Ukrainian race, form in reality (or in Europe at all events) only a small portion thereof.

Ukrainia, or the Ukraine, being the name used for many centuries previous to the eighteenth century to describe the above-mentioned land occupied by the Ukrainian race, and lying as a buffer-state for Europe against the aggressions of the Mongolians on the east, and the Turks on the south, was from very early pre-Christian times, an independent country, governed by princes (one of whom, it may be mentioned in passing, married a daughter of King Harold of England, the last of the Saxon Kings). In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the form of government changed to a republic, the ruler called "Hetman" (headman) being elected by the people. Toward the end of the seventeenth century, the Muscovite race occupying central Russia joined with Austria-Hungary, and overran the extremely rich and fertile Ukrainian territory, and succeeded, by means of treaties, cunningly made, and treacherously broken, and afterwards by open force of arms, in dismembering and subjugating the Ukraine; the eastern and larger portion falling into the hands of Russia, and the western or smaller portion into the hands of Austria-Hungary. From that time on, the history of Ukrainians in both countries, but especially in Russia, has been that of oppression and suppression on one hand, and intermittent and increasing, but ineffectual, struggles for liberty, which were almost, if not quite, as gallant as any recorded in history. This especially attracted and aroused the sympathy and admiration of the British poet Lord Byron, who wrote the well-known poem, "Mazeppa", on one of their leading "Hetmen". The Ukrainians were not without their own patriotic poets; the one who was most influential amongst and revered by his countrymen being Taras Shevchenko, who died in 1861.

Commencing about the year 1900, large numbers of this liberty-loving race sought relief from their political troubles in emigration to Western Canada (at the invitation of the Canadian Government) and to the United States of America. In the latter country they now number about 800,000; and in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta they number about 300,000, constituting (let it be marked) almost one-third of the entire population of these three Provinces.

In the spring of 1918, the old nation of Ukrainia re-established itself as an independent republic, and it has been recognized already by some of the European powers. The question of its recognition will be settled at the present Peace Conference. The Canadian Government has, broad-mindedly, at the request of the Ukrainians of Western Canada, issued passports to Paris to two delegates appointed by these people, to enable them to be present (quite unofficially) in Paris during the discussion of this question. In connection with these passports, the British Premier, Lloyd George, has just cabled from Paris to the Ukrainian Canadian Citizens League at Winnipeg, expressing assurance that "His Majesty's Government are anxious that the question of the Ukraine should receive full consideration at the Peace Conference".

The race being almost entirely one of peasant farmers, farm labourers, and gardeners in the "old country", the majority of its emigrants to Western Canada are such here; most of them are owners, in many cases, of free homesteads, but perhaps more frequently of purchased farms or garden plots of from, say, ten to one hundred acres, generally acquiring these in the rougher and more outlying districts. These they have steadily improved, until now they are beginning to be fairly prosperous. These farmers are to be found in nearly all parts of the three provinces, but are specially concentrated in a few places, such as in the Stuartburn, Selkirk, and Dauphin districts in Manitoba, and the Yorkton,

Canora, and Radison districts in Saskatchewan, and the Vegreville district in Alberta. Of those who have not gone on the soil, a great majority, though they were agriculturists in Europe and came to Canada with the intention of continuing as such, have nevertheless stayed in Winnipeg and a few other cities, where they first "landed", being attracted by the high wages prevailing for unskilled labour, and becoming day-labourers in the construction of railroads, sewers and building of all kinds, and in mining and lumbering camps, and in many other manual occupations. The women and girls, of both farm and city classes, furnish the great bulk of the rough "help" in hotels, restaurants, laundries, factories, stores and private houses. Thus being physically big, strong and healthy, these people, both male and female, have been found little short of indispensable as productive labourers. They are also establishing general stores, grain elevators and other mercantile businesses to a rapidly increasing extent.

In the days of its independence, the standard of education and culture in Ukraina was by no means low; but, during the last century or more their oppressors, especially the Russian Government, have systematically and increasingly discouraged and suppressed education amongst them in all forms, and has latterly even forbidden the use of the Ukrainian language. Consequently, at least fifty per cent. of their emigrants to Western Canada were illiterate. The hardships of pioneer life here, especially in outlying districts, were by no means favourable to any rapid improvement in education. But their traditions have been a strong incentive in this respect, and the rising generation have availed themselves to a rapidly increasing degree of our public schools, and even of our colleges and universities. A considerable and growing number have been entering the teaching, legal and medical professions and journalism. The abolition of bilingualism in the Manitoba schools aroused a certain

amount of dissatisfaction and resentment on the part of these settlers (which was not unnatural, in as much as it would seem, in a superficial way, to remind them of the Russian abolition of their language); but, with wise administration of the new law, there seems little doubt but that such feelings will soon disappear. It is safe to predict that in, say, ten years, practically none, except the very old and very young, will be unable to read, write and speak the English language. They have formed and maintained colleges or boarding-schools at Saskatoon and several other points, and in many places libraries and reading-clubs, and also dramatic and musical societies. Conventions, annual and otherwise, are held by them at Saskatoon and elsewhere for the purpose of promoting their educational advancement, which are attended by their leading men from all parts, even from the United States (the delegates generally paying their own travelling and other expenses).

Prior to Russian and Austrian domination, the form of Christianity prevailing in Ukraina was that of the Greek or Eastern Church or Confession. Russia forced its Ukrainians into submission to its state-appointed Orthodox Synod. Austria, Roman Catholic, induced the Ukrainians to unite with Rome by promising to arrange that the Papal rule of clerical celibacy would not be extended or enforced amongst them, but she made no attempt, or at all events failed to implement the promise. The Ukrainian immigrants to Western Canada, thus divided into two classes as regards church, have continued so here to a considerable extent, some maintaining connection with the Pope and some with the Russian Synod, erecting a church-building in nearly every small community, and there being often one congregation and building of each of the two kinds in the same locality, considerable quarrelling and even litigation has resulted between the two classes. A new church, called the Independent Greek Church, has grown

up, which recognized neither the Pope nor the Russian Synod, and which was fostered, and to some extent initiated, by the Presbyterian Church, and which in some respects has adopted the forms and doctrines of that last-mentioned church. The Independent Church has spread considerably, but it has not been gaining much ground of late owing to a prevailing inclination not to give up the "old country" ritual and liturgy, but to return or adhere to the traditional ritual and liturgy of Ukrainia. This inclination has resulted in a strong movement for a second new church with the ritual and liturgy of the old and pure Greek or Eastern Church or Confession, free from the Russian Synod and the Roman Pontiff, and the Presbyterian Church, and with a constitution framed after a careful study of, and somewhat along the lines of, the proposed basis of union between the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Churches in Canada. This new church is being incorporated and seems not unlikely to supersede the other churches amongst these people, and terminate their dissensions in a strong union. Speaking generally, these people are devout in religion and devoted to church.

It is sometimes said that this class is guilty of more crimes than any other class in our community, and figures more frequently in the police courts and assizes in proportion to its numbers. No exact statistics are available on the question. When such a charge is made, the term "Galician" is generally used very loosely to include nearly all of foreign birth (at all events all Austrians). Galicia is only about one-tenth of Austria, and the Ukrainian portion of Russia is only about one-quarter of the whole. In Winnipeg, the "North End" is sometimes spoken of as if all the foreigners there were Galicians, whereas German Jews, Bohemians and other such people form a very considerable proportion. When proper distinctions of this sort are made, it is believed that the charge will be found to be un-

true. And it should be borne in mind that the very prevalence of this opinion or prejudice may itself be responsible for a good many convictions, which otherwise would have never taken place. Lawyers have often observed that the rule of English law, as to giving the accused the benefit of all reasonable doubt, does not seem by any means always to be applied in our courts in favour of "foreigners", in actual practice. Then again it should not be forgotten that "ignorance of the law", while not to be accepted as a defence in the courts, nevertheless to some extent accounts for not a few of the convictions against this class, more especially for minor offences.

What has been the attitude of these people in Canada in regard to the war, now just closing? They naturally have had no love for their old oppressors, Austria and Russia; but as the Ukrainians in Austria were being forced to fight by that country, most of the Ukrainians in Canada naturally disliked the thought of running the risk of personally fighting on the battle-front against persons who might turn out to be their own brothers, fathers, sons or near kinsmen. There was the further fact, too, that their Canadian naturalization was of no legal effect outside the borders of Canada, and if they should be captured they would be treated, not as ordinary prisoners of war, but as traitors to their former country, which never recognized their Canadian citizenship. However, notwithstanding these considerations, their sympathies with the British Empire, which they have learned to associate with the blessings of freedom and liberty, were so strong that more than 10,000 of them voluntarily enlisted from Western Canada, and actually served "Somewhere in France". Two Alberta battalions there were composed almost exclusively of these settlers. More than one newspaper in England has praised specifically the work of our Galician Forestry units. When conscription (the Military Service Act) came, these people acquiesced and went into ser-

vice in very large numbers in the various barracks and training camps throughout Canada. The Canadian Government recognized the force of the two considerations mentioned above and put them into non-combatant, *i.e.*, forestry or engineering units. Of those at home here, many lost the exemption based on the grounds open to all citizens, *i.e.*, special domestic hardship, special farm need, etc., owing to a prevalent misunderstanding: they not unnaturally got the impression that, under the terms of the Act, they as an entire class, having been disfranchised, were exempted, and accordingly they saw no occasion to claim exemption on the special grounds open to all citizens. A considerable number "defaulted" in reporting as required by the Act, owing to this and other misunderstandings, and incorrect information, non-receipt of notification through the mails, erroneous advice by local justices of the peace, etc., but on the whole, especially when viewed in connection with the entire absence of anything like open or concerted opposition or sedition amongst these people, their conduct has displayed a substantial and creditable degree of loyalty, and certainly more than that displayed by certain other elements in our community that might be named, who have resided in our country much longer and from whom, therefore, much more might be expected. Their contributions to the Victory Loans and to the Red Cross Funds have been decidedly substantial.

What is the general attitude of this class towards Canada, now at the close of the war? About seventy-five per cent. of them have become naturalized, which indicates general desire and intention to become a permanent part of our community. Unlike the Mennonites and Doukhobours, they have shown themselves good "mixers", taking part fully, as far as allowed, on school boards, municipal councils and even legislatures, as well as in all elections and public affairs generally. Their nationalism, in so far as they

can be said to display any, is unlike the French or Quebec nationalism, in that it has no ulterior designs of separate government or political supremacy, and is confined practically to protection, co-operation and mutual helpfulness, and ambition to "do well" as a class, and cannot be said to amount to even excessive clannishness. Following closely after the abolition of bilingualism in the Manitoba schools, the sudden disfranchisement of all persons of such alien birth (which, however justifiable, was not based on any such ground as past misconduct here), the sudden and indiscriminate suppression of all newspapers published in their native language (modified, after strenuous protests, by an onerous condition requiring English translation in parallel columns), the alterations in the naturalization law (which practically prevent many of them from getting patents for homesteads, for which they lawfully procured "entries", and on which they have lawfully completed their "duties")—these and other such drastic measures on the part of the governments (to say nothing of the more recent demonstrations and riotings against employers of "foreign" labour) have produced a certain amount of restlessness and misgiving on their part, and have led some of the more ignorant and less balanced ones to fear a general confiscation in some form or other of their lands and property here (as was, in fact, more than once proposed by "veteran" associations, or at least by individual members thereof). The time is ripe and calls decidedly for a more friendly attitude on the part of our governments and other public bodies and public men. Our Canadian clubs can and should do much in this direction.

Individual employers, too, can do much along this line. The Canadian Reading Camp Association has been doing splendid work of this sort in lumber, mining and other camps, and is deserving of strong support. Some of our individual church congregations and their Ladies' Aid Societies

have begun good labours to this end, but very much indeed remains to be done, and that without a moment's delay. In particular, the unfair and offensive practice of calling naturalized citizens "alien enemies" should be discouraged and stopped. Mistresses can do much with their domestic "help". The following will illustrate the capacity for improvement which is latent in many of them. Sophie, a Galician from a Saskatchewan farm, aged fifteen, was employed last summer at the cottage of a Winnipegger on the Lake of the Woods. For the first fortnight, Sophie could not be coaxed, scolded or alarm-clocked into getting up before 9.30 a.m. She would break dishes, spill the morning's milk, drop the fish-cleaner over the dock, etc., and in general displayed an astonishing capacity for not learning or improving or taking an

interest. Then her mistress gave her an English-Galician dictionary, and from that time on Sophie was up with the lark—and almost as bright. In her zeal for learning, she pursued the entire family with incessant questions, and in a few weeks was reading simple English story-books. Her pots and pans were also brighter, and all her house work was several hundred per cent. better, and her interest in it, and her zest in every feature of camp-life, was permanently quickened (and was constantly finding vent in her common exclamation: "Oh! say, Missus!"). Alas! when Sophie returned to Winnipeg in September, she became employed in a cigar factory, with hours from 8 to 6, at \$6.00 a week, and when next seen by her former mistress, two months later, she had lost all her brightness and ruddiness and looked indolent and lifeless.

DUSK

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

PALE saffron clouds lie loose along the sky,
Like blossoms dropped from the day-angel's hand,
And o'er the purple hills, hung white and high,
One virgin star watches the harvest land,
Where, amid tasselled sheaves, the low wind stirs
With a sweet sound, as of far dulcimers.

Saving for this, in all the glimmering reach
Of sundown interval and fallow fair,
There is no song, no sigh, no sound of speech,
But only a great silence everywhere,
With dream and peace and beauty peopled through,
And in my heart a starry thought of *you*.

A POEM FOR JENNIFER

BY C. W. SHEPHERD



WHEN the last of his cares had scurried away Mr. Septimus Blew slowly closed his desk and, through his large, horn-rimmed spectacles, surveyed the room to see that all was well. With the exception of the usual litter of paper pellets and a broken branch on a window geranium everything was in order. There were no books left open, no spilt ink, and, something more to his satisfaction, no crude caricatures of himself on the back of the black-board.

Yet the schoolmaster was graver than his wont. He did not, as usual, hurry out into his garden to tend tomatoes or tie up some erring mass of glory in the herbaceous border. The blue delphiniums, for which he was famous, had been displaced in his mind by soft eyes of the same colour and the thought of auburn marigolds had vanished before the picture of a girl's brown hair.

Mr. Blew's old-fashioned ways and his dried-leaf complexion might have led one to guess his age as fifty, but the cider orchards about the village would mellow at least thirty times before Septimus reached his allotted years. He was a happy man and his pale blue eyes beamed with equal kindness on all around.

To-day his happiness was questionable, for he was becoming consciously aware that forty is a late age for falling in love. The prospect of proposing—Septimus always called it "proposing"—at that age to a girl of two-and-twenty filled him with foreboding. Yet to-morrow night he was go-

ing to put his fortune to the test and he had this present evening in which to decide what to say and how he should say it. Nor was it easy to decide, for Jennifer Hunt, despite her simple life, was unlike other girls in the village.

Looking back eight years, Septimus saw Jennifer, a year past "leaving age", by far the most forward of his children and, like most schoolmasters, while disappointed with his own calling, he had urged Jennifer to sit for examinations and become a teacher.

"And a rare teacher you'll make with your learning and bossy ways," he had said to the freckled Jennifer of fifteen.

"And what about grandad?" she had asked. Her grandmother had recently died, and her question was pertinent. "It comes terrible hard on him even now to get about the kitchen. He broke a lustre jug only this morning. What's the good of me going off teaching when he's left here?"

"You could get somebody to do for him," Septimus had suggested. "And, anyhow, you'd be here for a bit yet. Mrs. Goodman could manage for him, if it came to that."

Jennifer gave a cynical little laugh.

"And who do you think would manage for his dahlias?" she asked. "Grandad would die if they weren't looked after, and Mrs. Goodman knows as much about dahlias as—as you know about me. Good morning, Mr. Blew."

And Jennifer had fled down the petal-strewn lane, leaving Septimus staring after her, bewitched and bewildered by her precocity.

Each of the succeeding years had laid a mantle of beauty on Jennifer, and she became a girl of rare charm. Although she had ignored Septimus Blew's suggestion that she should become a teacher, she had continued to read all she could, with a result that she was tolerably well educated.

Her days had been happily spent in tending her grandparent, but quite recently the old man had passed peacefully away at a window from which his failing eyes could see the coloured wealth of the countryside. It was the old man's passing which had brought Septimus to the point of "proposing". While she was tethered to the ancient life his feelings were restrained, but now Jennifer was free he considered himself free also.

This afternoon Septimus walked, unheeding of his flowers, along the red brick fold which led from the school door to his little house. He paused for a moment before entering and looked across the green, where, through the dancing heat-haze, he he could see Jennifer's thatched cottage with its black and white walls half hidden by climbing rose and honeysuckle. Jennifer, in her blue print frock, was on a ladder, nailing up an unsupported bloom.

"Just like her," Septimus muttered as he went indoors. "Always helping somebody or something."

He took a walk later that evening, missing Jennifer's cottage and going by way of the river, where the fields sloping down to the stream were dotted with plum trees and fringed by battalions of foxgloves. An owl was hooting behind the Manor, and bats fluttered and squeaked above the reeds. Except for a blackbird's late song in an orchard far away, the only other sound was the splash of rising trout.

Septimus had made up his mind what to say to Jennifer and, like one of his own school-children, had committed to memory his chosen words. With this part of his adventure accomplished he looked on the scene around him and found it good. The

thought of Jennifer refusing him had scarcely entered his mind, for of late she had been for many walks with him and listened rapturously as he described the beauties of nature and the value of wayside plants.

"I'll be able to cure my husband's ills without a doctor," she said, laughing, to Septimus one evening.

"Yes," Septimus had replied in like vein, "especially if he knows more about it than yourself, Jennifer?" And he thought he saw a blush on her cheek as she diverted the conversation to the virtues of agrimony and fennel.

Septimus was thinking of these things this evening by the river when the sound of a step broke the silence and sent a cock-pheasant screeching into the woods.

"Good evening, Mr. Blew."

Septimus turned to see young Daniel Evans. Daniel, although not claiming more than twenty-seven years, was one of the biggest farmers of the countryside. The care of his six hundred acres, left to him by his father, had held him to the village when the great war began, and his presence had grown more valuable from that time. He worked as hard as his own men and was, in consequence, thought of highly in the village.

"How come you to be wandering in these sentimental hours in such love-scented parts?" asked Septimus with a touch of oratory. He was always conscious of the schoolmaster within him and persuaded himself that he had a reputation to maintain.

"Lord, I wish I could talk like you, Mr. Blew," said Daniel with envy. Then he added: "It's odd I should come across you, for I have been thinking of you this many a day."

"Oh," said Septimus, "and how come you to have been thinking of the humble pedagogue?"

"It's not a long story," replied Daniel. "I want you to do me a favour and I was coming round to see you to-morrow night."

"Better tell me about it now," said Septimus. "I—I may not be in to-morrow."

"Very well, and thank you," said Daniel. "Now, would you call me an ignorant chap, so to speak?"

It was an old question, and the schoolmaster said so. Then he added:

"Ignorant? Why, we're all ignorant. I'm ignorant. Even the vicar; he's ignorant. But if you ask me if you're more ignorant than most lads like yourself I willingly say that you are far from it. Indeed, you are better educated than most lads in these parts. You've read something more than auction-sale bills, I'll lay a groat."

"It's very kind of you to say so, and perhaps I have, but I want to read more. I want to read the right things—poetry and such as that. Now, do you think I'm too old to learn?"

Septimus looked at the handsome young farmer and laughed.

"I can see you don't," continued Daniel, "so I'll ask you another. Do you think I could learn a good bit in three months—become what you'd call a well-read chap, able perhaps to make up a bit of poetry and so on?"

"Why, certainly," said Septimus, "if you went the right way about it." Mr. Blew never went further than the village for his criterions of learning.

"Then, to come to the point, will you give me lessons?" asked Daniel. "I'll pay you, of course, and I'll work hard and be a credit to you. I want to be able to talk like you and use words like pedagogue and so on. Will you teach me, Mr. Blew?"

Septimus held out his hand to the other.

"My lad," he said. "You've spoken words which have brought me an abundant pleasure. Would that there were more like you. Yes, of course, I'll teach you, but not for payment. It's far too grand a thing to take money for. I'll do my best to give you the right things to read and we'll read together at nights in my little room. The rest will be in your hands. When would you like to start?"

Daniel was overjoyed.

"I can never thank you enough," he said fervently. "and I'd like to

start to-morrow night if it's all the same to you."

"I—I'm afraid I'm occupied to-morrow night," said Septimus, "but the night after would do. By the way, I haven't asked you why you have suddenly got this hunger for learning. What's come over you, Dan?"

Their leisured steps had brought them to the little wicket-gate of the schoolmaster's garden. Septimus's eyes strayed to Jennifer's cottage which the dim light had almost made one with the many fruit trees around it.

"You'll not tell anyone, if I tell you," Daniel asked cautiously.

"Not a soul," said Septimus.

Daniel drew a little nearer.

"It's because of Jennifer Hunt," he said. "I'm as gone on that girl as a man could be. We've had a stroll or two together, and she seems to like me, but somehow I can't talk up her level. She reads poetry and all that, and I want to read it as well, aye, and talk it. I've told her I'll send her a poem within three months, and with God's help and yours, Mr. Blew, I'll do it. Now, I mustn't keep you any longer. Good-night, and again thank you—a thousand times over."

Septimus stepped back a few paces. It was too dark for Daniel to see his face grow white, and the young farmer was striding down the lane before Septimus recovered himself. Then Daniel heard the schoolmaster's voice calling after him.

"Daniel—Daniel, I find I'm not occupied to-morrow night after all, so I'll expect you about six. We'll have a good long evening."

The sound of Daniel's steps had long merged into the enveloping silence before Septimus Blew turned from his wicket-gate. The surprising news had transfixed him. One thing only had been clear in his mind; he must give to Daniel the learning he has asked. He had put away in a moment, as unworthy of him, the thought of speaking to Jennifer, notwithstanding Dan's request.

Yet Septimus knew, and this was the subject of his thoughts at the gate, than when Daniel was equipped with a little learning he would, with his youth and his means, be a fine man for Jennifer. A light shone from Jennifer's bedroom window. To the little schoolmaster it might have been one of Jennifer's bright eyes watching his thoughts.

"Yes," he murmured, "I'll teach him all I can, and I won't say a word of love to her till the three months are up."

Septimus rather enjoyed the next three months. If every hour spent with Daniel had not been undermining his chance of winning Jennifer the whole period would have been wonderful. Night after night he and Daniel would sit and read until the warm dusk fell. Then Septimus would light the little paraffin lamp, and put a jug of perry on the table; then the pair would read and talk of books until long after the village was abed.

Daniel was an apt pupil. He read everything that Septimus recommended, and the schoolmaster's bookshelves grew rich with volumes which Daniel had been glad to buy when farming business took him to Ludlow or Shrewsbury.

All this time Daniel was unaware of the sacrifice which his tutor was making. Septimus intended to tell Daniel in due course, but the time was not yet.

Meanwhile Daniel had been hewing his poem from the solid rock. At first Septimus had been amused at the thought of Daniel writing a poem, but as time went on, Daniel so grew in learning that secret fears began to steal into the schoolmaster's heart. The poem was to be done by Daniel alone and read to Septimus for criticism on the last night of the three months.

The three months had passed and September had stolen into the village, dappling the orchards with mellowness and turning red the creeper on

Jennifer's cottage. Daniel came round on the appointed night. Septimus had prepared for him by killing his best chicken and obtaining a stone jarful of Farmer Broadhurst's wonderful perry. The meal over, Septimus took his favourite chair and motioned Daniel to a position on the hand-made hearthrug.

"I suppose the poem's about Jennifer?" said Septimus.

"No," said Daniel. "I didn't dare to do it. If she didn't like it my chances might be gone. No, Mr. Blew, it's about our village of Melton Dip. I hope you'll like it. It's due to you that I've done it. Lord, to think, I've written a poem. Well, anyhow, here it is."

Daniel cleared his throat and began:

The ground rolls down in folds of green,
With little rivulets between.

"Very fair, Dan," said the schoolmaster, "but all rivulets are little, and there's no need to say it. Go on."

That flow to meet the trouty Rea,
Which laughs its way towards the sea.

"Quite good, Dan," said Septimus. "Let's have some more."

A blaze of gorse lights every side,
And in the hollow houses hide,
Houses quaint with roofs of thatch,
And quaint inhabitants to match.

"Oh, Daniel, Daniel!" broke in Septimus. "This bit of learning's done you a power of harm. Who told you that our inhabitants are quaint? Folks stop being quaint when they know it, and if you go about calling folks quaint the village is going to wrack and ruin. Go on."

Shaded by the fruiting trees,
Playgrounds of a million bees,
Little gardens rich with flowers
Smile throughout the dewy hours,

Septimus sprang to his feet. "Splendid!" he shouted. "You're a marvel. Let's have the next bit. Phew! The girl's yours!"

A hundred homes, a church, an inn,
A little school with sleepy din.

Septimus was up again instantly, and he spoke with evident feeling.

"No, no! We can't have that! Oh, a thousand times no! I've nurtured a viper. Oh, Dan, you mustn't jerk the poor old pedagogue's elbow! Any more?"

A kindly word on every lip,
There's little else in Melton Dip.

Septimus stood up and shook Daniel by the hand.

"You've written a right good poem, Dan," he said, "though the last line loses sight of Jennifer. You can't say anything about the charms of the village and Miss Jennifer out."

Dan looked at Septimus in an odd way.

"Anybody would think you were in love with the girl yourself," he said.

"I love her better than anything else in the world," said Septimus. "No, don't interrupt me for a minute. Listen to the whole story and you won't jump at conclusions."

Septimus then told Daniel the history of that evening by the river. Daniel sat mute, regarding the schoolmaster as though he were some uncanny being. When Septimus had finished the two men sat silent for some moments. Then Daniel spoke.

"Mr. Blew," he said, "if I told you what I thought of you it would be more wonderful than my poem, and if I did as I ought I'd clear out of the village forever and leave Jennifer to you. But I'm not built like you. I couldn't leave Jennifer without trying my fate. So I'll agree with what you suggest, that neither of us will speak to Jennifer till a week's gone by. Then each of us can do his best. Mr. Blew, you—you're a sportsman."

The week had passed and Septimus was in his garden collecting dead relics of herbaceous wealth from his border, where chrysanthemums now showed like a sea of bronze. He was going to see Jennifer that night. The words he had learnt three months ago were fresh in his mind and he had thought of none better.

Presently Daniel came hastily into the garden, slamming the gate behind him.

"We've made a nice pair of fools of ourselves," he cried.

"Whatever's the matter?" asked Septimus, peeping from behind a barricade of withered sunflower stalks.

"Why," said Dan, "I've just been up to ask Jennifer, only to find her sitting in her privet arbour with—who do you think?"

"I'm blessed if I know. Not young John Potter, is it? I heard he had arrived here this morning. Got the D.C.M., I'm told. Is John with her?"

"John it is!" said Daniel angrily. "In the arbour like a couple of lovers, they are. The D.C.M. has done it."

Septimus's eyes strayed in the direction of Jennifer's cottage and acquired a suspicion of moistness. He was beset on every side by Youth—first Dan, then John.

"Let's go inside and have a glass of perry," he said quietly.

Four years ago Jennifer had had a lover in the harum-scarum son of Farmer Potter, but her happiness had been diluted by the variegated nature of young John Potter's life. His visits to Ludlow on Saturday nights were badly spoken of, and he was said to be known to girls whose friendship had been the wreck of better man than himself. Jennifer overlooked his shortcomings as long as she could, but finally cast him off for good and all.

Not unnaturally the loss of Jennifer had its effect on the quite good-hearted John, who mended his ways from that time on, but to no purpose. The village saw the pair together no more, and in due time the episode was forgotten. That was two years before the war. When the struggle broke out John joined up in a horse regiment and had not been seen again. That had been Jennifer's only *affaire*—a limitation which raised her mightily in the eyes of Septimus Blew.

"Dan," said the schoolmaster when they were indoors. "I'll tell you what it is. We've got to leave Jennifer to John. He'll be here on leave only and

I want you to join me in not speaking to her about ourselves till he comes back for good. He's done more for his country than ever you or me will do. He's the lad who deserves the girl. Now, what do you say? Is it a bargain?"

Septimus stood with outstretched hand. Dan hesitated a moment, then grasped the hand firmly.

"Mr. Blew—" he said. "Mr. Blew—oh! It's no use talking to you. You're worth the lot of us put together."

Before Septimus realized it Dan was gone.

Septimus stood at his gate again that evening and watched the little gleam of light from Jennifer's window. The breeze which, as he had worked in his garden, had been warm suddenly rose to a small gale and a chill entered the schoolmaster's bones, but he stayed on until the light disappeared.

"Seems as if my soul had gone out just like that," he muttered as he turned to go in. He paused by the door and listened to the sound of a heavy step. Someone was coming up the road and Septimus would bid him a good-night whoever he was.

A soldier's figure came into sight a few yards away.

"I shouldn't like to go back without a word with you," It was John Potter who spoke. "I've got to walk to Ludlow to get a train. No, my leave isn't up, but I've got a wife in London, Mr. Blew, and just pinched a day off to see the old place—"

"And old flames," put in Septimus.

"And old flames," repeated John. "I suppose you mean Jennifer. Well, she's a good girl is Jennifer, and—but I've no time to spare if I'm to catch that train, and, Mr. Blew, Jennifer knows all about the lessons you gave young Daniel Evans. He's told her himself this evening, and she's told me. I don't know that I'm right in letting it out, but I'm leaving the village and I don't much care."

"What a mistake!" said Septimus. "He should never have told her. Whatever did she say?"

"That's just the point, Mr. Blew. I ought not to let it out to you, but she told me, as an old friend, that if there's any man in this village she'd like to marry it's Mr. Blew."

Septimus tried to make some reply, but before he could frame the words John Potter had gone.



TREES AND A POET

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

II. ETHELWYN WETHERALD



AMONG the many memory-pictures which I can visualize clearly, there is one of a room in a little New Brunswick city—a study, with walls of faded blue; with windows where the spirea blossoms look in with news of summer, and past which fall softly petals from the delicate blooms of an old gnarled acacia tree; with a fireplace ample and alluring, the centre of family gatherings when winter frosts those windows and drifts thick clouds of snow against them.

Tacked on the side of a tall book-case in that study, just where it can be seen nicely from the chair by the writing-table, is a poster; a poster with a white background, and a lady in green flowing robes sitting under a tree. The name of the book which the poster advertises is printed there, and it is "The House of the Trees", by Ethelwyn Wetherald. And on one of the shelves is the little green book itself.

When you open that little green book, you do really enter a house of the trees. Green branches sway about you, tiny feet rustle in the underbrush, delicate wings drift above, mosses and fairy-like ground-vines make a carpet of intricate design. But you are made aware of far more than a close observation and love of nature. One of Miss Wetherald's reviewers says of her verse: "Its charm in the main lies in the sense it conveys of the mystic relation between the world without us and the world within";

and this seems to me profoundly true. The power of conveying this sense is exemplified in poem after poem. I think one gets the perfection of it in "The Fields of Dark", beginning:

"The wreathing vine within the porch
Is in the heart of me,
The roses that the noondays scorch
Burn on in memory;
Alone at night I quench the light,
And without star or spark,
The grass and trees press to my knees
And flowers through the dark."

"The Visitors" shows the same quality; "the soul of the wind and the rain" are made as real and living to us in this poem as the elemental forces in their outward manifestations could be:

"In the room where I was sleeping
The sun came to the floor,
Whose silent thought went leaping
To where in woods of yore
It felt the sun before.

At noon the rain was slanting
In grey lines from the west;
A hurried child all panting
It pattered to my nest,
And smiled when sun-carest.

At eve the wind was flying
Bird-like from bed to chair;
Of brown leaves sere and dying
It brought enough to spare
And dropped them here and there.

At night-time, without warning,
I felt almost to pain
The soul of the sun in the morning
And the soul of the wind and the rain
In my sleeping-room remain!"

In "Rest" we find the same note:

"To the depths of dreams I go
On the sounds of falling rain,

That in the night-time gently flow
 In a stream, on my window-pane.
 Stream-rest and dream-rest
 And a cool, dark path between—
 A cool, dark path from the rain's breast
 To the heart of the deep unseen."

Again and again one comes across this mystic vision of our possession of nature. All of good that we see and love becomes an intrinsic part of our inner being, an addition to that soul-substance "that dreams are made of". Many of us feel this; not many can express their realization of it in haunting lyric words.

But though Miss Wetherald is pre-eminently a poet of trees and flowers, of sun and wind and rain, she does not sing only of these. Her interests and sympathies embrace a wide range of subjects, and, with all her dryad-like affiliations, she is warmly human in emotion. Love and life, death and parting, childhood, and memories of home—these all come within the scope of her song. The web of life which she weaves for us is never drab or sombre in hue; it is rich with shimmering and delicate colour, and one feels that there is no such thing for her as a day without beauty and savour. She expresses her rejoicing in "the daily round" delightfully in "Every Common Day":

Every common day that we live is clasped
 and jewelled with love;
 The stars of night are beneath it, the morn-
 ing stars above;
 The peace of God broods on it, as on her
 nest the bird,
 And over its wearied moments the music
 of hope is heard.
 So, when my life-work is finished, and I
 go to God for my wage,
 I wonder if He can give me a heavenlier
 heritage
 Than to feel that each day that I live is
 clasped and jewelled with love,
 With the stars of night beneath it and the
 morning stars above."

It is seldom, indeed, that Miss Wetherald's verse becomes prosaic; her thought and its form are, in most cases, sheer poetry. When she does, occasionally, verge on the commonplace, she gives us the impression that she has endeavoured so to do; that

someone has suggested that she write in a more "robust" or didactic manner, for instance—and she produces "My Orders", "Pluck", and one or two others more popular than poetic! It is seldom, however, that she wanders from the domain of wonder and enchantment that is her own.

Ethelwyn Wetherald's love-poems have a distinctive and delicate charm. Many, perhaps most, of them, deal with love in its beginning—an elusive, Ariel-like love, a sprite half-fearing lest it become a mortal, or at least involved and tangled in mortal pettiness. Her lovers wander in dream-paths, and the wandering allures them rather than any goal, however fair. This ethereal quality manifests itself in "Enchantment", with its

"Dearest, give your soul to me,
 Let it in your glances shine;
 Let a path of ecstasy
 Stretch between your eyes and mine.
 Should you press me to your heart,
 That enchanted,
 That enchanted little pathway must
 depart";

in

"If you love me, tell me so
 As the dawn may hint of noon,
 As a glance the deep heart's glow,
 As hepaticas of June,"

and in many another poem dealing with young love, with emotions half-distrustful of their own strength. In her sonnets, however, a deeper note is struck. The distrust of life has been cast aside, and love has proved itself not a fragile bloom, losing its beauty and mystery at the first breath of storm, but a thing stronger than the storm itself, more wonderful, more enduring, than its first dear promise hinted.

"Youth and Age" holds this stronger note; "Telepathy" has it, and "Good-bye"; "At Parting" is vibrant with it, and "Love's Phases" is worthy to stand among the most perfect love-sonnets in the English language. I quote "At Parting" as a good example of the lyric fervour and intensity shown in her use of this form of verse:

"Goodbye! Goodbye! My soul goes after thee,
Quick as a bird that quickens on the wing,
Suffly as winter softens into spring;
And as the moon sways to the swaying sea.
So is my spirit drawn resistlessly.
Goodbye! Yet closer round my life shall cling

Thy tenderness, the priceless offering
That drifts through distance daily unto me.

Oh, eager soul of mine, fly fast, fly fast!
Take with thee hope and courage, thoughts
that thrill

The heart with gladness under sombre
skies,

Oh, living tenderness, that no sharp blast
Of bitter fate or circumstance can kill.

My life with thine grows strong, or fails,
or dies."

Miss Wetherald evidently finds the sonnet a natural form of expression. Its technique has become part of her artistic equipment, and one never feels that thought or emotion has been sacrificed to the exigencies of the form. Her nature-sonnets are full of colour and richness. "In August" breathes the joy of retrospect:

"Just as in rich and dusty-leaved age
The soul goes back to brood on swelling
buds

Of hope, desire, and dream, in childhood's
clime,

So I turn backward to the Spring-lit page
And hear with freshening heart the deep-
voiced floods

That to the winds give their melodious
rhyme."

The octave of "October" glows with autumn splendour:

"Against the winter's heav'n of white,
the blood

Of earth runs very quick and hot to-day;
A storm of fiery leaves are out at play.
Around the lingering sunset of the wood
Where rows of blackberries, unnoticed,
stood,

Run streams of ruddy colour wildly gay;
The golden lane half-dreaming picks its

way
Through 'whelming vines as through a
gleaming flood."

"To February" is sonorous in its vowel harmonies, and magical in its picture of the winter world.

Miss Wetherald's work is of a distinctly original type; it is not easy to deduce from her poems what

authors have most interested her. There is a hint of Browning in "The White Moth", with its vivid, passionate, yet colloquial, style; and there is an Emersonian outlook in "Limitlessness", which I quote:

"Beyond the far horizon's farthest bound
A farther boundary lies;

No spirit wing can reach the utmost
round,

No spirit eyes.

The soul has limitations such as space,
Such as eternity;

The farthest star to which thou set'st thy
face

Belongs to thee."

In some of the poems, especially in the sonnets, there is an Elizabethan fullness of vowel-music and richness of diction which suggests that Miss Wetherald's reading has led her largely among the writers of "those spacious times of great Elizabeth". One gets this quality in poem after poem, in lines such as

"For me the hoarded honey of the past
Outlives the wintry interval of pain,"

and in all of "To February":

"Oh, master-builder, blustering as you go
About your giant work, transforming all
The empty woods into a glittering hall,
And making lilac lanes and foot-paths
grow

As hard as iron under stubborn snow,
Though every fence stand forth a marble
wall

And windy hollows drift to arches tall,
There comes a might that shall your
might o'erthrow.

Build high your white and dazzling
palaces,

Strengthen your bridges, fortify your
towers,

Storm with a loud and portentous lip;
And April with a fragmentary breeze
And half a score of gentle golden hours,
Shall leave no trace of your stern work-
manship."

and in many and many a memorable
phrase.

But it is her intimacy with and her attitude toward nature which mark her work with a haunting quality, distinctive, individual. She is of the trees; she interprets them; she seems half-dryad, knowing and helping us

to know the very spirit of the woods. One is not surprised to hear that Miss Wetherald has a material "House of the Trees", built in a huge willow near a stream, where she sleeps on sultry summer nights. She sings of the joy of her outdoor retreat in "A Summer Sleeping Room", and we feel with her that it is

"Sweet to waken with the flowers,
A morning spirit steeped in calm."

In one of her letters—and she is a delightful letter-writer — Ethelwyn Wetherald says:

"For me there is no such thing as monotony. Tameness and sameness are non-existent. Every day overflows with a wealth of impressions, hopes, and desires."

This radiance of spirit glows through all Miss Wetherald's work—this, and a closeness as of kinship to the world of tree and moss and flower. We feel like addressing to herself the words of her own poem:

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood."

In the June number the subject of Mrs. Roberts's essay will be "The Sonnet in Canadian Literature".



REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

XIII.—LAURIER AND THE EMPIRE



MYSTERY surrounds the decision of the Laurier Government to establish a fiscal preference in favour of imports from Great Britain. It is certain that no such action was contemplated by the Liberal leaders before they took office. In 1892 Mr. L. H. Davies, of Prince Edward Island, had offered an amendment to a motion by Mr. McNeill, of North Bruce, in favour of reciprocal preference, in effect that, as Great Britain admitted the products of Canada free of duty, the scale of Canadian duties levied on goods mainly imported from Great Britain should be reduced. But, while this proposal probably expressed the sincere conviction of Mr. Davies, many of his parliamentary associates were chiefly concerned to embarrass the Government and the Conservative Imperialists who were as rigid protectionists for Canada as any other element in Parliament. When Mr. Davies submitted his motion, the Liberal parliamentary party was still committed to unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, and there was a disposition to declare more definitely for direct discrimination against Great Britain. As editor of *The Globe*, I represented to Mr. Laurier that any such course would be fatal to Liberal candidates in the constituencies and that it was necessary to recede from the position which the party had taken rather than

to persist in flagrant defiance of the British sentiment of the country. I had knowledge that this was a common feeling among Liberals. I knew that there would be a formidable revolt against any proposal for open and deliberate discrimination against British imports. The true feeling of the party was soon revealed and, as has been said, was expressed in the resolution subsequently adopted by the National Liberal Convention.

The leaders also became convinced long before the general election of 1896 that it would be impossible to "eliminate the principle of protection from the tariff". Whether the country understood or not, there was deliberate adjustment of the party to a moderate and practical fiscal policy in many of the speeches and much of the literature of the campaign. One recalls the letters exchanged between Mr. Laurier and Mr. George H. Bertram, of Toronto, and many private and public assurances that there would be no revolutionary fiscal changes. This was so clearly the attitude of *The Globe* that it was doubted by Conservative candidates if the paper expressed the actual spirit and intention of the Liberal leaders. Nor was the chief object to conciliate protectionists. It was recognized by the official leaders of the party that any radical reduction of duties was impracticable and impossible, and that it was desirable to prepare the country for the

position which would have to be taken should they happen to succeed in the election.

A curious story attaches to a speech which Mr. Laurier delivered at Winnipeg. In the report as published there was a declaration in favour of "free trade as it is in England". He told me later that he had refused, despite great pressure, to use the phrase which was beloved of Western Liberal candidates and that an eager and importunate colleague, distressed at his caution, had incorporated the sentence in the report of his address. He could not challenge the accuracy of the report without a practical repudiation of the position of the free trade extremists in the party, nor could he expose the associate who had revised the address without authority. But he would sometimes recall the incident when he was denounced for apostasy to his platform pledges. Mr. Borden once said that Laurier had promised prohibition as it was in Maine, and free trade as it was in England, but had maintained protection as it was in Maine and prohibition as it was in England. The truth is that Laurier did not declare himself in favour of prohibition nor did he believe that complete free trade was practicable in Canada. The whole argument of the Liberal party in 1896, however, was for lower tariff, although in the speeches of the leaders there is no definite forecast of the British preference. But when the leaders attained office and redemption of the fiscal pledges became the immediate concern, it was recognized that substantial duties against American imports must be maintained and that even upon goods from Great Britain the tariff could not be greatly reduced without depleting the revenue and endangering the position of Canadian industries. In these circumstances the suggestion of lower duties upon British imports was the happy solution of a perplexing problem.

It will be remembered that in the campaign the Patrons of Industry and the Third Party, under Mr. D'Al-

ton McCarthy, had candidates in various constituencies. Between the Patrons and the Liberal party there was organized co-operation. So Mr. McCarthy was concerned to damage the Government and assist the Opposition. But in consideration of Mr. McCarthy's attitude towards Quebec the true relation between Mr. Laurier and himself was not disclosed. At a meeting at Owen Sound, Mr. McCarthy was asked to say what he thought of Laurier. He smiled and suggested softly that he doubted if a frank answer to the question would be of advantage to the Liberal leader. What he had in mind was that praise from McCarthy in Ontario would not help Laurier in Quebec. Mr. McCarthy was an advocate of Imperial fiscal preferences, while the Patrons of Industry demanded a revenue tariff and transfer of taxation from necessities to luxuries. All three groups supported the British preference when the proposal was submitted to Parliament. Possibly Mr. McCarthy suggested the cardinal principle of the Fielding Tariff, but as to that I cannot speak with knowledge. I never sought to discover the origin of the preference, although I was consulted before the proposal was considered by the Cabinet.

Through Mr. George H. Bertram, who came to me with a message from Laurier, I had the first intimation that the economic practicability and the political advantages of discrimination in favour of countries which admitted Canadian products free of duty was a subject of consideration at Ottawa. Naturally, I gave instant support to the proposal as politically advantageous, as agreeable to Canadian and British feeling, and as a method of escape from the position in which advocacy of free trade with the United States had involved the Liberal party. It was clear that the country would approve preferential treatment of British manufactures and that no general feeling in favour of equal treatment of American manufactures could be developed. Thus the British

preference was an Act of Extrication, of Emancipation, and of Indemnification for pledges which could not be fulfilled. Liberal Ministers, however, in establishing the preference, were not implementing any unholy compact with manufacturers, but were governed by industrial and national considerations which in the actual situation of the country could not be disregarded by practical and responsible statesmen.

There was singular boldness in the determination of the Canadian Cabinet to offer the preference to Great Britain and compel the Imperial Government to reject the concession or denounce the German and Belgian treaties which prevented discrimination by the Dominions in favour of the Mother Country. Indeed, the preference was imposed upon Great Britain, and there were British statesmen who denounced the old treaties with reluctance and in slumberous wonder over the serene audacity of an inconsiderate colony. Laurier was attacked for not exacting a reciprocal preference from Great Britain. But he was convinced that no such preference could be obtained except upon conditions which Canada could not accept. As it was, the Canadian offer was regarded with suspicion by rigid British free traders. Mr. Chamberlain had not yet adopted "tariff reform", and among Unionists and Liberals alike there was uncompromising adhesion to the teaching of the Manchester economists. While Laurier was in London, in 1897, Mr. Chamberlain declared that, except on the basis of free trade within the Empire, he would not touch preference "with a pair of tongs". This, however, was said in a conversation between Laurier and himself and was not available as a defence for the Canadian Government against the attacks of opponents. In the autumn of 1897 there was a bye-election in Centre Toronto. Mr. George H. Bertram, the Liberal candidate, was opposed by Mr. O. A. Howland. At every Conservative meeting there was criticism of Laurier

for "the free gift" of preference to the Mother Country, when preferential treatment of Canadian products could have been obtained if the Liberal leader had not been more anxious to secure the "Cobden medal" than to initiate a system of Imperial protection. During the contest Laurier came to Toronto and was at pains to give me an exact statement of Mr. Chamberlain's position. He did not authorize me to make any public use of the statement, nor did he suggest that there was any obligation of discretion or silence. For a day or two I hesitated, but the Conservative attack persisted and I persuaded myself that Mr. Chamberlain's position should be stated. *The Globe's* explanation was cabled to England and became the subject of a question in the Imperial Parliament. In reply, Mr. Chamberlain frankly admitted its accuracy and thus gave the confirmation which was required. Shortly afterward I suggested to Laurier that I was probably in disfavour for using Mr. Chamberlain's statement without authority. His answer was, "My dear fellow, that is why I told you". I thought I had read his mind, but one cannot always be certain that a statement communicated in private is intended for publication.

Once I asked Laurier how the famous letter from Father Lacombe, intimating that the Roman Catholic bishops were united in support of the Manitoba Remedial Bill and would be as united against any public man who opposed the measure, came to be published. He said, "I do not know, but it was wise to have the letter appear in *The Montreal Daily Star* instead of in a Liberal newspaper". It was necessary that his political associates should have knowledge of the letter, and one doubts if he emphasized its confidential character. He held that there was moral and public justification for its publication, and clearly there are circumstances in which a political leader has the right to call the people to his defence against groups or interests which present pri-

vate 'ultimatums. In this instance, nothing but the letter itself could have disclosed the actual situation. But, ordinarily, Laurier was very scrupulous and no one could more resolutely retain what he did not choose to reveal.

It is doubtful if there ever was exact accord between Laurier and Chamberlain. The one was as resolute as the other and each had a vitally different conception of the Imperial relation. Laurier regarded free trade within the Empire as impracticable and impossible. Nor was there complete agreement between the two when Chamberlain became an advocate of tariff reform and Imperial preferences. It is true that when Laurier desired to have the food duties imposed during the war in South Africa retained against foreign countries and remitted in favour of the Dominions, he would have had Chamberlain's support; but they were repealed during Chamberlain's absence in South Africa. When the Imperial statesman in his early speeches for tariff reform suggested that certain branches of manufacture should be reserved for Great Britain, the Canadian Prime Minister would have resisted if Chamberlain's withdrawal from the position had not rendered resistance unnecessary. Thereafter Laurier would not entertain any suggestion that Canada should demand British taxes on foodstuffs from foreign countries and free admission of such products from the Dominions. As has been said, he did ask to have the duties on foodstuffs imposed for revenue during the war with the Boers retained against foreign countries, but when this was refused he finally abandoned effort to obtain preferential treatment of Canadian products in British markets. But there was irritation over the refusal and even serious thought of actual withdrawal or substantial modification of the Canadian preference in favour of British manufactures.

Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to establish a consultative Imperial Council, Laurier opposed and defeat-

ed. He was reluctant to send contingents to South Africa and submitted at last only to a manifestation of public feeling which he could not wisely resist. He was embarrassed by the attitude of Mr. Tarte and disturbed by the vehement counsel of Mr. Bourassa. As editor of *The Globe*, I was in a difficult position. I told Laurier that he would either send troops or go out of office, but gave a rash pledge that *The Globe* would not suggest the despatch of contingents in advance of the decision of the Cabinet. A few days before war was declared Laurier had to go to Chicago and he insisted that I should go along. In the party also were Mr. L. O. David and Mr. Raymond Prefontaine, of Montreal. For three days we discussed the Imperial obligation of Canada and the possible political consequences of a decision against sending contingents in all its phases, if not with unanimity, at least with good temper and complete candour. I shall not forget the wise discretion of Mr. David and his grave concern that nothing should develop to affect Laurier's position or disturb the relations between Canada and Great Britain. It is fair to explain that Sir Wilfrid contended the war in South Africa, if war there should be, would be a petty tribal conflict in which the aid of the Dominions would not be required, and that over and over again he declared he would put all the resources of Canada at the service of the Mother Country in any great war for the security and integrity of the Empire. When we reached London on the homeward journey we learned that the South African Republics had precipitated the conflict. Laurier had not believed that war was inevitable and he was greatly comforted by assurances received at Chicago, through British sources, that the Republics would submit to the demands of Great Britain or the conditions would be so modified as to avert hostilities and ensure a settlement by negotiation. During the journey between London and Toronto he was very sober and silent.

He recognized that the Canadian Government must reach an immediate decision, but he would not admit that the fact of war necessarily involved Canada in the conflict. When we parted at Toronto, I urged that as soon as he reached Ottawa he should announce that the Government would send troops to South Africa. But he was still reluctant, unconvinced, and rebellious. Next day, however, I received this despatch: "Am sending contingents. Will be in Toronto in the morning. — Wilfrid Laurier." When we met next morning he frankly admitted that public feeling in the English Provinces was too strong to be opposed and that under all the circumstances the Government could not afford to challenge the sentiment of the country and withhold Canada from a struggle in which the other Dominions would be engaged. He explained that there would be no serious division in the Cabinet, but he doubted if the Liberal representatives from Quebec could be united in support of the action of the Government. Unfortunately there was no such unanimity of feeling in Quebec as existed in Ontario, and probably his influence among the French people would be sorely tested. Over the decision of the Government Mr. Bourassa resigned his seat in Parliament and was re-elected. But the intimate personal and political relation which had existed between Laurier and Bourassa never was restored. The war in South Africa produced the Nationalist movement. The seeds of Nationalism lay long in the ground, the growth was reluctant, the harvest ripened slowly. But at last Bourassa gathered many sheaves in Quebec from the sowing which began when his counsel was rejected and Laurier sanctioned the organization of contingents for South Africa. I think I never doubted that Laurier's ultimate decision would be in favour of contingents. For that among other reasons *The Globe* said nothing to embarrass the Government or to excite public feeling.

The Globe's first deliverance in support of contingents was not written in the office. One day Mr. Justice Street offered a letter for publication. He explained with much courtesy and equal hesitation that *The Globe's* position was detached and indefinite and that doubtless there were legitimate political considerations behind its discretion and reticence. As a judge he was not clear that he should speak in his own name, but he had written a letter which would not compromise the paper and which he would like to have published without his signature. When I had read the letter I intimated that if he did not object I would make a few minor changes and print it as an editorial. He was agreeable and grateful. There was judicial caution in the statement which *The Globe* required at the moment and it is doubtful if Mr. Justice Street would have been censured even if he had written over his signature.

In the general election of 1900, rash utterances by Mr. Tarte were exploited with deadly effect by the Conservative Opposition. There is no doubt that Tarte was opposed to the organization of contingents for South Africa and believed that his position would be sustained by the Cabinet. In this confidence he made statements which were singularly inconvenient and embarrassing in the English Provinces. He explained that he had gone no farther than to insist that troops should not be sent out of the country without the direct authority of Parliament. But in a political contest there is no reverence for a qualification. Tarte was gibbeted in every Conservative journal and from every Conservative platform. For the time he displaced Mr. Sifton as "the master of the Administration", and a very fervour of passion was excited in the country against the contumacious and aggressive French Minister. There was much sheet lightning in the display, but even sheet lightning is dangerous when it is associated with racial feeling and Imperial patriotism. Tarte was the issue, and the jawbone which

he wielded too freely slaughtered many Liberal candidates. Eight or ten days before polling Laurier was in Toronto, and naturally there was anxious consideration of the political outlook. At a conference which I attended, the leader was assured that Ontario would give a majority of at least twenty for the Government. I alone insisted, against the angry protests of the optimists, that the majority against the Government would be twenty. I gave my reasons, of which Tarte was the chief, and Laurier agreed that my forecast would probably be justified by the result. The returns gave the Opposition a majority of twenty-two in Ontario.

The defeat of Laurier in Ontario in 1900 had long consequences. No doubt he had hesitated to involve Canada in the war in South Africa, but he had yielded to public feeling, had imposed his decision upon Quebec, had alienated cherished associates, had frankly confessed his reluctance to involve Canada in a British quarrel, and had defended the British position and the final intervention of Canada with vigour and eloquence. But despite the British fiscal preference and the action of the Government in relation to South Africa, despite recognition of Imperial sentiment and despite disregard of the protests of elements in Quebec, he sustained a decisive defeat in the chief English Province of the Confederation. He coveted the goodwill and the confidence of Ontario. He had doubted if a French Roman Catholic could lead a national party. In any evidence that this was a misinterpretation of the Protestant majority, he rejoiced. He believed in 1900 that he deserved a greater measure of support from Ontario than he received. Thenceforth he turned to his own Province and his own people. He never wooed Ontario again. It may be that he never was willing to lose Quebec. He would often insist that at any cost he must have the confidence of his own Province. There is reason to think that Bourassa became a spectre in his pathway. He

often said that if Bourassa had not separated himself from the Liberal party and had cultivated a national outlook he would have been his natural and inevitable successor. But from 1900 he saw Bourassa as an ever-present menace, against which he believed he could not rely upon Ontario.

No one who knew Laurier could ever believe that he was an Imperialist. Economically he was a continentalist and politically he was an autonomist. At Imperial Conferences he resisted all proposals leading towards federation of the Empire or even involving any rigid machinery of co-operation between Great Britain and the Dominions. It is not surprising to learn from letters published by Mr. J. S. Ewart, K.C., that he was in sympathy with the movement to establish Canada as an independent kingdom under the British monarchy. What the position would be of a common sovereign over five equal and independent nations if a domestic quarrel should develop, taxes the imagination. We talk of the Sovereign as the bond of Empire, but an Empire united by a sovereign who would be bound by the advice of his Ministers at five separate capitals would be feeble and fantastic enough. Laurier thought of Canada as a nation. He made Canada a nation according to the panegyrists. Indeed with every change of Government, Canada is made a nation over again. But the new pattern much resembles the old, however the artificers may labour to remould and rebuild. It is not easy to see how we can be an Empire for commercial purposes and five separate nations for diplomatic purposes. If we think of separate nations instead of Empire, the ultimate result may be separation. Equal citizenship in the Empire cannot be achieved by extension of autonomy so long as an Imperial Parliament at London exercises authority over war and peace which is not possessed in equal degree by the Parliaments of the Dominions. War Cabinets and Overseas Ministers and

Imperial Conferences are perhaps convenient agencies of co-operation, but they cannot give the Dominions co-ordinate authority in emergencies, or even in the regular adjustment of relations with other nations. Where the parliamentary power reposes the real authority rests. A fractional majority in the Parliament at London will have greater power than the Governments and Parliaments of the four Dominions to commit the Empire to war which may involve the Dominions in great sacrifices of blood and treasure. What actual responsibility had Canada for the Great War which cost 60,000 lives and a billion of money? No one doubts what our decision would have been if we had possessed co-ordinate authority, but an issue may arise in the future over which vital differences may produce disruption. It is idle to pretend that under the existing organization of the Empire the people of the Dominions can have equal citizenship. Autonomy is consistent with the ideal of ultimate separation, but not with the fact of Empire. On the other hand, it is inconceivable that Canadians will be forever content with an inferior citizenship or with a divided loyalty. They must have an equal voice in the Empire with the people of England or Scotland, or ultimately they will establish a separate and independent nation. This voice can be obtained only through a sovereign Imperial Parliament exercising authority over the foreign relations of the Empire and in which the Dominions will have actual, direct and equal representation.

Who believes that the American colonies, if they had not separated from Great Britain, would now be tolerant of war cabinets and periodical imperial conferences? Would they regard representation in an Imperial Parliament as a sacrifice of autonomy? In the near future the Dominions which now have a population of 17,000,000 or 18,000,000 will have thirty, forty or fifty millions of people. Even to-day they would have a third of

the representation in an Imperial Parliament. The autonomy of Prince Edward Island is not impaired by representation in the Canadian Parliament, nor that of Montana or Oregon by representation in the American Congress. There is an answer to the anxious autonomists' in the cry of the world for a League of Nations. If the United States and the British Empire can agree to the assumption of common international obligations, Great Britain and the Overseas Dominions can safely establish a common Parliament for the protection of interests and the adjustment of affairs common to all portions of the Empire. The world has had a new revelation of the vital need for understanding and organization and the lesson has its significance for the British communities. For either organization or disruption is the fiat of destiny. By one method or the other, equality of citizenship must finally be established. One believes that the Empire will not dissolve and that the genius of British statesmen will find and the British peoples in their sanity and wisdom accept the inevitable solution.

Nor is it true, as is so often contended, that free trade within the Empire is an essential condition of organic federation. There is no vital reason why Canada should not maintain protection for national and industrial reasons or that Great Britain should not do likewise. It is not even necessary to establish preferences within the Empire, so long as there is not discrimination in favour of foreign countries. Control over fiscal policy, as over immigration, would naturally and wisely be vested in the domestic Parliaments. Each portion of the Empire would be concerned to develop its own resources and determine its own methods of production and standards of living. There need be neither friction nor conflict under a system of Imperial organization which would clearly separate domestic from Imperial interests and reserve alike for Great Britain and the

Dominions unchallengeable control over domestic concerns. It is not essential either that any absolute power to levy taxation should be reposed in an Imperial Parliament. There is reason to think that effective organization for defence would be less costly through the operation of common machinery, and since by the very evolution of the Empire to which we have consented the Dominions have become partners in defence, they would provide the contributions required to maintain and stabilize the partnership. Undoubtedly the whole problem is complex and difficult in many of its phases, but at least the chances of misunderstanding and confusion are greater under an unorganized than they would be under an organized Empire in the new relation which has involved the Dominions in common obligations for the support of the Imperial structure. The details of federation could only be settled by the statesmen of the Empire in conference around a common table, as any project of Imperial union would require the free and decisive assent of the Parliaments and peoples of all the British Commonwealths.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier was not a federationist. As he grew older he became inflexible in his attitude towards the Empire. He often seemed willing to extend autonomy to the verge of separation. For his day he could acquiesce in the existing relation. He was not anxious for the future. But he thought he could see the ripe fruit falling from the parent tree. He was not hostile to Great Britain and he had reverence for British traditions and British institutions. But he believed that there was no advantage to Canada in closer connection with the Mother Country. He regarded projects of federation not only as visionary and impracticable, but as inimical to colonial freedom and self-government. He could see the vision of a League of Nations. He could not see the vision of a League of Empire. Looking into the future he probably saw an independent Canada, not sep-

arated from Great Britain in interest and sentiment, but politically dissociated from problems which were the necessary condition and inheritance of an Empire. He was indeed a Canadian nationalist, and grew ever more convinced that between nationalism and Imperialism there was a necessary conflict. He was deeply impressed by his first visit to Great Britain. But he grew weary of London Conferences and the insurgent Imperialism and diplomatic precipitancy of Australia. He was closer to Botha than to any other representative of the Overseas Dominions, convinced perhaps, that Botha was his natural ally in resisting doubtful Imperial enterprises. But there is no reason to think that he ever had to resist pressure from any British statesmen except Chamberlain, or that the autonomy of Canada that he so dearly cherished was ever menaced by any secret design, covert manoeuvre, social attack, or political cabal. British statesmen have long recognized that any impulse towards Imperial organization must proceed from the Dominions and that any suspicion of British coercion would excite only irritation and resistance. The future of the Empire lies with the Dominions. Downing Street is a legend. No system of Imperial organization incompatible with national sentiment in the Dominions could endure. It is inconceivable that British statesmen would imperil the whole structure even by consent to any unequal centralization of authority in London. But Laurier was doubtful and apprehensive. Possibly his apprehension only expressed his attitude in domestic affairs. There were phrases and catchwords that were useful in Canada, and he was careful not to reduce their value on the political exchange. Possibly he resented the pressure of Imperial officials in Canada when an offer of troops for South Africa was desired, and over certain proposals for the organization of the Canadian forces. But he never could have doubted the position of responsible British

statesmen, misrepresented sometimes perhaps by functionaries and officials, who could not understand place without power and were reluctant to acknowledge that they had no actual responsibility for the decisions of the Canadian Cabinet and the Canadian Parliament. And there was Bourassa.

From all the fretful agitation of Australian statesmen in England for preference in British market, Laurier held coldly aloof. He conceded to the United Kingdom all the freedom which he demanded for Canada. He did not believe that colonial statesmen could wisely intervene in the movement for tariff reform in Great Britain or appear on British platforms as advocates of preferential treatment of colonial products. In that he was upon ground which could not be challenged. The strength and sanity of his position would be convincingly established if British statesmen should appear on platforms in Canada as advocates of free trade for the Dominion. Changes in British fiscal policy imposed upon the British people at the demand of the Dominions would subject the Dominions to angry political attack in Great Britain, produce a situation not unlike that which led to the revolt of the American colonies, and endanger the unity and stability of the Empire. The doctrine of colonial autonomy cannot be wisely carried to the extent of direct interference with the free judgment of the British people.

The naval controversy in Canada had many strange and ugly manifestations. It may be that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was as reluctant to establish a navy or commit Canada to any direct obligation for sea defence as he was to send troops to South Africa. But public opinion demanded and he submitted. In 1909 the Canadian Parliament adopted a unanimous resolution in favour of a Canadian navy or other speedy and adequate contribution to the defence of the Empire. Laurier opposed any direct contribution to the Admiralty, but after consultation with the Imperial authori-

ties it was resolved to create a naval college and to organize a fleet of cruisers.

This programme was opposed by Mr. Bourassa, as imperiling Canadian autonomy and exposing the Dominion to compulsory participation in the wars of the Empire all over the world. Mr. Bourassa ultimately was joined by Mr. Monk, the French Conservative leader for Quebec, and an inflammatory appeal was made to the French constituencies against the naval policy of the Government. On the other hand, the Conservative Opposition, under the leadership of Mr. Borden, contended for an emergency contribution of Dreadnoughts and urged a further consultation with the Admiralty in order to frame a measure which would be of greater immediate service to the Empire and of greater ultimate value in the defence of Canada, and which should be submitted to the Canadian people for ratification. Against his French assailants, Laurier argued that the proposals of the Government were a just and necessary assumption of responsibility to aid in the defence of the Empire, but insisted that the fleet should be under the control of Canada and should engage only in such wars as the Canadian Parliament might approve. As against his Conservative opponents, he contended that a contribution of Dreadnoughts would infringe upon the autonomy of the Dominion and that the demand for a referendum was a manoeuvre to delay action and to exploit feeling in Quebec to the advantage of the Conservative party. At stages of the controversy the fear or the lure of Bourassa was behind the action of both parties. There was no danger to the Empire in a Canadian navy. There was no menace to the autonomy of Canada in a contribution of Dreadnoughts or in the naval proposals subsequently placed before Parliament by the Borden Government. There was reason, perhaps, to enlarge the Laurier programme. There was no sound reason that it should be opposed. When all is

said, Laurier committed Canada to naval defence, and in consequence sustained heavy political losses in Quebec. It is understood that Mr. Borden himself was anxious to maintain the unanimity secured in support of the original naval resolution. But he could not hold Mr. Monk, and there were forcer within the Conservative party which could not be withheld from assault upon the Laurier programme. For this there was a time of visitation and vengeance when parliamentary ratification of the Borden proposals was required. There was burning anger among Liberals over the substantial alliance between Conservatives and Nationalists in the general election of 1911, and the character of the attack upon Liberal candidates in the French Province. The truth is that Monk and Bourassa controlled Quebec. For the time the official Conservative party did not exist. Conservatives adhering to the traditions of Cartier and Macdonald could not be nominated, and not a few would not have accepted nomination under the conditions prescribed by the Nationalists. The old Bleus, under Bourassa, were in even worse fortune than the old Rouges under Mercier. Whatever responsibility lies upon Sir Robert Borden, it is certain that he regretted Monk's desertion and never submitted to Nationalist domination. Exclusion of Nationalists from the Borden Cabinet would have been equivalent to denial of French representation. In a country with Canada's history and with 2,500,000 French people in a total population of 8,000,000 or 9,000,000, counsels of patriotism and prudence forbid such a decision, as any deliberate resolve by Quebec upon self-exclusion would be singularly unfortunate and undesirable.

There are few less attractive chapters in Canadian history than that which covers the parliamentary debate on the Borden naval programme. One feels as he reads through Hansard that there was an insensate and incurable determination to misjudge

and misunderstand. It is hard to think that anyone believed the purchase and transfer of three Dreadnoughts to the Royal Navy, subject to recall if the country should determine to create a home navy, was reconcilable with any jingo conspiracy to destroy self-government and restore the ascendancy of Downing Street in Canada. But there was much passionate rhetoric to that effect and danger of actual physical violence in the crises of the debate. One feels that the action of the Nationalists in Quebec in 1911 affords the explanation. At least they could not complain of the ardour with which their doctrine was proclaimed to the detriment of Conservatives who had temporarily profited by their inflammatory agitation in the French constituencies. Nothing was more startling than the metamorphosis of the leader of the Senate. From urgent advocacy of closure to force the Naval Aid Bill through the House of Commons to spokesman for the majority of the Upper Chamber, who rejected the measure, or at least demanded a referendum, which was practically equivalent to rejection, was a remarkable demonstration of political devolution. But in a few weeks Sir George Ross passed through all these phases and was still fresh for new achievements. It was a triumph in transformation of which perhaps there are few like illustrations in practical politics. But Sir Wilfrid prevailed, and when the Great War came, no Canadian Dreadnoughts rode the seas under the ensign of Canada. One reads the story from the original unanimous resolution of Parliament, through the controversy over the Laurier proposals and down to the rejection of the Borden programme, and feels that a great issue was enmeshed in party strategy and that neither party is to be congratulated upon the result to which they mutually contributed.

It is said that Laurier, at a dinner at Windsor Castle, found a card at his plate inscribed, "Right Honourable Sir Wilfrid Laurier", and that in

this fashion he was subjected to the honour or indignity of Knighthood. It is a pretty story. It may or may not be true. One can hardly conceive of a Laurier manoeuvred or coerced into acceptance of a title if his will was not to accept. If ever there was a man who was master of himself, it was Laurier, although the country was slow to understand how vitally resolute he was. There is no doubt that before he left Canada for the Diamond Jubilee, he had considered acceptance of a title and was chiefly concerned over the fact that he had proclaimed himself "a democrat to the hilt", and by acceptance of any Imperial recognition would expose himself to criticism and misunderstanding. We talked together in London shortly after he had accepted the title, and he explained frankly that refusal would have been ungracious and that he could not think there was any valid objection to the decoration. It is inconceivable that he would seek a title. Nor had he then any feeling that he should not have accepted. It is certain that he was not less a democrat, but not even the bonfire which he suggested, when titles were under attack in Parliament, could have purged him of the high social fastidiousness which was a vital element in his character. He was most indifferent to wealth or social position. Socially, Laurier belonged to the old Whig group of England, or to the old Court circle of France, gracious, restrained, of serene spirit and simple tastes, hating noise and swagger and loving culture and the surroundings of beauty and plenty. But, titled or untitled, he was himself, as is every other man who has native quality, to whom a decoration can give no distinction, nor invest with virtue or authority which are not his by character and achievement. Titles give no social precedence in Canada. Precedence belongs only to members of the Senate, members of the Parliaments, the Church, the Bench, and the Army and Navy. From recognition of faithful civil service to

the State no evil can proceed. It is doubtful if wealth alone should mould and dominate society. For there will be society, however legislators level up or level down. Hereditary distinctions belong to the past, and titles, too, may be banished. Whatever the decision is of no vital consequence to those who have or to those who have not. It is vain to think that honours will always be worthily bestowed or the fact universally admitted when they are so bestowed. This is a human world and often envy is as powerful to destroy as ambition is to build. One cannot desire that all the distinctive badges of British civilization should disappear, nor can one admit that the State will be endangered by recognition of civil service according to the traditions and customs of an Empire which through centuries has been the cradle of free institutions. Very rarely have Canadians deliberately sought Imperial honours. There is no evidence that they have been awarded in recognition of service to the Empire as distinguished from service to Canada. For half a century there has been continuous extension of freedom and authority to the Dominions, and Imperial honours have fallen chiefly upon colonial statesmen who have organized and directed the forces by which this result was accomplished. Besides, however we may regard the King's honours, is it a reproach to a colonial statesman that he concerns himself with the affairs of Empire? Is Imperial patriotism repugnant to domestic patriotism? Is devotion to the common interest treason to Canada? Laurier was not affected in his attitude towards Great Britain by Imperial recognition, nor has any Canadian statesman since Confederation succumbed to the mysterious social influences in London which we are so often told seduce representatives of the Dominions from their natural allegiance, and forever prey upon weak and complacent colonials for evil purposes which never take the form of action.

When Great Britain declared war

against Germany. Laurier gave ungrudging and unequivocal support to the decision of the Government to equip and despatch contingents for service in Europe, and the Opposition voted as a unit for the appropriations necessary to make the participation of Canada in the conflict influential and effective. In Parliament and on the platform he denounced German aggression, extolled the heroism of France and Belgium, and maintained with convincing argument and luminous eloquence the justice and righteousness of the cause of Great Britain and the allied nations. It may be that at vital moments he was governed by political considerations, but again there was Bourassa.

From his youth Laurier was a politician. He became more utterly and incurably a politician as he grew older. He could take defeat, but he loved power, and meant to regain power before he died. No one who knew the man could believe that he would resign the office of leader while his strength lasted, and no one who knew the Liberal party as it was fashioned under his hand could believe that he would ever be displaced except by his own decision. Whether an Imperialist or not, he made no quarrel between Great Britain and Canada, he established the British fiscal preference, he first sanctioned the organization of Canadian regiments for Imperial service abroad, and he first committed Canada to a definite obligation for naval defence. It may be that he answered to public opinion, but he did answer, and that was something.

The next and final chapter of these Reminiscences is entitled "What was Left Over".

REHABILITATION

By LAURA A. RIDLEY

I SCARCELY dare to think of you all day,
 For peace of mind, I value you more than all
 Imaginings that used to so enthrall,
 Before I knew that you were common clay.
 But, when night comes, and I am far away
 From worldly traffic, I can hear you call:
 Your voice—as David's music solaced Saul—
 All bitterness of spirit doth allay.

And once again I see you as of old,
 With all those attributes I thought you had,
 Quixotic, noble, free from petty strife;
 Once more you seem to come into my life:
 We hold each other close, and we are glad
 That memory lives and love has not grown cold.

TRIUMPH

BY A. CLARE GRIFFIN



AR back in the great mountains there is a deep valley; a river roars through its depths, and the peaks rise on either side of it—up, up, up, into the blue heaven; the sunset and the sunrise outline the crests of the great hills in gold, and noontide fills the whole valley with a glory of pure light. On summer nights of storm the lightnings flash from crest to crest, and in winter the wild winds sweep through the length of the valley and the snow-wraiths—the white women who weave spells in the northern forest—go with them on strange errands. But when neither lightnings nor winds are awake, the valley is full of the wonderful silence of the great hills—the silence that is made up of a thousand blended sounds and is deeper than even the silence of the sea.

In such silence, at noon of an August day, when the wonderful light made the peaks across the valley seem scarce more than a stone's throw distant, the man who lay stretched at full length beneath the vanguard of the pine woods felt the last trace of the strain and fever of eight years' grind go from him. He looked up through the branch tracery into the transparent blue and drew long breaths of content. Three weeks more of this silence—this air and sun—and he could go back to the career that awaited him. He fingered absently the open letter bearing the name of a

famous law firm, and smiled at himself for his childish pleasure in this chance of chances. Well, even if he had had the letter for two weeks he had scarce had time to realize all that this start might mean. Why, it might even mean Elizabeth!

He closed his eyes and pictured her as he had seen her last. A tall girl, very reserved, very proud; not beautiful, perhaps, but with a fine clear-cut face, and calm eyes; he had never seen her moved in all the years he had known her, had wondered at times if she felt love or hate, or joy or grief at all, had wondered at himself when he found himself loving her, and wondered now what reply she would make to the letter he had written her the moment his future seemed assured.

A shout, faint, indistinct, roused him from his day-dream, and he raised himself on one elbow and looked down the trail. A man was running up it—a man in breathless haste, waving something above his head. He lifted the glasses lying beside him, and saw it was Harding, his friend, the engineer of the great highway that was pushing forward into the heart of the silences. He started down the trail, wondering what could be amiss—some accident to a workman, perhaps. Perhaps Harding wanted him to bring help; he was half unwilling to leave his world of day-dreams, the world that had been so still but a moment before and that was now troubled with a vague terror.

Then at a turn of the trail he met Harding—flushed, inarticulate with haste; and Harding thrust into his hand a crumpled newspaper with startling headlines: a newspaper dated August fourth. Seaforth read the headlines—read the scarcely less fragmentary matter below—and turned to Harding, who was seated on a stone mopping his forehead.

"It's what you've been saying all along was bound to come," he said weakly.

"Yes," said Harding, "but who the deuce would have known it would come like this—out of a clear sky. Why, two weeks ago when you came up here there wasn't a word of it."

"I never thought it would come myself." Seaforth looked moodily at the paper, and then slowly folded it. Neither spoke, and the eternal silence, that had been broken for a moment by an echo of guns half the world distant, settled back upon the valley. In the crowd and roar of a great city the thing might have seemed less fantastic in its terror; here, in the fragrant peace and silence, it gripped both men with a horror they only half understood. Silently they rose and walked back into camp together; the mail carrier who had brought the paper was there, and he had reports of later intelligence telegraphed to the station an hour before he left.

"They wait up nights to get the news," he said as he finished. "Some things they get before the papers come. And some things that come by wire ain't so." Then he told of the report of a great victory by sea that had drawn an eager crowd about the little railway telegraph station; a report that had been contradicted next day. Even in listening you felt the strain of waiting that had been on the men who had heard that report and its denial tapped out.

Then the carrier rode out of camp, and the round of work went on as before; the great silent hills guarded the night and morning as they had done so many yesterdays; outwardly

there was no change, but every man in camp felt, according to the measure of his power of feeling, the weight of this new knowledge. To Seaforth and Harding it was the background of all their thought and speech; on whatever topic they began, they drifted inevitably to that one in the end. For a day they agreed to bar it from their talk and did so, yet felt the strain of the constant unspoken thought of it more irksome than free speech. Thenceforth they talked and waited—waited for the next coming of the carrier; dreading and hoping for his news.

He came into camp in driving rain and threw to Harding a bundle of papers and then passed Seaforth a letter. It was the noon hour and he hurried into the great kitchen where the men ate to give his news; Harding followed him almost at once, but Seaforth sat still, his letter unopened in his hands. Then when he was alone, he opened it and knew that good fortune had followed him; when he went home it would be to Elizabeth as well as to a career. So with a feeling that his world at least was a happy one, he went out into the long kitchen.

Harding was standing at one end of the table; the paper was spread on the table before him and Seaforth got an impression that he had been reading something aloud. Half a dozen men were standing grouped near him, and Harding was writing something in his memorandum book; another man walked slowly over to the group, and asked some question in a low voice. Harding's answer was likewise low, but he went on writing, and presently another joined him. Harding finished his writing, passed the memorandum to the carrier and turned to Seaforth as the men went back to their places.

"What's been going on?" asked Seaforth.

"Just getting down the names of the ones who want to go in the first contingent," Harding told him.

"The company will have to get some new men for the job, too."

"All those chaps going?"

"Yes, and probably some more. I advised them to take plenty of time to think it over. It isn't the kind of thing you want to go into without knowing what you're doing. At the same time we've had this business forced on us and we might just as well see it through."

"Any of them had any drill?" asked Seaforth.

"Three or four; Buckle was through the South African War. They're about as good men as there are in camp. Well, there'll be plenty of time for the rest of them to make up their minds; more than one contingent will go before the thing's over. Accounts in the papers look pretty black for us. But, he looked at Seaforth with a little smile, "you look cheerful enough old chap. Had a fortune left you?"

"About that," Seaforth reddened a little under his tan; "you know Miss Westbury don't you?"

"Miss Elizabeth?"

Seaforth nodded.

"Oh, I see!" Harding's voice had an undertone of surprise in it. "I should say you were a pretty lucky man, Seaforth. But isn't it something rather recent; I don't seem to remember—"

"No, it's been working up to this pretty much ever since I first met her—only I hadn't the cheek to ask her till I had something definite in view; now, of course—"

"That's true; well, best wishes old man." Harding hurried off to the cut and Seaforth settled down to read the week-old papers with their mangled, padded, half-guess-work accounts of skirmishes along a battle front that stretched across a kingdom; accounts that came into this place of still peace, half-told their horrible story, and then ceased, leaving the silence with horror in them that must needs be far keener than that of the anguished waiting before

the bulletin boards of a great city. Seaforth thought of them almost as a relief: the white glare of the great arc-lights; the still heat of the city at night; the press of people, white-faced, eager, many-tongued, mourning and rejoicing at the same news as each claimed a different fatherland; the boards themselves with their few words summing up a whole chapter of horror; and all over the city the newsboys with their "war-extra". Horrible all, but far less horrible than this waiting here in the sweet wholesome wilderness for news of a world gone mad. For so it seemed to Seaforth; he could not feel with Harding that it was something that must be met, bravely as might be. To him it was simply horrible insane waste; a plague, an obsession of slaughter, a terrible thing to be avoided by all sane men; those who were soldiers must go—but let all who could keep free from it do so, since no idea, no empty name of honour could justify this waste of life.

But he could say none of this to Harding when, on the day that he was to go away, his friends shook hands and then said quietly:

"May possibly see you pretty soon, old man; I'm coming East as soon as they can send me someone to take my place here. I'm afraid my drill has got a bit rusty."

"Your drill!"

"Yes, I'm going to Valcartier if they'll let me. And besides, I want to see some people before I go."

"All ready, Mister," called the mail-carrier, who was to be guide, and there was no time for more than a brief word from Seaforth. He said what he felt he must and then hurried away, with a horrible picture before him of Harding lying dead—disfigured, ghastly.

Through the August beauty and abundance of the land Seaforth came East and felt with every mile of his journey a new love for his wonderful

heritage. Fair—from the heaven-seeking impulse of great mountains that he left to the tender homelike beauty, the sober peace, that lay across the rounded hills and green intervals that he came home to; pine or elm, rock crest, or grim reef worn jagged by the Atlantic, every inch of the land had its own grip on his heart—a grip that he had never felt, it seemed, till now.

But with this new-wakened love came too the sense of horror at the clame that lay across this beauty; from every town of any size on his route—even from the little stations, sometimes—men were going East—turning steadfast faces to the great struggle. Many of them he knew; schoolmates at “prep” school, senior classmates of his freshman days, men of other colleges whom he had met in sport or council; from office or professor’s chair or ranch they gathered—facing Eastward all, toward the sacrament of terror, their hearts lifted up. Quiet men all, with sly dry humour in touches, slow of action, high of thought, gentle and steadfast. Seaforth talked with them, watched them; talked with many others and saw how his people turned to face the thing that had come upon them; some (like himself) with bewilderment and horror and a sick sense of horrible waste; others with a sense of its inevitableness (*it was bound to come*, they said); a few with a certain primitive joy of battle; but, for the most part, in these men who were to go he saw neither horror nor submission nor joy—only a strange quietness of spirit. And Seaforth wondered at them and raged inly at the thought of the waste of it all—for he pictured each one dead—torn, mouldering—and of how they must be lost to this beautiful country that needed their life and not their death.

Then at a certain city he stopped off a night to visit a friend—one of those fortunate ones who deserve and win all good things; one who had health and success and love given him

richly. There was much to talk of, much to hear, much to tell; and if Seaforth felt any shadow in the happy gossip he thought of it only as a part of that great shadow that lay on all the land; but at evening, coming down early to dinner, he found his friend’s wife alone in the little garden, looking into the dim East, and as she turned towards him he saw in her face a strange grief and a strange exaltation.

“We may as well wait for Arthur here,” she said serenely. “He will be a little late.”

Through all the joyous evening that followed, Seaforth was haunted with the memory of that look, and could think of no cause for it in this happy, ordered life. But next morning, after he bade his friend good-bye his eye was caught by a news item that he read and reread and knew for the cause of that strange look. His friend had enlisted and equipped a company and would lead them himself.

So Seaforth came home, to a city of red brick and gray stone set on a hill, looking seaward. There, too, he felt the stirring of the tides sucking in towards that vortex of death that he had come to hate and fear almost as a personal enemy; he had seen in this journey so much of high faith and strength drawn into it to be wasted and flung aside. But now he was at least near Elizabeth—could see her daily—and could hope and strive to forget these things, hard as it seemed.

There was his new life to be entered on, too; as fair a prospect as he could ask; work and love; a chance for the good things of life; the door to happiness wide open. He thought of these things as he sat one day in a quiet walled garden waiting for Elizabeth, and when she came a moment later he spoke—tried to tell her something of his thoughts.

“It is more than I deserve,” he finished; “success waiting for me—and you to share it with.”

She looked at him with wide grave eyes, but did not speak. They were both silent, for a long moment, then Seaforth began:

"Harding will be here next; he's going with the contingent; but he told me he had some people here to say good-bye to; and Arthur Harrington is going. Elizabeth the waste of it all sickens me. Think of those chaps! Harding is good all through—and he's given up the hope of ever doing much with his profession, even if he should come back: the chances are he'll be shot; buried forgotten, just so much cannon fodder. Arthur Harrington has everything in the world that a man wants, yet he goes with the rest, and—you should have seen the look in his wife's face! She is breaking her heart. Elizabeth even if all the war-madness came over me so that I forgot everything else, I think the memory of that woman's face would keep me from going, if I thought you would care so."

"You will not go mad, Guy; you will stay here and we shall be very successful and very happy. Have you heard any more about that house the Cunningham's were telling you about?" She turned the conversation on their happy interests of everyday, and he went away soothed; glad of her wisdom and sanity, amid all these clouds and horrors of war.

Yet almost at the gates there came to him another reminder. He ran into, almost, a very old friend indeed; one who like himself had fallen into pleasant places professionally; brilliant, with the clear road to success before him. Seaforth with the glow of his late happiness still on him would have Kempton home to dinner with him, but Kempton smiled easily. "You are coming to dine with me, Seaforth; I've promised mother I won't go out; going away, you see, she wants me round as long as she can have me?"

"But you're all settled with Eaton and Wray, aren't you? And aren't you going to lecture as usual?"

Kempton smiled and shook his head. "That was the scheme; but I've pretty well decided to go with the contingent. Come on home with me and have a talk; I want to hear about Harding."

Seaforth went—in a maze of new indignant horror. More waste, more senseless sacrifice; yet he could not say so, for he knew that no words could bridge the gulf that lay between his feeling and that of these men who went away. And not only they but those who stood nearest them. For he saw to-night in Kempton's mother's face that light and that agony that had been on Mrs. Harrington's. The talk at dinner was light and cheerful enough; the little white-haired woman had been a wit and a beauty in her day; but after, when they came to her in the dim drawing-room with its staid old black-walnut furnishings, Seaforth was quick enough to catch the look on her face as her son entered; and again, when Kempton started out to walk home with his guest, and ran upstairs for a cap, Seaforth saw her look follow the light supple figure, and then turned away, as from something too high and sacred for other eyes to see. Yet there was something more than grief in her look; and dimly Seaforth wondered what these two women had found that raised them thus above fear and pain, so that they seemed to find some strange glory in what was to him only shameful, cruel waste.

Then a busy week followed; there were plans to be made, business to be done, a host of pleasant tasks; he saw Elizabeth daily, and daily held in higher value her wisdom, her pride, her firmness; he saw what his life would be with her—ordered, wholesome, made easy by the thousand appliances of money and intelligence combined. The one cloud was the thought of the others who were leaving all for an idea—no more, he told himself, at the farewell dinner that was given them; all very well for

men to talk of patriotism and the like—of sacred duty—names all and empty names—the real things of life were those that he had chosen, work and love; then real service to give what he gave, his life for good citizenship; his children perhaps some day to take his place worthily; he could have no part in this madness that gave up certain good for a vague dream: as Elizabeth had said, he would be sane. So he thought, then raised his eyes and saw Kempton and Harding standing together and must needs think that here seemed to be no madness—rather a great peace; and he thought of Angela Harrington and of Kempton's mother, and fell into a maze of wonder that stayed with him till he slept.

So it happened that the next day he went to the Westbury's about mid-afternoon, meaning to see Elizabeth, and to tell her all that troubled him for he doubted not the clearness of her vision. Waiting for her, he passed through the long open windows into the little garden, all glowing now with the gorgeous fall flowers; late roses and dahlias and lilies a riot of colour and light in the warm sun. Life seemed more than ever precious here in the colour and warmth and brightness that were all the fuller because death was near. Then when he had gone but a few steps he stood very still and would have turned and gone away, yet for a moment could not.

For, at the end of a little sidewalk, bordered with old lilacs stood Harding and Ruth Westbury, Elizabeth's younger sister; Seaforth had thought of her as a child; a slender girl, dark-haired, blue-eyed, silent, shy perhaps; loved and shielded by parents and sister. Now he knew her a woman and felt strangely that she had some wisdom denied him; she stood before Harding, slender and erect, her hands lightly on his shoulders, her face upturned; and on her face and Harding's alike was that strange look of triumph, of pain of love unutter-

able—all three, but most of all of triumph.

They spoke, a few sentences, very softly, for Seaforth heard no words, only a murmur deep and sweet; it was their farewell, for Harding was to go that night, but it was taken less in words than in that long look; then as Harding with a little cry drew her closer and stooped to kiss her Seaforth turned and went back into the cool, shaded drawing-room.

There Elizabeth found him when she came in a half-hour later.

"I'm so sorry you have had to wait so long," she began; "and it's too bad there was nobody here; mother was at that meeting, and Ruth—"

"I saw Ruth, Elizabeth; oh, my dear, my dear, I have been all wrong. Let me tell you what I must and try to make you see it as I do."

He drew her over to the wide window-seat where they could watch the first and the last of the sunset, and stood beside her, her hand in his. Her clear eyes never left his face.

"You weren't here, and I went into the garden," he told her; "and Ruth and Harding were there; I saw them just for a moment. Elizabeth, I must go with the rest—with Harding and Kempton and Harrington."

She turned white, very white so that even her lips were pale and the hand in his trembled; but he went on.

"You are hurt, dear, hurt and I don't know what to say to help you; a week ago, perhaps even yesterday, I thought just so; that it was better to be happy and at peace here at home; that we were more use than they, that their going was waste; it hurt to see my friends—the men I've played and worked with—wasting their lives for an idea. It seemed just madness. But things they said—or seemed to think—and the look on the faces of women that loved them—made me wonder—sometimes; last night at the dinner I wondered if I were perhaps wrong; and I came to you to-day to help me, and instead

of you—oh, my dearest, they have found the best thing in the world—somehow; I can't rest till I find it for myself and you."

"You must go?" her voice was quivering, but her face was turned away now and he could not see her eyes.

"Yes, dearest." He felt her hand clasp his as he spoke.

"But the—the things you planned to do—"

"They must wait; nothing matters but you."

She turned to face him as he spoke and stood upright before him; then she spoke softly and with a little sob running through the joy in her voice. "Dear, dear, blind one," she said, "you were half afraid to tell me this because you thought I loved the world so much—you thought I would

care about the things you would leave—the things that don't matter to us now. You know now how it will hurt me to have you go, but it has hurt me more to have you blind—to have you miss so much. I have seen Ruth go in and out, and have known how much you and I missed. Oh, I have hoped and prayed you would know too, and then have thought that it must mean parting from you—"

"But you never spoke, dear? I thought you—"

"Wanted 'things' I didn't, but I wanted you to find out all this for yourself. For me to send you wouldn't have been the same thing! But now—" her voice broke and she turned away to hide the tears that blinded her. But in that one look Seaforth saw love and grief and triumph—but, most of all, triumph.



JOHN READE

AN APPRECIATION OF THE "DEAN OF CANADIAN LETTERS"

BY JOHN BOYD*

John Reade is dead—the sad words tell
A nation's loss; whilst bowed the head
Ring softly bells a requiem knell.
A poet's soul has fled.

With length of days, with honour crowned,
With love his lot was blest,
At death no darkling shadow frowned,
He gently passed to rest.



Y the death of John Reade, which took place at his home in Montreal on March 26th, the Dean of Canadian letters has been removed.

Born at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland, in 1837, and educated at Portoro Royal School, Enniskillen, and Queen's College, Belfast, he came to Canada in 1856, a youth of nineteen. His first venture, it is worthy of note, as showing his early interest in literature, was to establish *The Literary Magazine*, an enterprise which, while it was received with much favour by those who desired the development of a Canadian literature, failed for lack of adequate public support.

After completing a theological course, John Reade was ordained in 1864 as a clergyman of the Anglican church, and for some years he laboured in the Eastern Townships. But literature, as it was his first love, was to be his life work, and in 1870

he relinquished the active work of the ministry and joined the staff of *The Gazette* (Montreal), with which he was to be associated for the long period of nearly fifty years. He was still writing for *The Gazette* when the last summons came.

As was to be expected from one who was Irish by birth, John Reade possessed all the genius of the Celt—his largeness of heart, his breadth of vision and his brilliancy of expression. He was essentially a poet, and it is upon his poems that his fame eventually will rest. His prose work, although voluminous and important, was largely of an ephemeral character; his poems, bearing as they do, the lasting impress of his genius, will bear his name to future generations as one of Canada's truest poets. No anthology of Canadian poetry will ever be complete without a wide selection from John Reade's work, rich as it is in its content and faultless in its technique.

It was in his youth—that "budding time" of poets—that John Reade did his best poetical work, but while in latter years prose work, and notably his invaluable "Old and New" contributions to *The Gazette*, occupied most of his time and attention, it was always to poetry that he turned for solace and recreation. A

John Boyd, historian, author of "The Life And Times of Sir George Etienne Cartier" and other important historical works, was closely associated for many years with John Reade, whose memory will ever be lovingly cherished by those who had the privilege of knowing him.—The Editor.



John Reade

fine poem, as a "thing of beauty", always appealed to him — to use Keats's famous expression as "a joy forever". Whilst still a comparative youth he began contributing poems to the leading Canadian newspapers and periodicals, and it was not long before his fame as a poet was established. A collection of his poems under the title of "The Prophecy of Merlin And Other Poems", published in 1870, further enhanced his reputation and gained for him the encomiums of leading English and American poets. "The Prophecy Of Merlin", the chief poem of the collection, naturally shows the influence of Tennyson, several instalments of whose "Idylls of the King" had been published only one year earlier. But though the influence of the great English poet is apparent, there are passages in "The Prophecy Of Merlin" that are unsurpassed by Tennyson himself. Of blank verse John

Reade was, indeed, a master and, like Tennyson's Idylls, "The Prophecy Of Merlin" is striking for the melodious cadence of the verse and the artistic beauty of the word-painting. The poem, the central figure of which is one of the most notable figures of the Arthurian legend, the Sage Merlin, one of the goodly company of the famous Round Table, was written to commemorate the coming of Prince Arthur, who in 1870 was on his first visit to Canada and who in after years as the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, in one of the most momentous periods of the Dominion's history, was by his unaffected manners and democratic spirit to gain the esteem and regard of the whole Canadian people.

Merlin's prophecy, as he unfolded to his comrade, Sir Bedivere, which foretold all that was to befall in future years, was:

Of the Good Queen and the Blameless Prince
 One son shall be named Arthur, like the King
 For whom thy heart is sad, Sir Bedivere,
 He shall be true and brave and generous
 In speech and act to all of all degrees,
 And win the unsought guerdon of men's love.

* * * *

In a far land beneath the setting sun,
 Now and long hence undreamed of (save
 by me

Who, in my soul's eye, see the great round world

Whirled by the lightning touches of the sun.

Through time and space)—a land of state-ly woods,

Of swift broad rivers, and of ocean lakes,—
 The name of Arthur,—him that is to be,—
 (Son of the Good Queen and the Blameless Prince),

Shall shed new glories upon him we love.

Merlin's prophecy, or rather John Reade's prophecy, was to be amply fulfilled, for surely the Duke of Connaught won

"The unsought guerdon of men's love".

Whilst "The Prophecy of Merlin" was the author's longest and most ambitious poem, there were many gems in the collection.

John Reade's genius was essentially lyrical and it is in some of his short lyrics that the choicest aroma of his spirit is to be found. In his tribute to Shakespeare, written in 1864, for the tercentenary of the Bard of Avon, in "Spring", "Thalatta", "Dew", "Natalie", "Sing Me The Songs I Love", "Killynoogan", "To A Dead Field Flower", "In My Heart", "The Clouds Are Blushing", and in many another of his shorter poems the exquisite lyrical note is in evidence. Take Killynoogan for instance:

Dear old Killynoogan, thee,
 Once so full of life and glee,
 Lifeless, desolate, I see,
 But, beloved and sacred spot,
 Nought of thee shall be forgot,
 Till what I am now—is not.

In the sonnet—one of the most difficult forms of poetical composition—John Reade also excelled, many of

his sonnets being of rare beauty. In patriotic poems he showed his fervent love for Canada, the land of his adoption, in which he passed the greater part of his life. His was the voice that sang the birth of the Dominion, his fine Dominion Day ode appearing on the first Dominion Day, July 1st, 1867, in *The Gazette*. The ode, which was worthy of the poet and of the occasion, struck a high note of national jubilation and breathed the spirit of abiding faith in the future greatness of the new-born nation. The note of jubilation was sounded in the lyrical refrain:

Canada, Canada, land of the maple,
 Queen of the forest and river and lake,
 Open thy soul to the voice of thy people.
 Close not thy heart to the music they make.

Bells chime out merrily,
 Trumpets call cheerily,
 Silence is vocal and sleep is awake.

And the poet's faith in the future greatness of the Dominion was shown in the closing stanza:

And long, long ages hence, when the land
 that we love so well,
 Has clasped us all (as a mother clasps
 her babe) to her motherly bosom,
 Those who shall walk on the dust of us,
 with pride in their land shall tell,
 Holding the fruit in their grateful
 hands, of the birth of to-day, the
 blossom.

Deeply versed in the classics, in French and in many other languages, John Reade was not only a master in original poetical composition but also excelled in adaptation, and his translations from the Latin, Greek, and French poets bear the mark of distinction. It was his good fortune to have his poetry appreciated, in his lifetime, if not by a numerous, certainly by a select, audience by whom he was recognized as a master. Many of his poems were given prominence in Dewart's Collection, one of the earliest of Canadian anthologies, published more than fifty years ago, and every anthology of any pretension that has appeared since then has done justice to his

merits. During the years that followed the publication of "The Prophecy of Merlin" he wrote many other poems, and it is to be hoped that a complete collection of his poetical works will some day be published. Long recognized as the dean of Canadian poets, his fellow-poets all over the Dominion united, on the occasion of his 75th birthday, in paying him a well-merited tribute of their high esteem and affectionate regard. Since then in the quiet of his home (for in latter years he rarely went out), he continued his literary activities to the last.

Of John Reade's prose work it may be said that he put into all his contributions, and notably into "Old and New" articles, which were such a striking feature of *The Gazette's* Saturday issue for many years, his vast store of erudition, his unrivalled powers of lucid narrative and his unsurpassed knowledge of men, events and literature. In this field he was indeed *facile princeps*. For John Reade was not only a poet and a writer, but he was a scholar of rare distinction, and that distinction was in evidence in all his work, whether prose or verse. His literary labours won for him many distinctions, all of which he wore with that modesty which was so characteristic of the man. His greatest reward was in the consciousness of work well done, of duty nobly performed. Finer than all his work, greater than all his achievements — notable though those were — were the character and personality of the man. John Reade was indeed one of God's elect. No kinder, truer, nobler, more generous gentleman ever lived. He was the very soul of honour and goodness. Of him it could be truly said that throughout a long career he nothing "mean or common did". His whole life was a benediction. To how many a young and struggling writer did he not extend his aid and sympathy! One at least—he who writes these lines—can never think of his kindness

without the deepest emotion and shall ever cherish his memory as countless others will. For his pen, unlike that of too many critics, was never dipped in wormwood; never an unkindly word, either written or spoken, came from that noble heart; never did a criticism of his leave a sting behind. He was, in fact, the type of the very perfect knight—the Sir Galahad of Canadian literature, and his life should furnish a lasting example to Canadian men of letters.

Canadian literary effort ever found in John Reade a firm friend. For *The Canadian Magazine*, as the leading literary exponent of the Dominion, he had an especially warm regard. He recognized the invaluable service it was rendering in the encouragement and development of Canadian literature, and his reviews of each issue's contents were always sympathetic and appreciative. His eye was quick to notice special merit, and he did not stint his praise where he thought it deserved.

John Reade's end was a fitting close to his career. Long past the Psalmist's allotted span of life—for he was in his 82nd year—working almost to the last, amidst his beloved books and surrounded by those whom he loved and by whom he was loved and revered, as few men have the privilege of being, he passed from this life to life more abundant, his passing being as his life had been, serene and tranquil. By loving friends and associates his remains were borne to their last resting place. In beautiful Mount Royal, overlooking the city he loved so well, his ashes now repose, and above his grave waves the maple, the emblem of the Dominion whose birth he sang. His memory enshrined in his poems will be held in honour as long as Canadian literature lasts.

His gentle spirit and his soul serene
Cast over all a lasting spell;
Now, free from turmoil of this mortal scene
His spirit lives where God's beloved
dwell.



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

WEST'S "DEATH OF WOLFE"



AMONGST the new battle pieces shown recently at the Canadian War Memorials Exhibition at Burlington House, London, there hung an old picture of special interest to Canadians, both on account of its subject—"The Death of Wolfe"—and because it has been presented to the Dominion, through the Committee of the Canadian War Memorials Fund, by the Duke of Westminster in token of his "great appreciation for the magnificent part" Canada has played in the war.

The Duke himself, by the way, has seen actual war service, both in his very early manhood during the Boer War, and in the tremendous conflict just ended.

The picture was painted by Benjamin West, nearly 150 years ago, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1771. Three or four years later it was purchased by Richard, Lord Grosvenor, great-great-grandfather of the present Duke of Westminster, for the decoration of his mansion at Eaton, near Chester.

Since that time, Eaton Hall has been remodelled and enlarged and pulled down and built up till it is now one of the most imposing of "show-places", but the old picture (with or-

ders by the same ambitious and industrious artist) has survived not only these architectural upheavals, but even more dangerous changes in taste and fashion. For many years it hung above the book-shelves in the great Library at Eaton.

The story of the painter of this famous picture contains all the materials for a romance. Born in a Pennsylvanian farmhouse, West was the youngest of the ten children of a Quaker family. As an artist, he was largely self-taught. At eighteen he set up as a portrait painter in Philadelphia, and succeeded so well that friends thought it worth while to help him to go to Italy to study. After spending three years there, he went to London with a reputation already made, and in a year or two was able to send for the girl to whom he had been engaged before leaving his native land. Soon afterwards West was introduced to George III, and henceforth enjoyed the sunshine of the royal favour until the king's mind became unhinged. The monarch gave him numerous commissions, and during West's lifetime his pictures sold for large sums. He was one of four painters to whom the king entrusted the task of drawing up the plan for the establishment of the Royal Academy of Arts, and was its second president, succeeding Sir Joshua Reynolds.



Eaton Hall, the Seat of the Duke of Westminster

West painted about 400 portraits and pictures, sacred, classical and historical. Of these "The Death of Wolfe" is said to be the best and most successful. This was the first important historical picture, in which the artist ventured to break with the tradition

requiring the characters to be attired in the old classical costumes. Reynolds protested earnestly against the daring innovation, believing it to be destructive of grace and elegance. But West answered, "What I lose in grace I shall gain in simplicity," and per-



The Death of Wolfe
From the Painting by Benjamin West



Mrs. George A. Brodie
President of the United Farm Women of Ontario

sisted in representing Wolfe and his officers in the uniforms of their day. Thus he killed an absurd old tradition, for, from that time, "the English historical school took a new and sensible departure", and British notabilities were no longer "camouflaged", to the confusion of the unlearned, as Greeks and Romans.

*

THE U. F. W. D. AND ITS PRESIDENT

HARD workers as they are, the women on the farms are finding time in these strenuous days to think as well as work; and their thoughts are taking a practical turn. They are occupied with some of the root problems of Canadian life. Rural depopulation is to them no academic question, but an evil and a misfor-

tune which presses on their very lives and is seen as a menace to the whole Dominion. The best, most enterprising farmers, it is said, are leaving the land for the city, where the chances of ample reward for brain-power and industry are many times greater than in the country, though after the experiences of the war years all concede that the production of food is the underlying essential of every other industry and pursuit.

What is to be done to keep the farmer on his farm at his absolutely necessary business? The thinkers on the farms, men and women, believe they have the answer to this question, and they are getting together in mighty organizations to press their solution on the attention of the legislators of our country.

The great, successful organizations of the Grain Growers of Saskatchewan and Manitoba and of the United Farmers of Alberta and Ontario are making themselves felt in the national life. In the West farm women banded themselves together several years ago to work for the same objects as the farm men (with, in addition, some specific objects of their own), but the association, called the United Farm Women of Ontario, will not be a year old till June 17th next. It also means to make itself felt, and that in no long time, for the farm women of Ontario are many and when they come into line must have weight.

The President of the new organization is Mrs. George A. Brodie, of Newmarket. She is a Canadian of the fourth generation, for it was her great-grandfather who first settled in North York, where she was born. Her husband was also born in this country, but his immediate forebears were Scottish.

Mrs. Brodie should prove a successful organizer, for though direct and forceful in her arraignment of the ills she knows, she has the fearless air of one who can see the way to victory. She puts the cause of rural depopulation and the attendant social disadvantages of the country, in a nutshell. The whole question is economic, she says. The farmer does not get his fair share of either capital or labour, and cannot compete with protected industries for the labour he so urgently requires. It must be remembered that, while the prices for his produce are undoubtedly high, the farmer is a large consumer, and if he

gains from the high prices of the foodstuffs he takes to market, he suffers from heavy taxation, from the excessive cost of machinery and implements, of clothing and other necessities. That, at least, is one view of the situation, from the inside.

Mrs. Brodie says that the farmers and farm women want cheap food, and desire that every worker should receive the due reward of his labour. As a means to this end, the organization of farmers demands a tariff for revenue only and direct taxation on land values.

It is of interest that membership in the U. F. W. O. is open to farmers and their sons as well as to their wives and daughters, while the men's organization also admits women. Farm men and women are accustomed to working together, as Mrs. Brodie says, "want to co-operate in the same way on municipal, Provincial and Federal matters. One of the special objects for such co-operation is the building up of community life in the country". The women are bent on having consolidated schools, technical training and education planned with a definite view to the needs of the country man and woman, and they wish to have at least one woman on every rural school board to attend to the small details that "are beneath the notice of men".

The spirit of organization and co-operation is spreading from province to province, and at the time of writing, Mrs. Brodie is on her way to represent the young association of Ontario in the first inter-provincial convention of "United Farm Women".



THE LIBRARY TABLE

MODERNISM

By M. D. PETRE. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons.



HIS is one of the books that helps to clarify the vague notions of some of us on this side of the Atlantic concerning the pre-war religious troubles of France and Italy. To understand what was happening prior to 1914 may aid in understanding what may happen subsequent to 1918. The war for all countries is beginning to constitute itself in the general regard as a sort of interim in which only the war happened. It is only now since the armistice that in matters social, political and religious men and women are contemplating changes as possibly permanent that, during war, could always, if unpleasant or unaccustomed, be dismissed as temporary. It is only now that we are really facing a new era. Looking at one another in a maze, men and women are beginning to accept the necessities involved in readjustment. What those necessities will be for the Church is anybody's problem. Some say the Church, Protestant and Catholic alike, must inevitably disappear. Others say her dignity and authority and place will be re-established. The consideration of modernism as it appeared in the Church of Rome in pre-war days and as it was dealt with by that Church makes an interesting point of departure for this discussion.

The author of the book at hand quotes this from Abbé Loisy:

What distresses the mind of the faithful in regard to the Scripture is the impossibility in which a man, using ordinary com-

mon sense, finds himself of reconciling what he sees the Bible to be, as a book, with what theologians seem to affirm of its absolute, universal truth. What distresses the mind of the faithful in regard to tradition is the impossibility of reconciling the historical evolution of Christian doctrine with what our theologians seem to affirm as its unchangeableness. What distresses the mind of the faithful in regard to the Divinity of Christ and His "infallible knowledge" is the impossibility of reconciling the natural sense of the most certain Gospel texts with what our theologians teach, or seem to teach, regarding the consciousness and knowledge of Jesus. What distresses the mind of the faithful in regard to the redemption operated by the death of Christ is the impossibility of accepting as an adequate theory of the economy of salvation one that is founded on ignorance of the history of mankind and of the religion of mankind. What distresses the mind of the faithful in regard to the resurrection of Christ is the simple reading of the Gospels as contrasted with the assurance of our apologists, who declare them to contain an absolute agreement among the witnesses and historical certainty both in character and fact . . .

She herself adds this paragraph:

Then, too, if Biblical criticism has raised difficulties in the believing mind, let us not forget that it has also solved a few. Have we not all of us, who were brought up in Christian homes, suffered in our time from that whitewashing of Old Testament immorality which was regarded as a necessary part of our religious education? Deeds of murder and cruelty were justified, not as the inevitable product of their day, but as carried out by the command of God . . . And if the God of the ancient patriarchs seemed, to the mind of the Christian child, far less honest and pure and merciful than the least worthy of his living acquaintances, he had still to believe that this was the same God whom he worshipped . . . What many minds have suffered during this process will perhaps never be fully realized, nor the relief with which they grasped at a conception of the Bible which made it reflect the moral and

intellectual shortcomings of its writers and their people, as well as the action and guidance of God in their history.

Something of the nature of the modernist position and contention may be gathered from the above extracts. The first thing that will strike an orthodox Protestant is that the Church of Rome could produce such utterances. Then there dawns the comprehension that here is a movement that is too radical: it savours of higher criticism and looks to the destruction of the Faith once delivered to the Saints. The orthodox Protestant will not likely realize the logical third stage in this process of commentary. The third stage, should he be resolute and consistent, would ally him with the Church of Rome.

So it comes about that the consideration of the modernist position draws to it controversy like water draws ducks. The question at once and inevitably takes form, not as the question as to whether the Church of Rome and Italy can excommunicate with thoroughness a few radicals, but rather as to whether the Church idea, be it Romanist or Protestant, can survive in modern life. For it has to be admitted that the distinctively "Church" elements of Protestantism are being gradually shrivelled while the other elements are expanding. Protestantism in socializing her Gospel is destroying her churches. Any one who sees this process going forward and deplors it has only one eventual alternative; he must go over to Rome, where churches are built and the socialism of the Gospel repudiated. It is a real problem for serious minds. The Church stands for sacraments, for public worship, for the Sabbath, for a certain theology. Pared to the barest last essentials these things are the same for Protestant Churchism and for Roman Catholicism. Modernism, viewed broadly, and not quite so precisely as the author of this book views it, stands for science, for whatever may be meant by evolution, for democracy, for general en-

lightenment and progress. Developed in all their implications, these things bring about a condition of affairs when the Church and the things and customs she has maintained are unnecessary. It is possibly significant that certain of the modernists excommunicated from Rome were able to preserve their souls independent of the Church. That is the inevitable logic of the modernist position.

"Modernism" by M. D. Petre is written with an entrancing clarity. It should be in every Protestant clergyman's library. Even an Orangeman might find it interesting, because it presents a side of life within the Church of Rome utterly different from that side so exclusively and usually scrutinized. It is the kind of book that hints at a strange happening as a possibility in future time. It may be that a great body of people will go out of the Church of Rome into life and that a body of people will go out of life into the Church of Rome. We should have, then, the Church as an institution making her last stand in her churches amid the hardly achieved quiet of her isolated Sabbaths, while the great world throbbed on, its banners of art and science flying, the wheels of progress roaring in the grooves of change.

Because, be it again noted: The Church has to preserve her Sabbath, her sacraments, her worship, her theology, and so herself, or, turning her pulpits into lecture platforms, her buildings into community centres or art relics, her sacraments into daily life, and her theology into science, has to merge indissolubly with the flux of the generations.

To some the first alternative will seem the necessary and only possible one for the good of the world.

To others the second alternative will seem the re-discovery of Christ's meaning for the Church, that inevitable body of worshipping believers at the shrine of holy life.

Modernism raises these questions for discussion.

THE ESSENTIALS OF AN ENDURING VICTORY

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THERE are those who accuse Chéradame of being a monomaniac, being a man obsessed with a particular theory concerning world events. When faced up with the incisiveness and clarity of his writing, the precision of attack of his ideas, and the sense of finality he can attach to his judgments, the only defense some of these critics offer is to say that Chéradame manifests in these things the characteristics of the insane. A fine kettle of controversy surely. Because Chéradame has, on the other hand, called Lloyd George "an incorrigible lunatic"!

Long before the armistice was signed, the controversy went merrily and tragically forward as to the relative importance of the Eastern and Western theatres of war. The controversy in some form or other involved practically every military and diplomatic conversation in Europe and America. At its extremes it was the controversy between those who viewed man power as wasted when expended in the East and those who regarded the Western front as one on which no decision could ever be expected. Chéradame, though not extreme enough to minimize the importance of the Western front beyond the point of safety to the allied armies, bent his main energies to awakening public opinion to what he considered the real strategic area of the war. Germany, he contended, could be overwhelmingly defeated on the Western front and yet win her war.

Now, while yet the sense of victory remains in the minds of practically all the allied peoples following upon an enemy capitulation and a vigorously imposed armistice, and while the devotees of the Western front strategy are being tempted to say I told you so, Chéradame is busy with a very incisive needle deflating all such naïve enthusiasms. He is claiming that un-

less Germany is occupied by allied armies for an indefinite period and Berlin marched on, unless a series of independent States is created about a truncated Germany, putting her into a complete isolation, in a word, unless everything and anything that "Berlin to Bagdad" symbolized be forever broken up, Germany has won her war. This is strong meat for the innocent babes who have been shouting victory.

That Chéradame believes what he talks about is beyond question. As to whether the passion of his arguments and utterance is in reality nourished more by nationalistic ardour of a chauvinistic type or more by a resolution to assist in achieving a new world wherein dwelleth righteousness is a matter in doubt. The thing that makes the typical chauvinist in these days so tragic and reputable is his utter sincerity and his so ardently entertained belief that it is verily the welfare of the world that is at stake when the interests of his own nation are at stake. The essence of the chauvinist's conviction lies in the fact that in the diluted nationalism of any confrères who are not completely with him in his aims and contentions he sees a policy that is a world calamity; he cannot ever see that national safety may lie away from an emphasized nationalism rather than towards it. He is thus, except in rare and blatant instances, by protestation an internationalist just as much as the so-called pacifist. Those who see in the extremity of the chauvinist's views a menace to any real international security must nevertheless give him credit for his intention if not for his execution. We must, on the basis of his protestations, then, give M. Chéradame the credit due his intention. His intention is manifestly to build a new and safe world order. It is from this viewpoint that he should welcome discussion and criticism. But the tone of the book does not suggest that its author is ready for comment from this viewpoint. If Lloyd George suggests the remote contingency of including a democratic Germany in a League of

Nations he is called "an incorrigible lunatic". If Lord Robert Cecil, who is rather in the way of being an English authority on the League of Nations idea, lays it down as one of the necessities of any League that will keep the peace of the world that Germany be included, Chéradame dismisses him with complete contempt.

So it comes about that while one must read such a book as "The Essentials of Enduring Victory," and can gather from it much that is contributory to any adequate view of the world situation, nevertheless, one cannot be wholly at ease with such a book. It is clear without being comprehensive. It is passionate with the lack that passion manifests at its apex of intensity—the lack of restraint.



THE BRITISH NAVY IN BATTLE

BY ARTHUR H. POLLEN. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart.

ALL should read this book who have any lurking suspicion that throughout the war the British Navy played generally a passive part. That it was anything but passive is here clearly revealed, and, apart from any mere glorification of the Navy, the book is a valuable and serious contribution to this period of the history of the war as it affects the Navy. It is confessed that after the war started doubt began to appear as to Britain's supremacy at sea. The *Emden* and the *Karlsruhe* were raiding the trading routes in the Indian Ocean, and between the Atlantic and the Caribbean Von Spree, with his armoured cruisers, was at large. The *Goeben* and the *Breslau* had slipped through the blockade in the Mediterranean, and German battle cruisers had crossed the North Sea and battered a defenceless town on the east coast of Scotland. Then someone discovered that the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty was a German. On his retirement things seemed to change. Then came Lord Fisher. What was the result? Von Spree had but a month of triumph. The *Emden* was captured

by the *Seydlitz*, the *Karlsruhe* was washed from the sea, and Von Hippen's battle cruisers were driven in ignominious flight across the North Sea and made to pay with the loss of the *Blücher*. The submarine menace is considered in all its phases, and indeed nothing in which the Navy figured is neglected. This book in a wonderfully concise and understandable manner gives the reader full knowledge of what the British Navy accomplished during the war and what its great place was as a preventative.



WILD YOUTH AND ANOTHER

BY GILBERT PARKER. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

IN this novel Sir Gilbert Parker has attempted the task, which frequently has been attempted without success, of writing a romance of the Canadian West. The setting undoubtedly is Saskatchewan, and "Askatoon" one might suspect casually as the university city of that Province. To a ranch nearby came "the prophet-bearded Joel Mazarine", a despicable landowner of about sixty years, and his wife of but twenty. Everybody in Askatoon, from the young doctor and the mayor to the humblest citizen, wondered how it came about that so young and attractive a girl should marry so old and unattractive a man. The author explains this unnatural situation by giving the time-worn reason that the girl's mother arranged the marriage in order to induce Mazarine to remove a mortgage which he held against her property. Thrown thus ruthlessly into an uninteresting environment, this beautiful young wife was attracted by a somewhat dashing bachelor of a nearby ranch, and he in turn was attracted by her. Their affair, of course, was discovered, but the young doctor, who was ever in demand when trouble arose, was a common friend of all. The characters are well drawn, even if one or two of them are rather commonplace, but the story as a whole is not convincing.

TWICE-TOLD TALES

QUALIFIED

"My husband," remarked a Philadelphia matron to a group of friends, "was a confirmed smoker with a tobacco heart when I married him a year ago, but to-day he never touches the weed."

"Good," said one of the group. "To break off a lifetime habit requires a strong will."

"Well, that's what I've got," said the wife.

*

A visitor to a Scottish village went out on the links to play golf. After trying in vain to hit the ball, he became enraged because the caddy laughed at his awkwardness.

"If you laugh again," he exclaimed, "I'll hit you over the head—so there!"

"Ah, weel," said the caddie, backing to a safe distance, "I'll bet ye wouldnt ken the richt club tae dae it wi'!"—*London Answers*.

*

Dr. X. hired O'Brien to clean off the walk from his house to the front gate. At the close of the day, when he examined Pat's work, he was dissatisfied with it.

"O'Brien," he said, "the whole walk is covered with gravel and dirt. In my estimation, it's a bad job."

Pat looked at him in surprise for a moment and replied: "Shure, doctor, there's many a bad job of yours covered with gravel and dirt."—*Boston Transcript*.

*

JUST THE DIFFERENCE

"If I can go into the town and come back again without getting drunk, why cannot you?"

"Aye, meenister, but I'm sae popular."—*London Mail*.

THIS WAS AN EASY ONE

"Tickets!" said the conductor as he stood in front of a passenger the other day on a train leaving town.

The passenger began fumbling nervously through his pockets, and finally turned them inside out.

"Where's your ticket?" asked the conductor, "You can't have lost it."

"Can't have lost it!" repeated the nervous one sarcastically. "My friend, I lost a bass drum once,"—*Harper's Monthly*.

*

STICKING PLASTER

The late Frank T. Bullen was the raciest of story-tellers. One of his best yarns was of an old woman in a country church "praying at" a wealthy miser. The man was obvious until a large piece of plaster fell from the ceiling plump on his head.

"Lord, Lord", he roared, jumping up. "I'll give five pounds!" The old woman, in tones of disgust lifted up her voice in appeal once more: "Hit him again Lord; 'tain't enough: hit him again!"—*Exchange*.

*

TOO MUCH REFORM

Mr. Curran and Mr. McManus spent their Saturday half holiday in artistic pursuits. Among the objects examined was a fine new public building. The feature of this building that appealed most strongly to Mr. Curran was an inscription cut into a huge stone.

"MDCCCXCVIII," he read aloud. "What does them letter mane. Tim?"

"That," replied cultured Mr. McManus, "stands for 1898."

"Oh," replied Mr. Curran. Then, after a thoughtful pause, he added:

"Don't yez think, Tim, that they're overdoin' this spelling reform a bit?"



PARENTAL ALARM

From a Painting by Henriette Ronner
in the Art Association Gallery,
Montreal



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THE NEW ERA FOR CANADA

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I.—THE NEW NATION

THE recent important negotiations with Roumania by virtue of which Canada is establishing credits looking to an export trade with that country, involving the sum of twenty-five million dollars, together with an agreement of a similar kind with France and other negotiations still in progress, constitute a tangible evidence of the new ambition of the Dominion to secure a much larger share of the world's trade than she has ever had before. This is symptomatic of the great strides that this new nation is bound to take in her own development and in her increasing importance among the nations of the earth. Plunging vigorously into the arena of world politics, as she has done in the recent war, at a much earlier comparative stage of her development than was the case with her big neighbour the United States, the promise of her rapid development during the present century is at least as great as

that which the great Republic enjoyed in the nineteenth century.

For the expansion of her trade, Canada is most favourably situated. From London, the centre of the European markets, which are the most important of all, we are, according to Lloyd's calendar, less than half the "mail" distance of our competitors in South America, South Africa and India, and only one quarter the distance of Australia and New Zealand. From the United States, the world's second most important market, we are separated only by an imaginary boundary line, while to Japan and China, next in importance to Europe and the United States, we have the readiest direct access possible across the Pacific.

The vital change in the German situation also bears upon the question of our trade prospects. The year before the war, Canada's imports from Germany amounted to more than fourteen million dollars, chiefly in manufactured goods, while her exports to

Germany, mainly raw materials and food stuffs, amounted in value to four millions. Of Germany's total exports of two and a half billions during that same year, nearly four hundred millions, or about one-sixth of the whole, went to England. Much of this trade will be lost by Germany, for the present at least, and Canada has a good opportunity of capturing her fair share of it.

Nor is the history of other great wars such as to discourage the hopefulness of the outlook in this direction. Instead of a long period of depression following such wars as the Crimean, the Civil War in the United States, the Franco-Prussian, the Boer war and others, there has usually been a rapid economic adjustment followed by a period of great prosperity. It has also been pointed out that other forms of disaster have proved beneficial in stimulating industry. The great fires of Chicago, Boston and Baltimore made these cities greater and richer than ever, one explanation of this being that everyone went energetically to work to overcome the losses. In Europe the era of railroad building that followed the Napoleonic wars increased the world's wealth by many times the sum the war had cost.

Honourable L. C. Avery, Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, has recently referred in most optimistic terms to Canada's prospective development along trade lines. After stating that there have been few things more amazing in military history than the way in which Canada, starting with a mere nucleus of trained officers and men, created a corps which, as an instrument of scientific warfare was unsurpassed by any army in the field, and that her effort in the production of war materials had been hardly less remarkable, he expressed emphatically his unbounded confidence in the future development of Canada, declaring that she was destined inevitably to become one of the world's greatest

industrial and exporting powers. Her position alone was almost enough to justify this prediction. This position he pictured in the following terms: "Just look at the map; Nova Scotia jutting out into the Atlantic and British Columbia overhanging the Pacific form incomparable foci for the world's industry and commerce, from the viewpoint of future economic strategy. Canadians have at their back the raw material and the market of half a continent, and in front their own empire to draw tropical raw materials and find an outlet for their surplus manufactures."

As important as the development of our external trade is that of our boundless resources. Claiming to have the largest nickel mines in the world, the largest wheat-growing area, the largest potential water-power, being double that of the United States, though not one-tenth of our own has yet been developed, the most extensive and prolific fisheries, etc., it is not easy to overestimate the possibilities of the near future if these resources are developed in an up-to-date, business-like and non-partisan manner.

It has been estimated that the Dominion has about four hundred and fifty million acres of arable land of which less than one-tenth has yet been tilled. In comparison with France, the single province of Ontario has twice the area of that country, but France has had six times as much land under cultivation as Ontario, and has been raising ten times as many cattle, twenty times as many sheep, twelve times as many potatoes, and twenty-five times as many sugar beets. Dean Adams, of McGill University, claims that the field crop in Canada could be doubled in ten years if the system and methods of the best ten per cent. of the farmers were adopted, while with the intensive methods used in Europe these could be multiplied many times. The same authority estimates that the forest of British Columbia, which is part of the great forest extending into

Washington and Oregon and constitutes one of the two great tracts of merchantable virgin timber still existing in the world, the other being the great pine forest of Russia, could be made to yield without depletion about five times as much lumber as is at present being cut from it.

The national wealth of the United States grew in the two-thirds of a century from 1850 to 1915, from seven and a half billion dollars to two hundred and fifty billion, making her the richest nation of the world, possessor of one-third of the estimated wealth of all the nations. With the possession of labour-saving machinery, transportation and other facilities, such as were never dreamed of in the greater part of the nineteenth century, Canada's development in the twentieth century should be far more rapid. With a present estimated wealth of about seventeen billions, the present goal of the United States should be reached in a very much shorter time than was taken by that country in her unparalleled experience.

There is also the significant question of immigration, concerning which there are very conflicting views. On the one side is the opinion that the European countries will restrict the emigration of their people as far as possible, especially as they will have so much to do in the way of reconstruction, by means of which they may even be able to attract some workmen from this side of the ocean, especially the natives of these lands who had formerly emigrated to the new world.

But, on the other hand, there are millions of homes that have been broken up, and whole communities once familiar and sacred to those who went out from them to the war have been so devastated and rendered so desolate that the former inhabitants will be imbued with the desire to begin life over again, and that amid entirely new surroundings. Millions of men have been taken out from their former monotonous, treadmill exist-

ence in the shop, the factory and the mill, and having imbibed roving propensities will have the tendency to cultivate these still further by emigrating to some new land where they will have hope of improving their social and financial outlook.

After the Civil War in the United States, many from the Eastern states moved to the middle West, having learned of the new lands of promise from those Westerners beside whom they fought in the war. In the same way, from our soldier heroes many will have learned of the advantages of this country as compared with European conditions and will be prompted to make a venture in this direction. Major-General McRae, intimately associated with immigration matters in the West previous to the war, predicts that a million British people will come to Canada within the next five years. That the Americans anticipate a large European movement hitherwards appears from their proposed legislation to prohibit immigration for a period of four years except in relation to certain special cases. While the free land of the United States has mainly been disposed of, Canada yet has boundless acres for the right kind of immigrant. The probability is that we shall not have to lay so much stress on the securing of immigration as on the proper guarding of it.

Both in regard to population and wealth, the signs of the times point strongly to a tremendous expansion in the coming years for this lusty and vigorous new country.

II.—THE NEW EDUCATION

There is no movement arising out of the war that promises to be more significant or far-reaching in its results than that which has to do with educational matters. Nor is this confined to our own land or even to Anglo-Saxon countries. Already whisperings are heard from the Orient which show that an attitude scarcely

less than revolutionary is developing on the opposite side of the world also.

The movement which has attracted wider attention than any other is that which has been taking place in England during recent months, the central features of which are associated with the name of Honourable Herbert Fisher and the important Bill which he has recently had enacted. Though this may deserve the tribute that has been given it in being styled "a charter of justice, freedom and opportunity for English children", yet from our point of view it does not go as far absolutely as its reputation would seem to indicate, as we have already provided for many of the features which are now coming into vogue for the first time in the educational system of the mother country.

The Fisher Bill lays special emphasis upon the compulsory attendance of all children between five and fourteen years of age, and forbids the employment of any child under twelve, or of any between twelve and fourteen, except for certain brief hours and under conditions that are carefully specified. The significance of this change will be more fully appreciated when it is remembered that according to reliable estimates over eighty per cent. of the school children of England have generally worked an average of about three hours a day. The Bill also provides for the extension of general and vocational education through the period of adolescence. Provision is made for thorough medical inspection and medical treatment and for special schools for the physically defective and epileptic. Not the least important of its features is that providing for an annual increase of \$16,000,000 in teachers' salaries alone.

In the realm of higher education there is reported to be in England a widespread desertion of the classics and a great flocking to the study of modern languages and the practical sciences. The chemical, physical, and engineering laboratories are said to be especially crowded. There is also

a strong demand for facilities for adult education, it being difficult to provide sufficient lecturers to meet this demand.

A special committee appointed to investigate the question of modern language study in Great Britain strongly emphasizes the importance of clerks, travelers, foreign agents, and others familiarizing themselves with these modern languages. French is regarded as by far the most important. The second place is given to German, which must not be neglected in the view of the Committee in spite of the natural prejudice prevailing at present, especially as it is important from the standpoint of technical knowledge. Next in order come Italian, Spanish and Russian; and, after these, such languages as the Portuguese, the Scandinavian tongues, Dutch and Flemish, Magyar, Roumanian, etc.

The Committee, though composed to a large extent of those who have had a thorough classical training, and fully aware of its value, nevertheless did not hesitate to declare that Greek and Latin should be no longer obligatory, especially as other languages might become fairly satisfactory substitutes for these.

This whole movement in Great Britain is by no means an isolated one, but is more or less indicative of what is taking place elsewhere.

In the United States the schools are reported to be giving a much larger place to physical and biological science, especially in their practical applications to industry, agriculture, hygiene and sanitation; and far less attention to Latin and other foreign languages. Commercial courses are becoming very popular and the conviction is growing that part-time education at least should be provided for young people up to the age of eighteen. The importance of looking after the health of the pupils is also being very strongly emphasized. A sum of \$50,000,000 is being provided for the increase of teachers' salaries.

In Japan, too, similar tendencies are to be noted. Awake to the changing situation, commissioners from Japan have recently been in the United States collecting data and studying the situation generally. There is a manifest disposition to give large recognition to the demands for improved methods of manufacture and agriculture, and to the unexampled opportunities for the expansion of foreign commerce—largely, it is admitted, with the object of increasing the wealth of the country and especially to compare favourably with that of the United States, Great Britain, and France. Here, too, it is reported that the Chinese classics, which correspond to a certain extent to the Greek and Latin classics with us, are being largely abandoned in favour of the experimental study of the applied sciences.

One cannot face these revolutionary tendencies so widely prevalent without raising the question whether it does not indicate a swing of the pendulum to too extreme a position in response to the "practical" or "utilitarian" motif now asserting itself so strongly. Indeed it may signify this and we must be on our guard lest the humanities lose their properly exalted position in our educational system. As a matter of fact, however, whether we be led to go too far or not, there is at any rate a very healthy *raison d'être* at the basis of all these movements, which is the application of our school training to the affairs of our daily living, whether we are preparing for professional life or whatever occupation we may have in view.

Indeed in all this there is a disposition to meet the greatly changed situation which has been gradually coming upon us for some years but has been wonderfully accelerated as a result of the war. One feature of this change is that our educational institutions are no longer training men simply for the "four learned professions" but also for a great multitude of other callings, and for these a vari-

ety of training is naturally required. Then there have been a large number of important new subjects added to the school curriculum in recent times—scientific, technical, vocational, etc.,—and we must give up the attempt to make all our pupils cover a uniform round of subjects, especially as they are far too many for anyone to cover satisfactorily. The recent annihilation of distance by the aeroplane and the greatly increased intercourse with foreign peoples also suggest the necessity of a wider acquaintance with the languages and conditions of these people. With the strong democratic trend of modern times, too, it is also important that higher education be much more widespread. Democracy is in great peril unless the general body of citizenship is of a high intellectual order. Higher education and corresponding degrees can profitably be offered to those who are capable of taking advantage of them without insisting in all cases upon the same narrow path for all—and that, too, without any apparent or real weakening of standard.

In Canada we are in the midst of these prevailing tendencies and are being influenced by them. In Ontario the universities are now considering a revision of the matriculation curriculum. One university, at least, is ready to recommend that it be made possible for a matriculation certificate to be granted—and probably this would lead to the possibility of an Arts degree being granted—without insisting on Latin in every case, as has heretofore been done. This does not signify a lessening appreciation of Latin or that it should not be demanded of those who are expecting to be high school teachers, or of those planning to follow certain other literary professions. It only means that the exemption may in certain circumstances be allowed for such as have aspirations for a liberal education while expecting to fill a very different sphere in life from those just mentioned.

In addition to the character of the changes already outlined the New Education is beginning to stress certain other fundamental issues of life that can no longer be ignored or relegated to any other domain.

The most important of these is health. Dr. Claxton, the United States Commissioner of Education, states that 37½ per cent. of all the American young men drafted for the war were physically unfit, and that in the United States 300,000 children die every year in the first six years of their life from preventable causes. Competent authorities claim that not less than 75 per cent. of the school children of to-day have physical defects of greater or less importance—lung diseases, disorders of hearing or vision, diseased adenoids or tonsils, imperfect teeth, etc.—nearly all of which could be remedied by proper medical attention. It is said that in Ontario nearly 10,000 children under five years die annually, half of whom at least might be saved. In a recent year in the United Kingdom over 90,000 infants died in their first year. It has been estimated that if Great Britain had taken proper health precautions for a score of years previous to the war, she would have had 1,500,000 additional men who were "fit". It is time to take this matter seriously. The United States at least is contemplating effective action in proposing to appropriate \$20,000,000 per annum for a health propaganda in the schools, including medical and dental examination of pupils, employment of nurses, establishment of clinics, etc.

The financial benefits of education are also coming to be recognized as never before. On following up to the age of twenty-five the financial careers of one hundred and sixty-six boys of a similar age who were in school together in a certain American city, it was found that the boys who had remained in school until they were eighteen had earned on the average twice as much per annum as those who left at fourteen. The United States

Commissioner of Education went so far in a recent address as to declare that ninety-nine and nine-tenths of the world's wealth to-day is being produced by education, citing the instance of the island on which the older portion of New York city is built being bought at one time for twenty-eight dollars, while one acre of it was recently sold for \$33,000,000. He contended that the change was brought about by the achievements of educated men who built railways, subways, steamboats, skyscrapers, etc., none of which could have been built except for the labours of men of superior education.

The formation and development of character is also receiving greater attention from educators. As far as religious instruction in the schools is concerned the prevalent prejudice and sectarian rivalry make this no easy undertaking. But experiments are being made. Ex-President Eliot has suggested a conception of religious teaching which could be emphasized everywhere, in the following terms: "It would contain no dogma, creed or ritual, and no church history; but it would set forth the fundamental religious ideas which ought to be conveyed to every American child and adolescent in the schools of the future. Such teaching would counteract materialism, promote reverence for God and human nature, strengthen the foundations of a just and peace-loving democracy, and conform to Micah's definition of religion: 'What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?'"

All of the above is in keeping with the following resolution recently passed by the British Labour Conference: "The most important of all the measures of reconstruction must be a genuine nationalization of education which shall get rid of all class distinction and privileges, and bring effectively within the reach not only of every boy and girl, but also of every adult citizen, all the training, physi-

cal, mental and moral, literary, technical and artistic, of which he is capable."

It is evident that the carrying out of a program of this kind is going to require a vastly larger outlay than has usually been available for education. But the importance of the matter is so great that this promises to constitute a very slight objection, especially in these days of huge expenditures for things worth while. Indeed tests have already been made. In England and the United States and to a less extent in several of the provinces of Canada the calling for very material advances in the educational budget has been received with great favour.

III.—THE NEW CITIZENSHIP

This is intimately connected with the "League of Nations". A prominent English writer—Dr. Orchard in his "Outlook for Religion"—has recently pointed out a certain danger involved in this in the following terms: "What guarantee have we that the nations' signatory to the arrangement might not split up into two almost equally balanced sides? As thus stated the proposals simply mean that every war will now be a world war . . . of a more awful character than we can imagine."

There is just one thing that can prevent this, and that is a right basic foundation for international relations. It used to be considered that one man was not successful in a transaction with another unless he in some measure worsted the latter. We have now come to see that a good business transaction is one in which both buyer and seller are benefited. The nations must also learn that one nation does not really prosper most by securing some sharp advantage over another by which the latter is defrauded, but that in the last analysis they stand or fall together. What benefits one, benefits another, benefits all. What injures one, injures another, injures all.

There is a law which Dr. J. A. Macdonald calls "the law of the world's good will" which is the good of each working for the welfare of all. This "cannot be sinned against without its penalty being paid". It "is the first law of every nation . . . No nation sins alone or suffers alone . . . Slowly but very surely and sometimes painfully and at great cost, are the nations learning that the country that frames a tariff of spite so as to damage the industry or trade of a neighbour-people is whetting a two-edged sword that cuts both ways and wounds the smiter as well as the smitten".

Plainly stated, this is the doctrine of the New Testament Golden Rule. The outcome of the war tends to prove that the Golden Rule is not only good religion but also good business and good politics. It is a bold challenge to the world to apply this ideal of life not only to the relations between individuals but also to national and international affairs. It may be held that this is visionary and impractical. But in reality we never had a more forcible illustration of the unprofitableness of the opposite principle, viz., selfishness, even from the baldest materialistic point of view. Never before was there such a favourable opportunity for our statesmen to make a strong stand for the very highest ideals in national and world politics.

It is clear that the war was brought on by the spirit of selfish grasp and greed. While one nation over-reached itself in this and was thus the immediate cause of the war, none of us can claim that we have been free from the same defect attaching to a greater or less extent to our national life. But it may still be contended that there is no other practical way. In order to attain to a position of great commercial prosperity or other eminence, the nations must think only of their own interests without considering those of others. The Golden Rule would lead to financial ruin instead of prosperity. This has been our theory and it has been a costly

one—the cost of the wars of history, to say nothing more, for they have all resulted from an application of this principle. The tremendous loss we have sustained is in reality nothing more nor less than the cost of violating the Golden Rule.

As far as the recent war is concerned we can now begin to count the cost. The money cost is estimated to be nearly two hundred billion dollars which is more than one-quarter of the world's national wealth. A very competent American authority has claimed that this is a sum greater than the combined money expenses for all other wars since the beginning of recorded history. A little reflection seems to place this estimate within the bounds of reason, for it would probably not be necessary to go very far back to reach the time when the national wealth of all the nations would not total this amount. It took the United States about two-thirds of a century (from 1850 to 1915) to increase its national wealth from seven and a half to two hundred and fifty billions, and this nation affords an unprecedented example of rapid development. Yet in four years a sum almost equal to this immense figure is used up in the destruction of war. The aggregate public debt of the belligerent nations before the war was a little more than twenty billions, that amount being accumulated in a period of one hundred years. Now their debt amounts to one hundred and fifty billions. In other words, in four years of the war these nations have amassed a debt more than six times as great as that which was incurred during the whole previous century.

This does not take into account the destruction of buildings, machinery, crops, live stock, railway bridges, for which in Belgium alone more than two billion dollars would have to be figured into the account and in France not much less than this sum, nor the tremendous loss of shipping, nor what is of far greater moment than all else,

the appalling loss of human life. There must have been at least fifteen million men either killed or almost totally incapacitated. This would represent an economic value of forty-five billions besides having immeasurable results in other respects. Most of those who were killed were among the choicest young men in the various countries. They would have been the fathers of our boys and girls of the next generation. As a result, the average grade of fatherhood must be to some extent lowered, and this will not only affect the present race but future generations as well.

If the opposite principle had been the common basis of international action—if tariffs were framed not simply from the standpoint of the nation enacting them, but also with a view to their bearing upon other countries affected by them, and such modifications allowed as would be an illustration of a true international and fraternal spirit—even if the resulting revenue were much less than originally anticipated—it would be possible to make numerous and tremendous concessions of this kind before reaching even a fractional amount of the immense financial losses caused by the war.

We must hereafter think in world terms—nothing less. Some day we shall find that it is not only unbrotherly but also unprofitable for Canada to enact legislation which is considered from its own selfish standpoint alone, and without relation to its bearing upon the other parts of the British Empire or its neighbour to the South; and that the United States cannot profitably ignore the effect of its legislative enactments upon our Dominion or other nations with which she has dealings. It may be that tariffs should not be abolished. It may be that there should be certain restrictions upon the movement of people from one part of the world to another. But if mutual counsel were held in reference to these matters with a view to the effect upon the

whole community of nations rather than upon any one by itself the world's "good-will" would be immensely increased and the prevention of war immeasurably advanced.

The League of Nations is a step towards the fulfilment of Tennyson's ideal—"The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World". Though the complete realization of this may be far distant a significant advance towards it may at least be made. Great Britain and the United States, the two greatest nations in the world,

are now in a position to take a strong leadership in this. While their relations to each other have been growing more cordial since the beginning of the century, this cordiality has been greatly strengthened since their sons have fought side by side in the most titanic struggle the world has ever witnessed and in defence of the most precious principle of human liberty, which was never before so bitterly assailed.

This is our new citizenship—"The Brotherhood of Man."

A HISTORY LECTURE

By GEORGINA H. THOMSON

HER eyes are on the tufts of trees
That toss against the square of sky
Framed by the window, while above
White wisps of cloud go trailing by.
She dimly hears the voice of one
Who tells of wars in ages gone.

Her thoughts are on the sodden fields
Of France. Beyond the trees that toss,
She sees the ruined walls of Ypres
And near, a simple wooden cross,
The while a voice goes on and on
And tells of wars in ages gone.

THE EYES OF CONSCIENCE

BY ROY TURNBULL



RANKLIN CRAIG had been waiting for this chance all the morning. Mr. Bettersworth, his miserly employer, wealthy owner of the fashionable Art and Curio shop, had just stepped to the warehouse some blocks distant. Yokokita, the Japanese lad of all work, stood lazily talking with the proprietor of the book store adjoining. Stealthily, the Art Shop clerk walked across the store, filled with treasures in pottery and metal, silk and ebony, to Bettersworth's private antique safe which stood under the cash register. He paused with hand suspended above the combination, the secret of which he had long since surreptitiously acquired. Through the cavelike entrance to the darkened store he could see the living sunshine dancing in the cobbled street.

A gusty breeze swept in, stirring up the weird mixture of smells lurking in the many objects culled from all parts of the globe. His hesitation was brief, for the contrast between the inviting sunshine, with its promise of other lands, and the monotony of the "junk" shop, as he termed it, wherein he had slaved for so long, quickly overcame his scruples.

In a moment he was down on one knee and a little later the safe door stood open before him. His eager hand readily found the thin flat packet of bills that his employer had drawn from the bank early that morning in order to pay for an ex-

pected cloisonne treasure from the Orient. Bettersworth's dealings, owing to the diverse methods of the many nationalities trading with him, were always in cash. Ripping off the covering, Craig stuffed the bank notes into his coat pocket. Hot and cold waves coursed through his pulsing veins as his hand closed over the coveted money. His traveling bag had long since been packed against this emergency. A few days of travel and the name of Franklin Craig would be but a memory.

Then slowly, but overwhelmingly, and with a spasmodic contraction of his stomach muscles, he sensed another presence in the darkened store. Instinct, with its indefinable, yet disconcerting force, apprized him of scrutinizing eyes. Turning his head with a painful jerk, he beheld a tall man in a frock coat and an old-fashioned beaver hat, standing on the other side of the low counter, watching him. Craig, the blood rushing away from his blanching face, rose slowly to his feet and shrank back involuntarily, a damning picture of guilt. The strange old man who had so silently entered the store must have witnessed the act of theft and seen him feverishly stuff the ill-gotten money in his pocket.

The intruder stared inscrutably at Craig, a look of world weariness and sadness on his wrinkled face. His lips moved slowly as if he were counting the inexorable moments of time, or muttering unsavoury words of condemnation. Craig, with purpose and emotion inchoate, stepped

forward, his gaze wildly falling on a bronze shield whereon hung an Arabian scimitar, but the old man shook his head austere from side to side, and turning on his rubber heel, walked forth from the emporium of trinkets into the bright sunlight.

Craig fell back against the safe, his tortured brain racing in kaleidoscopic confusion. Then summoning every ounce of will power, he rushed from the store, but the old man of the beaver hat had vanished. Yokokita, his back to Craig, still held forth idly with the proprietor of the bookstore.

With fear tugging at his entrails, Craig struggled in the upheaval of his mind until it seemed he must collapse. As he saw the fat, dumpy figure of his employer emerge from around the corner of the block, he uttered a sharp ejaculation of terror.

The thought came with a rush—to get the money back into the safe—but no, it was too late! Yokokita had already entered the store and was busily engaged dusting a Louis XIV. chest of drawers. Turning desperately in pursuance of a rapidly forming plan, Craig quietly went to the safe and locked it with a turn of the handle. Tearing a bill from the packet in his pocket he thrust it into one of Yokokita's street shoes standing in the corner, always discarded in the morning for sandals. Spying the familiar "Studies in English," which Yokokita had been perusing for weeks, Craig had a stroke of inspiration. He opened the cover of the book and inserted between the leaves a crumpled bit of paper he had fished from his pocket and on which appeared rude numerals.

Craig then hurried out into the little yard, where he immediately buried the packet of money in a far corner and whistling merrily busied himself with huge packing cases.

His heart beat wildly as he waited for the explosion. It came with the door flung open and Betterworth apoplectic on the step.

"Come in here!" he cried. Craig, simulating wonderment, obeyed.

His employer pointed grimly to the antique strong box, the door now standing open.

"I put it in there this morning! There isn't a chance of a mistake! Now it's gone!"

"What, sir?" inquired Craig mildly.

"Money! Money, you idiot! Nearly five thousand dollars! Where have you been?"

This question came like a shot, but Craig was equal to the emergency.

"Unpacking the plasters, in the yard," he responded quickly. "If I had known you had forgotten to lock the safe door, I—I—" he paused, visibly embarrassed, as he glanced over at the gaping Yokokita who understood but little of this wild enactment before him.

"You'd, you'd what?" demanded Betterworth.

"Why, I wouldn't have gone out in the yard and closed the door behind me," blurted Craig, flushing and endeavouring nobly to shield Yokokita. "I thought Yokokita was in the store all the time."

Yokokita, instinctively catching something of the danger in the air, sputtered in imperfect English.

In a moment, Betterworth was at the telephone calling the police. Later, when special officers discovered the crumpled ten-dollar bill in the Japanese servant's shoe, the boy from Nippon nearly fainted and when, to top it off, they investigated his pockets and clothing and finally discovered the sheet of paper between the leaves of the "Studies in English", which Betterworth immediately recognized as the numeral notation of the combination to his safe, poor Yokokita raved incoherently while Craig solicitously sympathized with him.

A few weeks later, in the courtroom, drowsy and humming with the murmur of voices, Craig watched the jury retire. Hope and triumph rose in his breast, for the bonds of

guilt had securely fastened about the hapless Japanese boy.

The suspicion that in the regular course of investigation had included Craig now completely lifted.

Buttersworth, seemingly ready to burst with the suppression of his spleen, sat next to his lawyer waiting impatiently for the verdict which, though it could not return his money, would at least prove that justice prevailed in the punishment of the thief. Yokokita, sullen and hopeless in this jargon of animosity about him, sat with eyes on the floor. Craig swept the audience and smiled condescendingly.

Yet, would the door of the jury room never open! Yokokita must be found guilty. This must close the case against further investigation.

At last the suspense was over; the judge paused in his conversation with the clerk, to read the verdict which affirmed the guilt of Yokokita. Craig, by this time a master of dissimulation, concealed his elation. After all, what did it matter if a miserable, solitary Jap like Yokokita—who had never had anything anyhow!—were to spend a few years in the penitentiary? Surely his own hopes, reputation and future, were of infinitely greater importance. He would resign his position in due time, dig out the hidden packet and be off for other climes. The blood began to flow more normally through his veins. Mopping his brow, he breathed with an acute sense of relief, and turned to leave the courtroom. As he did so, an icy hand clutched his heart and the room seemed to spin round crazily. The thing that he had feared subconsciously, had, in fact, been his obsession all through the days and nights of agony since the hour of his theft, had come to pass. The memory of that strange, mysterious, phantom-like witness, the old man with the beaver hat, had been with him every hour. There, not ten feet away, just behind the railing, sat the weird old man himself!

Craig uttered a startled cry and sank limply into the chair he had just vacated. Buttersworth turned on him.

"What is it now?" he demanded.

The guilty clerk, with protruding eyeballs, gazed into the eyes of his conscience—the fateful witness. Under the uncompromising stare of his silent accuser, Craig's spirit crumbled like sand. Two officers were already leading Yokokita toward the hold-over. The old man near the rail gathered his hat and pad of paper under his arm, preparing to rise, presumably to address the judge.

Craig's nerves gave way beneath the impending exposure, and he jumped to his feet. In a piercing, hysterical voice, his words tumbling over one another, he poured forth his confession to the startled court. The astounded judge ordered him into custody.

Under the fearful touch of the law, Craig sank in a huddle. Dazed and motionless he heard the methodical, technical reopening of the case. The tense, full silence of the room beat in upon him like muffled hammers.

Dumbly, he was dragged toward the shining bars of the hold-over where Yokokita stood with mouth open. On the way, they passed the old man of the beaver hat. He was writing on the pad of paper, supported by his flat-top hat.

"Good morning, Mr. Donaldson," offered one of the officers at Craig's side. The old man of the beaver hat gravely bowed his head to the salutation, and Craig cringed before the austerity of his noble face.

"Brian Donaldson, the novelist," explained the officer to his companion on Craig's left. "He's blind as a bat, but he goes poking around everywhere—pawnshops, and bookstores, and police courts. Always alone—never seems to lose his way."

Then the two officers of the court turned to their charge in dismay, for he had collapsed to unconsciousness in their rough grasp.

THE SONNET IN CANADIAN LITERATURE

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD



THE lover of sonnets is surely "born not made". Devotees of poetry might almost be divided into two classes—those who enjoy sonnets and those who do not. To the former the sonnet seems the absolutely right form of expression for certain moods and thoughts; to the latter it is a synonym for the artificial and the arbitrary.

These two classes might be subdivided into the extremely technical admirer of this form of verse, who thinks first of exact adherence to the rules of sonnet-building, and even perhaps adds a few small rules of his own, and the anti-sonneteer, who maintains that to write a sonnet one need only compress (or expand) into fourteen lines a motif which might as well or better have been put into a more lyric and less restricted verse-form.

Every reader of English poetry knows Wordsworth's and Rossetti's sonnets on the sonnet—which the student of verse should surely memorize. Richard Watson Gilder's variation on the same theme may be less familiar, so I quote it here:

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring
sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song,—ah,
me,
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell!

This was the flame that shook with Dante's
breath;

The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:

A sea like this is—beware who ventureth.
For like a fiord the narrow floor is laid
Deep as mid-ocean to the sheer mountain-walls.

The sonnet cannot be called a favourite form in Canadian poetry, but some of our best-known writers have found it a natural and forcible mode of expression. Charles G. D. Roberts has a sonnet-sequence of thirty poems called "Songs of the Common Day", forming a series of pictures of familiar Canadian landscape, clear in outline and rich in colour and atmosphere. (The fact that this writer is my brother makes it difficult for me to deal with his work. To express fully the admiration which I certainly feel might appear to savour somewhat too much of family pride! So I will content myself with a quotation.) One colourful sonnet I give entire:

Amber and blue, the smoke behind the hill.
Where in the glow fades out the morning
star,

Curtains the autumn cornfield, sloped afar,
And strikes an acrid savour on the chill.
The hilltop fence shines saffron o'er the
still

Unbending ranks of bunched and bleaching
corn,

And every pallid stalk is crisp with
morn.

Crisp with the silver autumn morn's distil.

Purple the narrowing alleys stretched be-
tween

The spectral shooks, a purple harsh and
cold,

But spotted, where the gadding pumpkins run,
With bursts of blaze that startle the serene
Like sudden voices—globes of orange bold,
Elate to mimic the unrisen sun.

"The Sower" and the "Potato Harvest" are so well-known that I need scarcely quote them; "The Oat-Threshing" and "Buckwheat" are rich of hue and haunting in their power of re-creating atmosphere and association—but to one who loves Canadian country life all this sequence is a treasure-house. Among the "Miscellaneous Sonnets" of this poet I will just mention the "Collect for Dominion Day"—which might be used profitably at every political meeting!

Archibald Lampman has added richly to our store of sonnets. His little sequence of five called "The Frogs" is full of the breath of spring and the magic of the woods. Among his other sonnets, I should like to give one showing something of his attitude toward life, and one of his exquisite nature-pictures. For the first I have chosen "Sight":

The world is bright with beauty, and its days

Are filled with music; could we only know
True ends from false, and lofty things
from low;

Could we but tear away the walls that graze
Our very elbows in life's frosty ways;

Behold the width beyond us with its flow
Its knowledge and its murmur and its glow,

Where doubt itself is but a golden haze.

Ah, brothers, still upon our pathway lies
The shadow of dim weariness and fear,
Yet if we could but lift our earthward eyes
To see, and open our dull ears to hear,
Then should the wonder of this world
draw near

And life's innumerable harmonies.

For the nature-poem, it is indeed hard to choose. So many favourites come to mind—"March", "After Mist", "A Morning Summons", and that lovely last sonnet, "Winter Up-lands"—but perhaps "In November" is one of the most perfect and suggestive, calling up the scene described with the vividness of a dream:

The hills and leafless forests slowly yield
To the thick-driving snow. A little while
And night shall darken down. In shout-
ing file

The woodmen's carts go by me homeward-
wheeled,

Past the thin fading stubbles, half-
concealed,

Now golden-gray, sowed softly through
with snow,

Where the last ploughman follows still
his row,

Turning black furrows through the whiten-
ing field.

Far off the village lamps begin to gleam,
Fast drives the snow, and no man comes
this way;

The hills grow wintry white, and bleak
winds moan

About the naked uplands. I alone

Am neither sad, nor shelterless, nor gray,
Wrapped round with thought, content to
watch and dream.

Speaking of sonnet-sequences, I must not omit "A Lover's Diary" by Gilbert Parker. This series tells a love story in autobiographical form. There are passages of real beauty, and the whole tone is one of chivalry and idealism, but the "Lady" of the poet's adoration always struck me as vague and artificial, and the tragic climax of separation has not sufficient cause. The greatest charm of this volume, for me, lies in the delightful little "Egyptian Proverbs" which mark the divisions of the story. I have always wondered whether these are really "Egyptian" proverbs, or gold of the writer's own coining and no more Egyptian than Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems are "from the Portuguese".

Robert Norwood, one of the best-known of our younger poets, has also enshrined a fair lady in a series of sonnets. These are artistic in workmanship, perhaps sometimes a little over-elaborate, but rising in parts to much force of thought and emotion. Though each sonnet is complete in itself, the series is so homogeneous that it is difficult to quote one part which will give a fair sample of the whole. It should be read in its entirety.

The Petrarchan and Miltonic sonnet-forms, with variations, are those generally used by Canadian writers.

The pure Shakespearean form is quite rare. I cannot, on the spur of the moment, recall a dozen of this type in our literature; though the couplet-ending is used very widely in the variants of the Petrarchan.

When we consider the general definition of this verse-form, and that it deals with the order and disposition of the rhymes as well as with the *sine qua non* of fourteen lines, and (in the Petrarchan form and its off-shoots) the division into octave and sestet—we may well hesitate to call a rhymeless poem of fourteen lines a sonnet. But Keats wrote one at least, and called it that; gave it, in fact, no other title but "Sonnet" only; and now we have from Bliss Carman's pen "Four Sonnets" in unrhymed verse, so we may as well enlarge our definition! Certainly those "Four Sonnets" are very beautiful and so rich both in vowel-music and in colour, that I had read them more than once before I realized the lack of rhyme. The first of the four, beginning "Heaven is no larger than Connecticut", has been so widely-quoted that it is probably familiar to most readers, so I will give here one which embodies richly a vision of Autumn fields:

Now when the time of fruit and grain is come,

When apples hang above the orchard wall,
And from the tangle by the roadside stream
A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air,
Comes Autumn with her sun-burnt caravan,
Like a long gypsy train with trappings gay
And tattered colours of the Orient,
Moving slow-footed through the dreamy hills.

The woods of Wilton, at her coming, wear
Tints of Bokhara and of Samarcand;
The maples glow with their Pompeian red,
The hickories with burnt Etruscan gold;
And while the crickets fife along her march,
Behind her banners burns the crimson sun.

There is a sonnet by George Fredrick Scott which, once read, is not likely to be soon forgotten. The graphic force of the first part and the weird surprise of the closing lines fix it strongly in the memory. It would make, I think, a good subject for a picture:

I saw Time in his workshop cutting Time;
Scattered around his tools lay, blinding
griefs,
Sharp edges that cut out deeply in relief
Of light and shade; sorrows that smooth the
traces
Of what were smiles. Nor yet without
fresh graces
His handiwork, for oft-times rough were
ground
And polished, oft the pinched made
smooth and round;
The calm look, too, the impetuous fire re-
places.
Long time I stood and watched; with
hideous grin
He took each heedless face between his
knees,
And graved and scarred and bleached
with boiling tears.
I wondering turned to go, when, lo! my
skin
Feels crumpled, and in glass my own face
sees
Itself all changed, scarred, careworn,
white with years.

Ethelwyn Wetherald is another of our poets who has found the sonnet a natural medium of expression. There is one of hers—"To February"—whose sestet is certainly among the loveliest things I know:

Oh, master-builder, blustering as you go
About your giant work, transforming all
The empty woods into a glittering hall,
And making lilac lanes and footpaths grow
As hard as iron under stubborn snow,
Though every fence stand forth a marble
wall,
And windy hollows drift to arches tall,
There comes a night that shall your might
o'erthrow.

Build high your white and dazzling palaces,
Strengthen your bridges, fortify your
towers,
Storm with a loud and a portentous lip;
And April with a fragmentary breeze
And half a score of gentle golden hours
Shall leave no trace of your stern
workmanship.

There are other nature-sonnets of Ethelwyn Wetherald's that I long to quote, and some of her love-sonnets have a lyric passion and depth that rank them with Mrs. Browning's. "Good-bye," "Telepathy," and "At Parting" are among these.

Duncan Campbell Scott, one of the most distinctive and individualistic of our writers, has some sonnets which make pictures in the memory.

I think of those I have read the two
called "Frost Magic" appeal to me
most for sheer beauty and glamour.
I quote the first:

Now, in the moonrise, from a winter sky,
The frost has come to charm with elfin
might
This quiet room: to draw with symbol
bright
Faces and forms in fairest character
Upon the casement; all the thoughts that lie
Deep hidden in my heart's core he would
tell,
How the red shoots of fancy strike and
swell,
How they are watered, what soil nourished
by.

With eerie power he piles his atomies,
Incrusted gems, star-glances overborne
With lids of sleep, pulled from the moth's
bright eyes,
And forests of pale ferns, blanched and
forlorn,
Where Oberon of unimagined size
Might in the silvered silence wind his
horn.

In Helena Coleman we have a
sonneteer of force and charm. She
has written many sonnets, polished,
artistic, and of a sonorous music.
"Beyond the Violet Rays" contains a
suggestive thought finely expressed:

Beyond the violet rays we do not know
What colours lie, what fields of light
abound,
Or what undreamed effulgence may sur-
round
Our dreaming consciousness, above, below;

Nor is it far that finite sense can go
Along the subtle passages of sound,
The finer tonal waves are too profound
For mortal ears to catch their ebb and flow.

But there are moments when upon us steal
Monitions of far wider realms that lie
Beyond our spirit borders, and we feel
That fine, ethereal joys we cannot name,
In some vast orbit circling, sweeping by,
Touch us in passing as with wings of
flame.

But instances of fine work in this
field are more numerous than I real-
ized when this discursive survey was
begun, and if I continue at this rate
my little task will turn into a sonnet-
anthology! There are many more
sonnets I would like to quote—and
many more, doubtless, with which I
have not made acquaintance. But I
must at least mention George A.
MacKenzie's "In That New World
Which is the Old", Marion Osborne's
strong love-sonnets, Gertrude Bart-
lett Taylor's "The Gunners",
Katherine Hale's "At Noon", and
Arthur Bourinot's lovely "Autumn
Silence" and "Returning".

Truly, the sonnet is more at home
in Canadian writing than I wot of
when this paper was begun! It is
true that some of our leading singers
have not used it at all, but in the
hands of those who have, it is "a
precious jewel carved most curiously;
it is a little picture painted well".





THE HARVEST FIELD
From a Painting by Whistler in the Art Association Gallery, Montreal



The market for little pigs, Bayeux

IN A NORMAN MARKET

BY MURIEL JOCELYN



HE stood at the foot of my bed, a slender, lovely thing, with red gold hair and laughing eyes. "Wake up," she cried, "wake up. You're in France, and the sun has made the whole world gold. Look!" She drew the curtains, and through the rose-hung window I looked out across a mediæval courtyard with plane trees rising in the distance and, far against the sky, the soft gray of the Cathedral tower.

The door opened and the little *bonne* appeared with my *petit déjeuner*, two rolls and a cup of coffee. "What a dickie bird's breakfast," said my companion and, seeing I was fully awake, she announced that to-day was market day, that I must hurry with my dressing lest one moment of it be missed, and then van-

ished, a whirling cloud of pink draperies.

"*Elle est gentille*," murmured the little *bonne*, "*si gaie, si charmante. Elle n'est pas Américaine. Non? Canadienne? Bon.*"

There were just the two of us in the convent, for the tourist season had not begun, and the halls and corridors were full of that brooding peace known only to the convent-bred.

A shy little sister with a long veil which almost hid her kind face opened the door leading into the world, and the next moment we stood in the *rue St. Loup*.

Down the long cobble-paved road, past the great Cathedral, with soft music pouring from its open doors, and on to the *rue St. Martin* we passed, stopping for a moment to admire the exquisite fourteenth century wooden house at the corner.

Up the rue St. Martin lay the great market-place of Bayeux, with plane trees standing sentinel-wise around its cobble-stoned expanse.

Temporary booths had been erected over night, and the voices of countrymen were heard proclaiming the excellence of their wares. Here a merchant displayed the warm-hued Norman pottery, there a white-coiffed peasant cried the superlative quality of her lettuces, and next to her a blue-smocked, crabbed old peasant offered mussels wet and gleaming in the strong brown wicker baskets at his feet.

"Flowers, madame?" I heard. A young girl stood at my elbow. She was like a flower herself in her gay frock, checked apron, and snowy cap; and while she filled my arms with roses, I watched Young Canada buying strawberries, cool and luscious in their leafy nests, from an old woman in a vine-decked stall.

"*Voulez vous les canards?*" The old woman was fat and breathless, in her eye was the light of battle. These people, she told herself, were Americans; she knew them, and they would buy, if one had the patience. I shook my head. She persisted. If I would not buy, at least I would not have the heart to refuse to look at them, and from a basket she produced two fluffy, protesting ducks with their yellow feet tied together.

"Fifi and Fifinette," she proclaimed, "and you can have them alive or dead. Non?" She wept copiously. "*Pauvres petites,*" she sighed, "*mon Fifi, ma Fifinette,*" and then told a long garrulous tale of how the sale of these little ones was all that stood between her and starvation. She wrung her hands, she called upon Heaven to witness the truth of her words, and then, seeing I was firm, turned on Young Canada.

"I'll buy them," said the latter.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," said I. "She's a regular tramp, and probably tells this tale to every foreigner she sees." But I was too late.

Already Young Canada was pouring francs into the gnarled old hand, and Fifi and Fifinette changed owners with surprising lack of emotion on the part of the old woman once the good Norman silver was hers.

Creamy Camembert cheeses wrapped in fresh leaves, luscious glowing fruits, and vegetables crisp and green were displayed in gay canvas-covered stalls. In the distance, a wooden block resounded to the blows of the butcher's axe as he cut fresh joints under the watchful housewife's eye. In one corner a little goat was for sale, in another a vast pile of clothing, dry goods, etc., was presided over by a fiery-eyed cavalier in a royal blue smock and felt hat.

"*Voulez-vous les corsets,*" he cried, displaying a mediæval shape, guaranteed, so he told us, to last a year, and all for the magnificent sum of two francs. "*Non. Voulez-vous les chemises? Non?*"

He grew more incredulous, and then, as the crowd gathered, turned his attention to a pile of gray flannelette garments and waxed loud and long upon their merits.

"What's he saying?" said Young Canada.

"He is saying, my dear," I answered, "that these gray flannelette *pantalons* are the finest in the world, that they are of superlative fit and workmanship, that if there is any lady in the crowd who does not believe him, he will present her with a pair of these superlative *pantalons*, provided she will give herself the trouble of trying them on to prove to all the world that they are what he declares them to be, and," I added, "he is coming our way."

Young Canada fled. In her hurry, however, she left behind the basket containing Fifi and Fifinette, and I noticed an old woman strangely like the one who had sold them to her, pick up the basket and walk away. I did not interfere. I had no desire to travel across Normandy in company with two cheeping ducklings.



"Down the long, cobble-paved street, past the Cathedral"
Note the fourteenth-century wooden house on the left



The Market-place, Bayeux



Another view of the same place



"Down the road came a milkmaid"

"Cider, sweet Norman cider," called a bright-eyed girl, and while we drank to her very good health a young fisherman offered us a string of shining fresh caught fish. We shook our heads.

"I have regret, madame," he said grandly. "It is not often that you will find fish like *these*." He drew himself up. "And I, Pierre Loliot, have said it."

We didn't know who Pierre Loliot was, but he was plainly a person of importance to himself and to the rosy checked vendor of cider. With a blush that made her rosier still she leaned forward.

"Pierre, thou wilt drink?"

His ill-humour vanished.

"*A vous, petite*," he said, draining his glass, and when last we saw him he was deep in conversation with "*la petite*".

Opposite the inevitable café, a crowd of thirsty Normans sat drinking their red and white wine, in the distance a merry-go-round bore its laughing freight of children, and in

a warm sunny corner an old fiddler softly played the songs of the country. Near him the lace makers had a stall. One of them, in her black frock and white cap, sang to herself as she sped the shuttles to and fro. It was the lace makers' song.

Down the road came a milkmaid in the quaint and primitive Norman fashion—by her side a minute gray donkey with a couple of gleaming brass and copper cans fastened to its saddle. The woman told us that her name was Juliette and that she brought the milk to market every week, even as her grandmother and mother had done; and "*le petit*", she concluded, pointing to the donkey, "*is called Francois*".

Suddenly there arose the most harrowing cries. The crowd parted. There before us stretched row upon row of pig pens, iron bound and cleanly, and each individual porker therein was screaming its loudest.

The Bayeux market is famous for the excellence of its pork, and from all Calvados the merchants crowd to

buy. Being bought hadn't disturbed poor piggie. He didn't know that his destination was Paris and ultimately the table of the rich, and so he didn't care. It was, however, the method of removal that grieved him to the point of loud protest. Tall, stalwart Normans, called in the vernacular pig-men, dressed in bright blue linen with scarlet scarfs in lieu of a belt, and wide felt hats worn low upon their heads, followed the merchants from pen to pen. When the bargain was made and the gold exchanged, the new-comer pointed out his cart. Bending down, the big peasant picked up the porker by his

tail and forequarters, and carried him away squealing to the four winds of Heaven. How it was that the tails did not come off *en route*, was a thing I did not discover. "Doesn't it hurt them?" I asked of an old priest in a rusty cassock, standing near me. "*Mais, non, madame.*" "But why do they yell so?" I persisted. "Ah, madame," he said, with a twinkle, "it is the indignity of having their tails pulled to which they object"!

"Come," said Canada, "there are *marrons glacé* in the *pâtisserie* across the road, and it is a long time since breakfast."



A Norman woman making lace

YOUNG AVIATORS IN FEATHERS

BY HAMILTON M. LAING

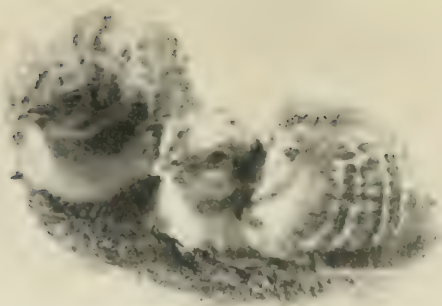


HERE are not many of us who at some time or other have not fallen to wondering over the cleverness of our young wildwoods friends in feathers. This is the more certain if, fortunately, we have spent our earlier years in the country and now and again claimed robins, bluebirds or wrens or other sociable birds for neighbours. We wondered how the young things, yesterday apparently so helpless, to-day left the home nest—left of a sudden as though springing a surprise on us, leaving behind but a sagging nest and some skin sloughings as disdainful souvenir of the short days between egg and up-and-away maturity. Our swallows or martins that yesterday chirped noisily, open-mouthed at the door of the bird-box, to-day are gone on airy wing; the wren youngsters that in a snug chink in an out-building jabbered vociferously from the nest yesterday, are silent to-day and departed; the young robins, yesterday bulging over the nest's rim, stolid, stupid, incapable, to-day are vanished—these and other like tricks all raised anew the mighty wonder of the feathered youngsters. How do they learn?—is the oft-asked, seldom-answered query of the young ten-year-old naturalist.

"Why, the old ones teach them, of course," is the usual parental answer. "Who else would teach them?"

But somehow this answer never seemed satisfactory, for the simple reason that we could never see the bird youngsters taking a lesson; and to those who go to the birds themselves the story is very different. For the birds are taught but little by their parents. In fact, speaking generally, in things pertaining to flight they are not taught at all—they know. As soon as the fledgling has the strength enough he knows how to use it. The knowledge, the instinct for flight, comes with him from the egg.

It must be accepted as a general principle that the shorter the infancy or youth of a creature, the less he has to learn, the more complete must be his instinctive equipment. At one end of the scale we may see the insect spring full-blown from his pupal case and go off about his business thoroughly wise in the ways of the world—a world that he has never seen. He learns nothing; he knows instinctively everything necessary for his well-being. At the other end of the ladder we find the human being with a childhood prolonged for years. He has the most to learn and the longest time in which to learn it. He starts with rather little, but happily enjoys a long youth, a time of play and experimentation fitting him for eventual maturity. Somewhere between these two extremes we find the bird. That young grouse and sandpipers and plover and snipe all run shortly after birth, while young ducks



Young, Sharp-tailed Grouse—midgets, yet almost ready to fly
Note the extraordinary development of their tiny wings

and geese and other waterfowl swim almost as quickly; that a young warbler spends but nine or ten days in the parental nest; a thrasher, thirteen or fourteen; that the big Canada goose requires but ten or eleven weeks after hatching to take himself off on the wing—these and other glimpses into the life of the birds tell us very eloquently that their period of preparation is short, their early career meteoric. Consequently then their instinctive equipment must be very complete; and it is. Instinct makes few mistakes; the bird has no time for play and experimentation.

Of the instinctive or primitive promptings in the bird there are few perhaps that are more pronounced than the flight instinct. All the birds, it would seem, possess it about equally. It is necessary for us merely to study a wing, study too its various motions as displayed by the speed lens in motion photography—and what an amount the speed lens and shutter have taught us!—or even to use a good eye afield, to be convinced that the teaching of the art of using this member is a feat in pedagogy somewhat beyond the reach of mere birds—even fond parent birds. And to teach it in a crowded nest seems absurd. Nevertheless, it is necessary here to distinguish between two classes of young aviators, *i.e.* those that can and do experiment a certain

amount before achieving flight, and those that do not, cannot, dare not. For a line may be drawn fairly sharply without many species hanging on the border. In nearly all cases a fledgling is one thing or he is the other.

In the study of the wing in either of these classes one can go back a very long way. Almost every fledgling shows a little of his family tree in his wings, shows a trace of his four-footed ancestors of the days long ago, when feathers were mere scales and unlovely lizards, rather than birds, pretty much owned the earth. For birds of primitive orders such as grebes, coots and herons, in their first attempts at locomotion walk on fours, while the fledglings of the higher orders stand similarly, using the wings as front legs; and even later when the latter have learned to stand erect upon their feet they droop the front members helplessly. This pose is characteristic of all fledglings; it is the badge of the immature, the helpless. Coupled with an extended neck and gaping beak it is a begging pose irresistible—more eloquent perhaps than any human pose could be. It is only later, in the days when flight is a possibility, the flight feathers well grown and the muscles of locomotion developed, that the wings are tucked away snugly in place in the manner of the adult.



Young Red-tailed Hawk in a premature flight.
He is awkward, does not pick up his feet and plainly works one wing more than the other. But he flew a hundred yards

Yet when we examine the birds and divide them into the classes indicated, *i.e.*, those that may play or experiment a little and those that may not, we find that it is rather the low orders that have the privilege of learning; the water-birds being most noteworthy; the higher orders, as represented by the passerines or perchers, are less favoured and must be content to start off on the wing quite unschooled. The difference is merely that in the case of the water-birds the young may give their wings a trial whenever ambition prompts, whereas with the greater number of the tree nesters and ground nesters such a trial would be fatal.

Ducks, geese, coots, grebes, pelicans, swans, some gulls, terns and other water-birds nest on or near the water; the young take to it at a very early age. They secure protection from ability to swim well and in most of these species to dive well. The

water is their stronghold. A young bird's ambition usually is slightly in advance of his strength—although there are exceptions—and so it is that on the marshes we see the young of these water-birds trying their growing wings. Thus we occasionally see the young teal or pintail or mallard duck mount upon the convenient rat-house, stand and for a moment, fan the air with his new wings, or jump down and flap violently in his descent. Or we may more commonly note these ducks or the coots or the grebes (and the geese more rarely) taking short, pattering runs upon the water, fanning rapidly with the wings as they run. They do this again and again; it is a real game to them. It is quite certain that such acts are either mere play (and, of course, all play of wild things has its unconscious purpose) or they are the response to the instinctive promptings for flight and give exercise to grow-

ing muscles that call for action. All which is rather much the same thing. To all appearance the bird is learning to fly. He is; and he is not. For the most part he merely is developing his strength while growing flight feathers. He has little to learn, for wing motion comes as naturally to him as drawing his breath does. During the ten days preceding flight he flaps away in the same manner; what he lacks is strength and complete flight machinery in the way of long, strong wing quills.

The methods of young ducks in getting off on the wing in most species are exactly alike. As a tiny peeper the young duckling swims well, but when he wishes to make a little speed he rises slightly and runs upon the water. His helpless downy wings are mere balancers, perhaps as useful to him as arms are to an athlete in running. This trick of pattering on the water is not soon abandoned by the duckling; but later when his wing planes have become partially grown they become more than mere balancers; they now tend to lift him as he runs and they increase his speed. More and more the wings assist him till he is able to clear the water for a few feet; very soon after this, flight is in his possession. Almost as soon as he can clear the water he can fly a good distance. It is noteworthy that this method of getting started is common to the young of all ducks, geese, swans, coots and grebes, but most of them abandon it as soon as possible, and when the wings are strong they spring directly into the air. Only the scaups, canvasbacks and scoters, ruddy ducks and coots and grebes: the benighted ones of the numerous family stick to early methods and always run to get a start. But the fact that so many of these birds do this, and that they all play more or less in this way while young, goes to show that to a certain degree at least the water-birds may be said to learn to fly.

We see the same thing from a slightly different angle in the case of

a molted goose. In midsummer these birds shed their flight feathers, and during the few weeks in which they renew their planes they are incapable of rising; their fastest pace then is achieved by running on the water, duckling fashion. While the long, strong primaries are lengthening, these birds fan their wings considerably, doubtless trying them out as it were. Yet it could scarcely be contended that these birds are learning to fly. They are merely exercising. To a slightly greater degree only may the young of the other water-fowl be said to be learning. The juveniles of the gulls and terns do not run on the water in starting. Instead, they spring into the air; this is done by a flick of the long, pointed wings rather than by a run or jump with the legs; and long before they are ready to follow their parents, we may note these little chaps jumping aloft in anticipation of a coming day.

The water-birds mentioned above are not the only ones to exercise the wings and tune up a little in anticipation of flight. It is a safe guess that almost all young birds that are not helpless try more or less to use their growing members. Thus the plover and snipe young, so nimble on their legs, the tiny grouse so skilful at running and hiding, are all able to practise flight. Doubtless the young marsh hawks too, hatched on the ground and having apparently no great cause for concealment, exercise as the others do, though judging from the nature of the cover about their homes, one must be led to feel that their gymnastics must be limited to stretching and fanning. But the water-birds offer the examples more easily seen. A season spent on the breeding grounds of the ducks will give any observer a multiplicity of data. In fact the successive steps in the young teal's growing ability may be noted from the day when he is a downling to that in which he leaves his pond but circles the rim to be sure that he can get safely back to it again.



Two young Canada Geese about ten weeks old, at the time they achieve flight.
The Snow Goose is an adult, but unable to fly on account of wounds or molt

Now let us consider the way of the other class of birds, *i.e.*, those that have no opportunity to use the wings before the final test. It is very obvious that the flickers and other woodpeckers that are reared within the

cramped walls of a wooden home, and wrens that are literally piled up within the confines of a nest hidden in one of the innumerable holes and crannies in which wren parents build, and eave swallows that spend their

early days within hollow mud nests, or the bank swallows or kingfishers that are housed in an earthy tunnel, cannot in any case secure opportunity to try their wings more than perhaps to stretch them a little. It is equally obvious that if the young crow or hawk reared at high elevation sprang off prematurely, he would come to grief in a hard fall; and that young red-winged or yellow-headed black-birds if too ambitious and left the nest in the rushes to practise aviation too soon would be very apt to meet a watery fate. The sea birds that spend their youth on beetling, inaccessible crags high above the water, or eaglets up on the cliff, both must make a fair success of aviation at the first attempt. And all these birds and many more do just this. "If at first you don't succeed," etc., means nothing to these youngsters. They must succeed at first or fail altogether.

The birds of this class that give us best opportunity for observation are the swallows. In a deserted house or out-building or stable loft the barn swallow pair fasten their half-cup of mud and in it rear a family of four or five. Try as we may the only instruction we can note from the parents is that they make unceasing trips to the nest bearing insect provender. The youngsters grow and grow; they fill the nest; they overflow it and sit and gaze steadfastly out through the door or broken window. Do they stand on the nest-rim daily and exercise their growing pinions? Perhaps they do no more than stretch them; for the position of the nest usually precludes more than this. We approach too close some day—whisk! whisk!—off out through the door go two or three of our swallow young. They do not fly as well as their nimble parents; but for a first trial it is a marvel. These birds very commonly build on a beam below a bridge, where to fall from the nest would mean death; yet they rarely drown.

Similarly we may watch a colony of the cave (cliff) swallows where the

young are hidden from us by the mud walls of the globular nest. In the days immediately preceding flight, greedy mouths are constantly at the door shouting for food. There is no way in which these crowded youngsters may give trial to their wings. Yet there comes a day notable in the colony on account of its noise and excitement, and a dozen of these young and unschooled aviators come out through their mud portals and on untried wings go skimming off joyously. The tree swallows and the martins in the bird-house behave similarly; there are no trials, no transitions between non-flight and flight. The youngster knows when he can fly and how, knows by the instinct within him, just as he knows the time to migrate, the direction to take, the time to mate, or how to build a nest.

By far the larger number of birds belong to this class. Nature in her wisdom evidently has found experimentation rather bad; instinct makes fewer mistakes. In addition to those already mentioned, the young of nearly all the tree-nesters: crows, hawks, owls, grackles, orioles, robins, thrashers, waxwings, doves, flycatchers, vireos, the thicket nesters and many others, are all fairly capable when they undertake to fly. Some of them seem to possess dangerous ambitions. Young robins frequently fall from the nest before they are nearly equipped and so perish miserably. Young orioles or grackles sometimes, though more rarely, do the same. But there doubtless is a reason for this. Robins have been nesting about our premises so long that they have lost some of their native fear of being discovered. It is possible that the youngsters in their greed and over-zeal to secure the food brought by the parents, and not being compelled to be quiet and stealthy at their meals, get out on the nest-rim too early and so fall.

With a few of these birds, however, there is a certain very limited amount of experimentation. Before



Young Ducks nearing flight. The bird in the distance shows the method; he has almost succeeded in rising



Snow Goose unable to rise because his new wing quills are not fully grown after molting. He now runs on the water just as the young run



Even when they can stand upon their feet they droop their wings helplessly.
Young Long-eared Owl well grown, but quite unable to fly

flying, young crows usually leave the nest and move out through the branches. The same is done by young long-eared owls. Young night herons too, leave their rickety stick platforms and take a course in cruising about the tree-tops before they trust their wings. In these excursions these birds climb or jump from branch to branch, and in this way perhaps secure a trifle of practice; but it is so little as to be scarcely worth noting. Both a young crow and a long-eared owl have been seen to spring from the nest beyond the rim of which they never before had ventured, and make off in a very respectable flight. A young horned owl, when visited at his nest and scared badly, has been seen to jump out and attempt aviation on half-grown wings, when the best he could do was

fall easily at an angle of about forty-five degrees. He knew instinctively what to do, but he lacked the machinery. On two occasions young red-tailed hawks have been routed from their nests when their flight was a steady descent that brought them to earth at a hundred yards. In these cases all the young did the best they could; they failed simply for the reason that their strength was in arrears to their ambition. It may be reminded here that the birds of prey are exceedingly slow at getting a-wing; the hawks and eagles do not fly until they are completely feathered and mature in appearance.

Other than this sort of preliminary moving about the tree-tops, or in some cases in the grass, there is very little movement of the fledglings till they are ready to fly. There is a very



Newly hatched Killdeers.

Young Plover and Snipe are precocious, yet even they use the wings first as legs or props

excellent reason why the young woodpeckers, bluebirds, tree swallows and kingfishers should stay in the seclusion of their holes, why the young robins, orioles, catbirds, blackbirds, warblers and flycatchers should stick tight to their home nests, why the ground nesters: the sparrows, horned larks, longspurs, bobolinks and meadowlarks should hold close to the grass-tuft that is their home. The perils of the young things are truly innumerable and terrible. Death awaits the fledgling on every hand; it peers in upon the nest by day and by night. The percentage of young that die by violence between hatching and flight is shockingly, cruelly high. The infancy of the weaker birds is a gamble with death, and the odds are heavy against them. How silent are the fledglings! How attentive, nervous, devoted, the parents! The greatest care of the latter is to conceal the whereabouts of the treasures they attend so zealously. Secrecy is

the key-note of their lives at this time. It is only the young of the birds that are hidden securely from attack, such as woodpeckers in holes, swallows in their inaccessible mud nests, wrens in their various strongholds, and others of the sort, that jabber and shout and betray their presence and location. Many of the young birds, and especially the ground nesters, are as silent as can be. Their lives depend on it. Woe to the nest of young meadowlarks or vesper sparrows or horned larks that sets up indiscreet jabbering when weasels or ground squirrels or foxes or skunks or big snakes or any others of their numerous foes are within earshot. They must be silent until they have safety in their wings.

From a glance at the list of water-birds that experiment, it will be seen that nearly all these young are precocious. They can swim well, find their own food (the gulls, terns, and pelicans and some others to the con-



This young Red-tailed Hawk, scared by the approach of the photographer, rushed to his wings and landed in a slough

trary), keep sharp look out for foes and escape by running, swimming, diving and hiding. Fledglings in the second class, *i.e.*, those raised in nests, are very backward and helpless. In no case must they show themselves. If the young catbird or thrasher or warbler climbed aloft in the shrubbery to practise the gymnastics of aviation, he would prove easy prey for hawk foe. If he jumped down to earth he would meet ground prowlers with appetities for fledglings quite as keen. He must stay in his nest or perish. The ground nesters in the field are in even more precarious position. Were they to attempt to move about, they would be picked up even

more quickly than would the young of the thicket birds. It is only the precocious ones: the plover and snipe and grouse young, that can run and hide in a moment, that may show themselves afield and hope to live.

Doubtless there are exceptions to this general rule. Says Mr. W. L. Finley of the rufus hummingbird in "North American Birds": "I have never seen a hummingbird fall from the nest in advance of his strength as a robin often does. When the time comes he seems to spring into the air full grown, clad in glittering armour, as Minerva sprang from the head of Jove. While I lay quiet in the bushes I learned the reason. . . . Then



Young Red-tailed Hawk

Even with well-feathered wings and mature look he is as yet unable to fly

he tried his wings. They began slowly as though getting up steam. He made them buzz till they fairly lifted him off his feet; he had to hang on to keep from going; he could fly but the time was not yet ripe." But it is easy to find an explanation. The nests of these birds are most diminutive structures, usually placed on a limb that is well protected from above, and the youngsters are so tiny as almost to escape notice.

In these birds we see very clearly the sharp difference between their in-born faculty for flight and their instinct for securing food. Flight is by no means the last acquisition of most birds. Most fledglings are dependent on their parents long after they are able on the wing. A young gull starves to death if lost or deserted by his parents even when he is possessed of strong flight. The young hawks and crows must be fed long after they can fly well. The old crow's labours at jamming eatables into the vociferous throats of well-fledged young is a common sight in the fields and meadows in July and August. A young cowbird follows his much-imposed-upon foster parents about and demands no end of provender even after he seems quite fully grown. The young of all the thicket birds may be seen following their parents and begging, when it takes a second glance on our part to distinguish old from young. Food getting seems much more a matter of education; there is more for him really to learn here. The knack of getting his dinner seems not so purely instinctive as the other is. It must be a big day for the young marsh hawk when first he gets up in the breeze, but a bigger event in his life when he grabs his first mouse or ground squirrel. Happy must be the young robin in the hour that he discovers initiative in himself to pull the cherries first hand from the tree and fill his insatiable belly.

It is interesting to compare the precocity of the various birds—or the

lack of it—in getting away on their wings. The young yellow warblers that leave the nest in nine or ten days, the young robin that does the same in twelve, and the whip-poor-will or thrasher in thirteen or fourteen, all show their haste through this period of helplessness; but for even more precocity, apparent at least, we must look to the grouse. For whereas the young of the other species just mentioned have attained approximately their growth in these periods, the young grouse go whizzing when they are but downy midgets. With these birds, both sharp-shinned and pinnated grouse, the flight feathers grow in advance of the plumage, and while he is but still a tiny chick the youngster is able to fly well. This trick of Nature has helped to save the grouse from extermination. Were they able merely to hide in the grass when surprised by a foe, it would be possible for a fox or coyote or any other sharp-nosed prowler, upon discovering the covey, to annihilate it.

From these clever young aviators at the head of the class we may find them in all grades of slowness down to the great water-birds requiring nine or ten weeks (which really is wondrously rapid at that) and to the eagle, slower still by far. For near the foot of the class we find him: royalty, our kingly bird. He requires three months or more to grow the predatory tools of his fierce trade and to perfect the seven-foot expanse of great wing planes that later will take him aloft and place him upon the throne of all the birds. And with him down at the very foot (that is, among North American birds) is the great lonely California vulture or condor that up in his mountain home requires about six months to grow his immense ten-foot pinions. A long childhood indeed for a bird, especially for one that seems to have so little to learn; but then, perhaps, this big bird is not just what we imagine him to be.

REMINISCENCES POLITICAL AND PERSONAL

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

XIV.—WHAT WAS LEFT OVER



THE Liberal party of Ontario was on the edge of the grave when Honourable George W. Ross became Prime Minister. For the condition of the party he was not chiefly responsible. His fault was that he tolerated desperate expedients in the endeavour to resuscitate a body whose hold upon healthy and vigorous life could not be renewed. In successive bye-elections there was organized personation, violation of the sanctity of ballot boxes, intimidation, coercion and direct purchase of voters. It is a profound pity that such a chapter should have been written, for there is no other in the history of Ontario of which its people need be ashamed. The demoralization began under Mr. Hardy, although he was even less responsible than Mr. Ross for the calculated plottings and activities of the agents of corruption. A guerilla organization with connections at Ottawa, Toronto, and London, recruited a body of personators for service in provincial and federal bye-elections, and carried constituencies in defiance of public sentiment. One could produce the evidence, but there is nothing savoury in the rehearsal of scandal nor any profit in reviving incidents which would involve the dead and the living in discredit and dishonour.

Many of the active agents in these

discreditable practices never were discovered. Some of those upon whom condemnation fell most heavily were not the chief culprits. It is best sometimes that the veil should not be lifted even if one cannot agree that there is any obligation of personal or party loyalty which requires defence of conspiracy and rascality. The time came when even Mr. Ross was convinced that office could be retained only by methods which were beyond toleration and by dependence upon instruments which could not be employed without imminent danger of exposure and disgrace. But he was not willing to resign nor convinced that the outlook was hopeless. He persuaded himself that it was better to save something by negotiation than to lose all in a battle which was going badly. With the sanction, therefore, of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright and two or three of his own colleagues, he approached Mr. Whitney with proposals for a coalition. Mr. Goldwin Smith in *The Weekly Sun* had suggested coalition, and he was persuaded to revive the agitation on assurances that Mr. Ross had become a convert and that *The Globe* would support *The Sun's* argument. *The Globe's* first article in accordance with this agreement was an appeal for union as unequivocal as Mr. Goldwin Smith could have desired, but which in the judgment of

many Liberals emphasized too strongly the hopeless position of a Government with only three of a majority in the Legislature. A second article followed, more guarded in language, but in definite advocacy of coalition.

Mr. Ross foresaw that the position would be embarrassing if Mr. Whitney should not entertain his proposals, and he was anxious that neither *The Globe* nor himself should be irrevocably compromised. For my part I was convinced that the Government should resign, and I had no thought that Mr. Whitney would coalesce. Ross and Whitney were incompatible in temper and method. The Conservative leader was open and eruptive. The Prime Minister was adroit and acute. Ross was often brilliant, Whitney seldom. But Whitney had more quality than he ever revealed in Parliament or on the platform. Whitney trusted Hardy, and they were much alike; he distrusted Ross, and they were greatly unlike.

Among Liberals there was a common conviction that the Conservative party never could attain office under Whitney. This, too, was the impression of many Conservatives. I remember that a few days before polling in 1905, when I was convinced that the Conservatives would have a majority of forty, an active and influential Conservative met my confident prediction with the blunt but unflattering rejoinder that "only a d—— fool would think that Whitney could ever beat Ross". This curious undervaluation of Whitney perhaps partly explains Mr. Ross's confidence that the project of coalition would be entertained and explains also the favourable attitude of some Conservatives towards the proposal. But there was never even a momentary prospect that Whitney would enter a coalition. If he ever seemed to hesitate it was because he desired to understand fully the position of his opponents. When this was disclosed he rejected the offer

with decision and emphasis, as he resolutely resisted subsequent attempts by a group of influential people outside the Legislature to bring the leaders of the two parties together in a union cabinet.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier sanctioned the advances to Mr. Whitney, but he cannot have believed that Mr. Ross would succeed. He was greatly concerned over the situation in Ontario, and very urgent when the Union proposal was rejected that Mr. Ross should resign office and enter the federal Cabinet as Liberal leader for Ontario. Laurier contended that if Ross were to persist in the attempt to govern with an inadequate majority he would destroy his own reputation, bequeath the party an accumulating heritage of scandal, and provoke a public feeling which would not discriminate between the Government at Toronto and the Government at Ottawa. He was anxious for Ross, anxious for himself, and anxious for the Liberal party, but the Provincial leader would not listen nor would he ever believe that he could be defeated in a general election. When a party has governed continuously for a third of a century it is not surprising if its leaders become convinced that they have an hereditary title to office. Even during the electoral campaign of 1905 Mr. Ross believed that he would hold the Province, and he infused his courage and confidence into many of his candidates. But the defeat was overwhelming; the ruin so complete that the wreckage still embarrasses and encumbers.

When Mr. Ross was in London for the coronation of King Edward VII. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain through a casual inquiry learned that he was the fourth successive Liberal Premier of Ontario, and that for more than thirty years the Conservative party had been excluded from office in the Province. Turning upon Mr. Ross with courtesy but with energy, the Imperial statesman insisted that the British system of government required regular alternation in office

between the political parties, and that only by such changes could the initiative and capacity of rival statesmen be fully employed in the public service. But Ross was not affected by the advice of Mr. Chamberlain, nor would he listen to the appeal of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, although he admitted that questionable expedients and corrupt expenditures were necessary at the moment to success even in constituencies which were historic strongholds of the Liberal party. If he had resigned in deference to wholesome public sentiment he would have protected his own reputation and dignity, and the restoration of the Liberal party in Ontario would have been a far less onerous undertaking for his successors. But he had an excess of courage, and he was so effective in debate and so persuasive and convincing on the platform that he could not forsake the field and refuse a battle in which he did not doubt that he would prevail.

There was nothing spontaneous in Mr. Ross's speeches, and yet there was a simple, easy, natural spontaneity in their deliverance. Although he prepared with infinite labour, his sentences were spoken as simply and impressively as though they were the coinage of the moment. When he read a speech, as he did sometimes, he was heavy and unimpressive. If he made the same speech without production of the manuscript he was happy, alert, stimulating and inspiring. Few public men speak without exact and laborious preparation. Blake, Cartwright, aid Mowat were as dependent upon manuscript as was Ross, but they never achieved his natural spontaneity. Sir John Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Mr. Alexander Mackenzie avoided verbal preparation, but they never spoke more naturally than did Ross when he was using the literal language of the manuscript. There was spirit in his sentences, occasional flashes of satirical or impudent humour, a sugges-

tion of complete candour, passages of orderly eloquence, not so perfect when dissected, but singularly impressive as delivered with appropriate inflexion and gesture. His voice was not musical, but there was a penetrating quality, a curious sharpness in attack and an intimate cadence in appeal and defence. Few men could handle a public meeting with such skill, or so restrain and conciliate hostile elements. He was so nonchalant, so reliant, so easily confident in his message and in himself that only the irreconcilable suspected and only the unwary interrupted. If his speeches were prepared his humour was spontaneous enough, and when he could not subdue with banter he would silence and humiliate with contemptuous ridicule or a sudden savage retort from which there was no recovery.

His speeches reveal an amazing power of absorption. They suggest greater knowledge than he possessed. He read many books and something of all remained in his memory. He could expound the science of banking better than the bankers. He could advise manufacturers and instruct farmers. He had an instinct for assimilation and exposition. He had language for the other man's knowledge and expression for his experience. He let off cargo as easily as he loaded. There is not much in his speeches that will survive, for the true flavour of literature is missing, as is almost inevitable in material for the platform. But for immediate effect Sir George Ross was the best speaker of his time in Canada or at least Sir George Foster alone among his contemporaries was as uniformly attractive and effective on the platform and in Parliament.

Sir George Ross was not fortunate in his term of office as Prime Minister of Ontario, nor was his reputation enhanced in the Senate, but these are incidents in a career which was distinguished for patriotic service and a living interest in movements of high social and national value. There

were tests he did not meet, but he was not narrow in sympathy or outlook. His reconstruction of the educational system of Ontario may have been faulty, but the defects were insignificant in a solid body of achievement. He was eager to stimulate native literature. He made valuable contributions to biography and history. A gallant spirit prevailed over severe physical affliction, and he held for thirty years without a single defeat the constituency by which he was first returned to Parliament.

For years after he became leader of the Conservative party Mr. Whitney was a lonely figure. He lived in a village between sessions of the Legislature. Even while the House was sitting he had few friends outside the Chamber. He was seldom seen at a club or at a private dinner. He would go often to the theatre, and he could enjoy a harrowing melodrama. He read the Sunday editions of the American newspapers, from the first page headlines to the comic supplements. But he also read many books, and few men had a wider or more exact knowledge of British political and constitutional history. In social intercourse he could be charming and companionable, generous in judgment, and tolerant of differences of opinion. When he first appeared in the Legislature his speeches were singularly moderate and judicial. But in the long struggle for office he developed irascibility. He became convinced that the balances were weighted against Conservative candidates, that the returns of the ballot boxes did not express the intention of the voters, that there was careless toleration of evil political practices by the comfortable classes, and that even the churches were acquiescent and cowardly. One suspects that he also resented the attitude of many Conservatives to whom his personality made no immediate appeal and who withheld the sympathy and support which was so freely accorded to Sir William Meredith and Sir John Macdonald. It

cannot be said that he had strong support in the Legislature, although the Opposition under successive Conservative leaders was not so contemptible as the country was led to believe. For years there was a general impression that the Conservative party in the Legislature could not form a Cabinet out of the material available and that there was no alternative but to prolong the tenure of Liberal administration. Conscious of this feeling, Mr. Whitney often displayed resentment and anger in his speeches. Indeed he was often heartily abusive but never grossly personal in attack. He was never so abusive as when he defended an associate or repelled aspersions upon his own motives. Unlike Sir George Ross, he spoke without preparation and was often carried into violence and extravagance of statement. But he was so transparent that the people understood and rejoiced in his tempestuous ebullitions. He travelled the Province over, without parade or pretension, often alone and unsupported, often weary but aggressive, resolute, independent and defiant.

From day to day while I was its editor *The Globe* reported his speeches as fully as they were reported by any Conservative newspaper, to the distress of Liberal ministers, who often protested that if the paper would treat him with salutary neglect he never would rise above his natural insignificance. But I was concerned only for *The Globe's* reputation as a newspaper and could not be convinced that the speeches of the Conservative leader should be ignored. There was no thought of conciliating Conservatives nor any desire to assist Mr. Whitney into office. The time came when defence of the methods employed in behalf of the Ross Government was impossible, but there would have been a suspicion of betrayal if, as editor of *The Globe*, I had attempted to exercise the freedom which I believed the circumstances demanded. Connected with the sensational incidents in

which Mr. Gamey was the central figure there is much that has not been disclosed. Neither upon the one side nor upon the other was there a complete revelation, and if the judgment of the Royal Commission was according to the evidence the investigation was incomplete and inconclusive. There could not be a more tangled story, and it was just that Mr. Gamey and the Ross Government should have suffered.

As Prime Minister, Sir James Whitney required and enforced simple integrity in administration and in legislation. He came into office unfettered by pledges to any group or interest. In appointments to office he did not forget the faithful workers of the party, but he protected and trusted the permanent Civil Service. He provided liberally for the University of Toronto. The appropriations for primary and secondary education were substantially increased. He was not too generous towards agriculture nor was he very sympathetic towards revolutionary panaceas for the regeneration of mankind. He suspected the idealists and hated evangelical profession and pretension. He thought he was a Tory, which he was not: he was stern in word and compassionate in action. He guarded his own integrity with such anxious vigilance that his colleagues were sometimes subjected to inconvenient restraint. For he fully trusted only himself, not so much in doubt of associates, as in the resolute determination to know every detail of administration and the reason for every departmental decision. Although he distrusted "public ownership" he sanctioned a great project, of municipal co-operation which has been of incalculable advantage to Ontario. He was not a prohibitionist, but he required stringent enforcement of the license regulations and agreed that if a public sentiment should develop strong enough to assure general respect for a prohibitory enactment the Legislature must give effect to the will of the

people. He was a British subject of intense conviction and devotion. He would flame into anger over any suggestion of withdrawal from the Imperial connection. He was deeply anxious that Canada should grow closer to the Mother Country and bear its legitimate proportion of the burden of Imperial defence. He said to me just after the general election of 1908, in which the majority for the Government was overwhelming, "Ontario does not think I am a great man. It does think I am honest. And honest I must be". But that was not a hard task for Sir James Whitney. He was invincibly and belligerently honest, and his character and example, whether or not he was a great man, are among the best possessions of the Province.

There died the other day a colleague of Sir James Whitney of remarkable quality. Honourable W. J. Hanna was less than sixty years old, and five years ago he would have been said to have a great reserve of strength and energy. But the strength was exhausted too soon by the energy which could not be restrained. He was not perhaps an orderly worker, but at times he had almost a demoniac power of concentration. At his best he stood to the level of great men, but he revealed himself reluctantly, and much that the gods offered he cast aside. He could have been counsel for the Grand Trunk Railway, but he chose instead the fretful irritations and the meagre emoluments of public office. He could have been Chairman of the Federal Railway Commission, but Sir James Whitney would not agree, and Mr. Hanna in simple loyalty to a political comrade accepted the decision. When he took the office of Food Controller he expected that criticism and unpopularity would be his portion. He did not attempt to conciliate critics by promises of immediate reduction in domestic prices. Believing that the chief objects were to increase production and provide food for the allied countries and the

allied armies he was unmoved by all the clamour for arbitrary regulation of producers. He was primarily concerned to increase production not to reduce prices, and although his office exercised a greater control over prices than was generally believed it was by open co-operation and quiet pressure rather than by vexatious and repressive regulations that effective results were secured. The statement he issued when he resigned office was a conclusive vindication of the system of control which he devised and a message of high significance for the future.

There was a quality in Mr. Hanna which few men possess. He could labour and sacrifice and conceal what his hand was doing with infinite reserve. He was restless when he was praised but grateful when he was understood. For the causes to which he was devoted he had enthusiasm that could not be controlled. These causes were chiefly connected with the erring and the unfortunate, the maimed and the broken in the battle of life. No man ever saw more good in those upon whom the strict moralists laid their censure, or ever was more eager to restore the penitent who would not look towards the uplands. He believed in the essential divinity of man and in compassion saw the law of justice. On the prison farms which he established he was happy as he was nowhere else, and these are his praise and his monument.

As he sought to restore those who had come under social and legal condemnation, so he was anxious for the estate of women and the dignity and independence of labour. Of idleness and inefficiency he was intolerant. Perhaps he hardly distinguished laziness from actual criminality. But he could not be reconciled to social conditions under which work was denied to those who were willing to do it, which condemned men and women to live in unwholesome surroundings, and which laid upon the backs of honest and thrifty people burdens

greater than they could carry. It may be that he had no great reputation beyond Ontario. More than once he stood upon the threshold of national politics. If he had greatly desired he could have sat in the Federal Cabinet. But it was ordered otherwise, and he was content. He disliked the meaner side of party warfare, the littleness and ugliness of personal controversy, the demagogic ranting which disgusts honest men with public service. But he could have been a great Minister of National Welfare, if by abuse and misuse that term has not become misleading and unattractive. He was peculiarly, perhaps, the servant of Ontario, but his achievements, little as he did to attract attention to himself, have national significance and should have national recognition.

As I reach the end of this story I think of men for whose friendship I am grateful, of incidents insignificant in themselves which linger in the memory, of things said that one cannot forget, of things written that one would not recall. Alexander Russell, the famous editor of *The Edinburgh Scotsman*, declared that the life of a journalist is a warfare upon earth. But the conflict is absorbing at 1. if one advocates many causes which deserve to succeed and do not, one also fights many battles which he deserves to lose and does not. The journalist must develop philosophy. He must harden his hide and soften his heart. If he lets the sun go down upon his wrath he will have much sorrow and will make much sport for his contemporaries. He must learn that "wisdom lingers" and that prophecy is the pastime of fools.

For thirty years I looked every day through scores of exchanges. Nothing in the day's work was more interesting, more instructive or more effective in reducing conceit and restraining arrogance. I was often told that I wasted time upon the exchanges. I do not think so. They

expressed Canada, town, village and country, and often in an unpretentious weekly publication one found a word of inspiration or a revelation of feeling of national significance. Often, too, there was humour in the exchanges, conscious or unconscious, as interpreted in different surroundings or from a different outlook. I recall an account in a Brampton paper of a wedding which ended with the impressive sentence, "The happy couple took the Chicago flyer for Guelph". Once a Fort William paper stated that a Pole had been shot in the foreign quarter. A Durham exchange reported the farewell sermon of a Methodist minister from the text, "Sleep on now and take your rest". Another journal published in Grey County had this item, "Mr. John Albrecht, Mr. George Schenck's hired man, had the misfortune of cutting off one of his big toes on Thursday. We think it was an axe that did the terrible work. Dr. McLean was called and dressed the wound". A Nova Scotia exchange gave the prayer of a little girl, apparently belonging to a Liberal family, who said, "Now, O God, take care of yourself, for if we lose you we shall only have Laurier left to take care of us and he is not doing as well as papa expected he would do". The *Kincardine Review* mentioned a colonel who could not join the Stratheona Horse because he was an ass. The *Catholic Register* of London, expressing regret for the death of a bank director, through the eccentricity of a typesetting machine was made to say that he had been "added to the rest account." A Winnipeg paper intended to say "women clothed with sanctity", but actually said, "women clothed with scantity". There was the Montreal story of a dispute between a French Roman Catholic and a Scottish Presbyterian. Finally the exasperated Scotsman said, "To hell with the Pope." The Frenchman retorted, "You say, to hell wis zee Pope, den I say, to hell wis Harry Lauder".

One acquired, too, a beautiful collection of anonymous letters. It is, perhaps, not easy to be reconciled to such letters, for only an irredeemable coward, unfit for the decent earth which he encumbers through the mercy of an indulgent God, sends even to an editor unsigned letters which are meant to wound and fester. But one does become reconciled to the ways of such creatures and as the years pass there is genuine delight in rereading their curious messages. I find an old envelope addressed to "J. S. Willison, proprietor of Cox and Jaffray's morals and daylight editor of *The Globe*". A letter which preserves the balance reads, "The daily sight of the knightly editor defending Rogers is enough to make angels weep". Another letter reads, "You can beat Ananias; better not yell political purity so long as you have stinking fish in your own basket". Of like implication was a letter I received four or five years ago, just a few minutes before I had to address the Canadian Club of Vancouver, "You are the biggest liar in Canada. It is a wonder you were not shot long ago." At least there is comfort in the reflection that one is not an amateur. Another of which I have lost the connection but which is signed "A Conservative," reads, "It must be something of a wrench to have to do this sort of thing, so long as one retains any pretensions to decency in public affairs. Surely the Prussian taskmaster could not be harder than this indicates. I take it that there was no escape, or you would have ignored the rascal in politics, even if you could not call your soul your own sufficiently to deal with him as the general interest dictates. And, believe me, the policy of our party so dictates, whatever may be your instructions from your immediate masters." But I could multiply such letters into a volume and possibly other editors with greater virtue than I possess have not been ne-

glected by these curious guardians of the public morals.

How many vagrant stories, gathered in a third of a century, lie at the back of one's memory. Many years ago Mr. David Glass was prominent in political contests in London and Middlesex. Once he was speaking in London South and was interrupted by a man in the audience of very diminutive stature, with the remark, "Cut it short, Dave, cut it short". Glass retorted, "The Lord in His wisdom saw fit to cut you short". I recall that when I was in the Press Gallery of the House of Commons a Liberal member who was reading his speech was called to order. Interrogated by the Speaker, the member confessed that he had "copious notes". He was, however, allowed to proceed. Not long afterwards a Conservative member was reading his speech, and Dr. Landarkin stood up, and, addressing the Speaker, said, "I rise to a point of order". "You mean," interrupted the Speaker, "that the honourable gentleman is reading his speech?" "No," said Dr. Landarkin, "my objection is that he is reading it so badly". During the campaign of 1887 Honourable Edward Blake, speaking at Barrie, pictured Riel as insane and the Western halfbreeds as driven into revolt by a feeble and corrupt Government. When he had fully developed his argument he sternly questioned, "Should this man have been hanged?" Some one at the back of the hall shouted, "Yes, what else would you do with the scoundrel?" Mr. Blake retorted, "I hope the Judge will take a more merciful view when you appear for sentence". In 1876 Sir Richard Cartwright was addressing a meeting in South Ontario. A well-known political worker interrupted while he was denouncing Tory corruption with the question, "What changes have you made in the law to ensure purer elections?" Sir Richard answered savagely, "One change will make it more difficult for you to sell your

vote next election". The blow was mortal, for it was believed that the interrupter had "keen commercial instincts".

Sir George Ross never was more happy than at a meeting in Toronto when he applied the old Jacobite epitaph for George Frederick, Prince of Wales, to Mr. George Frederick Marter, for a very short time leader of the Conservative party in the Legislature:—

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead;
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation.
Still better for the nation.
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

Once in the House of Commons, when Honourable William Paterson was speaking, a Conservative member, who had measured his liquor carelessly, muttered between sentences, "Rot", "Rot", "Rot". Mr. Paterson paused, removed his glasses, beamed upon the offender with placid benignity and whispered as much in appeal as in reproach. "If the honourable gentleman thinks it is rot, why does he take so much of it".

Looking backward a few figures appear in the shadow with whom I walked side by side or followed at a distance. In my first years as editor of *The Globe* no one gave me wiser counsel than Principal Grant of Queen's University. He could be a politician if occasion required and he often needed to exercise political genius in behalf of the University. But he had none of the docility of the partisan nor ever cringed to the majority. As a young man in Nova Scotia he stood boldly with the minority for Confederation. He never hesitated to defend Quebec and its

institutions if they were unfairly attacked. He was as ready to resist any extreme demand by the French Province or to oppose any public man of Quebec who sought through appeal to Race or Church to elevate himself or aggrandize a faction. He could resist the glamour of Sir John Macdonald. He was equal to negotiation with Sir Oliver Mowat. An advocate of the Gothenberg system of control over the liquor traffic, he bore with serenity the denunciations of prohibitionists from pew and pulpit. Perhaps only Colonel George T. Denison among Canadians was so influential in opposing every movement towards separation from Great Britain, in strengthening Imperial sentiment, in fashioning the structure of Empire. For they were the teachers of British statesmen, and the evangelists of a gospel which even the British people were slow to understand. Derided and misrepresented, they persisted, and Dr. Grant lived as Colonel Denison has lived, to see an abundant harvest from the seed which they scattered in lonely furrows thirty or forty years ago. They said that Dr. Grant was a "trimmer", but that sentence falls upon all men who will not be the servants of party unless the service goes with conviction. I think of no career in Canada which was more distinguished for simple and resolute patriotism. It is true that he was often dexterous in pursuit of his object, but the object was worthy and the diplomacy objectionable only to those who were overcome and who used more clumsily and ineffectively the instruments by which he achieved. If he had been governed by personal ambition only he would have turned his back upon Queen's University, entered the federal Cabinet and stood foremost among the statesmen of the Empire.

Another man of remarkable personality, of whom I saw little but knew much, and whose confidence it was my privilege to enjoy, was Sir William Van Horne. Few men have

had a greater thing to do or in the doing displayed more signal resource and courage. He had to build a railway across an uninhabited country, through wastes of rock and over high mountain ranges, with the people greatly divided as to the wisdom and practicability of the undertaking. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company had to go to the public treasury again and again for relief. In 1885 the stock sold as low as 35¾. Its position was assailed in the London money market. It was the object of inveterate political hostility. Within the company itself there was friction, angry criticism, and suspicion of mismanagement. Against all this Van Horne had to contend, and he showed superb self-control and inflexible purpose. He kept the confidence of the Board and had the devoted loyalty of subordinates. His own activities were various and numerous almost beyond computation. He had to deal with ministers, often timid, and for years profoundly apprehensive concerning the ultimate issue of the undertaking. If Sir Charles Tupper never flinched it is not certain that so much could be said for Sir John Macdonald. He had to concern himself with problems of immigration, to consider the more desirable fields for settlement, to conciliate angry municipalities, to establish terminals, to organize a system of elevators, to acquire steamships for the lakes and the Pacific, to superintend crop reports, to devise attractive advertising, and to maintain, subject to the authority of the directors, the credit of the company against political attack at home and sullen money markets abroad.

In all these things he concerned himself. In all he advised, in much he was absolute. Perhaps his courage was most signally displayed in 1891 when, feeling that the company would be fatally damaged by free trade with the United States, which was the central feature of Liberal policy, he organized its forces

against the Liberal party and perhaps was chiefly instrumental in the decisive victory which Sir John Macdonald obtained in his last contest. He said afterward to the late Carrol Ryan, who was writing a sketch of his career: "I am no politician. I have no time to give to politics, even were I inclined that way, which I am not. I am only a plain business man. All my time is given to the Canadian Pacific. I never interfered in politics in my life but once, and I hope I will never have to do so again. I care nothing about parties, and the company is under no obligation to either Government or Opposition." This was sincere, and it is curious that he never reappeared in a political contest until 1911, when again a measure of free trade between Canada and the United States was the issue.

Van Horne was a gracious host who talked much but was never dull or commonplace. Decisive in judgment and confident in opinion, his sentences were so picturesque and so penetrating that even his rasher statements were seldom challenged. His career was of the very genius of this continent, and yet there was a sense in which he belonged to the Old World. There is no evidence that he read many books, but art was his playmate. He had no diplomacy. He was unhappy on a public platform. Before Parliamentary Committees he was peculiarly ineffective. Face to face, in single combat, he was invincible. In one man there were many men compounded. Fortunately he outlived all strife and contention and saw the railway which he was so instrumental in building develop into a system of transportation beyond even his original conception.

There is a last word to be said about one other man whose friendship I greatly cherished. One thinks of Mr. T. C. Patteson, for many years postmaster of Toronto, as the last survival of Toryism in Canada. He was, however, not so much a Tory as he

thought he was for he had a tolerant conception of creeds and systems which he could not accept. But he disliked the telephone, he would not dictate a letter. Against all sumptuary enactments he revolted. He would choose his own company and live in his own fashion. He was a Squire at Eastwood, a genial autocrat at the Albany Club. Strong in his dislikes he was incapable of deceit or treachery. He played cricket as became a student of Eton and Oxford. The race track had for him just such fascination as it had for Charles Greville. If he had kept a diary or written memoirs, which unfortunately he did not, they would have shown as wide knowledge of public affairs, as keen and as shrewd judgment of men, and at least as sound, prophetic reading of events. He had a passionate love for horses. His whole being responded to the excitement of a great race. Far distant as he was, his heart was across the sea on successive Derby days, and he seemed to see the very horses sweeping around the course. He was a familiar figure on race tracks all over America, and it is doubtful if any other man on the continent knew so much of racing and breeding or spoke with equal authority. He was fond, too, of riding and rode out daily almost down to the day of his death. So he loved gardening, and the hours which many give to the club, to golf, or to some other outdoor recreation, he gave to his garden, and in this intimate touch with nature his life was mellowed and enriched.

He had an intimate relation with successive Governors-General, and many friends in England with whom he maintained a regular correspondence. As editor of *The Mail* during the "Pacific scandal" and the formulation of the National Policy, he had material at command which would have illuminated vital incidents in Canadian history. It is no secret that he believed history was perverted in the common understanding of the events of that period

but he left nothing behind. Indeed he wrote only for the moment and never at length or with material collected by laborious investigation. Under Mr. Patteson's control *The Mail's* editorial page had distinction and dignity. He wrote freely and clearly, but in his style there was no pomposity. It was the English of the essayists, simple, straightforward and unaffected. He was sometimes merciless in political attack, but there was often a touch of generosity which restored the balance of sanity. The page, too, was far-reaching in its survey and catholic in its sympathies. Books, music, sport and Old World affairs received careful and

regular treatment, much after the method of the chief British journals. We have had no better editorial writing in Canada, and Mr. Patteson had the genius to preserve the unity of the page, no matter by how many hands the work was done. He wrote while he lived, for he never grew old but died at seventy-one, as buoyant of spirit as most men of forty or fifty. I have a letter written a few hours before he died. He was jaunty and confident. In the few sentences there is a chuckle at those who thought he was dying. But he was never to see his garden again nor ride again along the valley of the Humber.

(THE END)

THE EVIL OMEN

By CLARE GRIFFIN

THE moonlight waked me last night,
But I turned away from it and closed my eyes.

The moon that I saw between the half-closed shutters
Was no round, friendly face, bringing back baby-days,
Evenings when I saw it rise golden brown above the pines and
wondered at it,
Nights when it silvered the frost pictures on the window-pane and
made me unhappy because it was so beautiful;
It was no thin crescent, no worn-out sickle moon of dusk or evening.
(These, too, with their memories, glad enough or sad enough, but
never terrible).
It was the leering, lop-sided, hunch-backed creature that saw you go
away from me forever,
The horrible gibbous moon.

That night you went away I went as far as the gate with you,
You kissed me and hurried away, and I listened to your footsteps and
tried to be very brave;
Then I noticed the moon, low, just above the hawthorn sprays,
The same gibbous moon that leered at me last night.
I knew, then, that you would never come back!

THE FATAL VASE

A SOCIETY MELODRAMA

BY MAIN JOHNSON



MARILYNN FISHER was delight. Her golden hair played like sunshine; moon beams danced like her eyes. Her face was aglow with the vivacity of a budding rose. Her form had all the swaying grace of a slender tree. She was pagan charm.

Everyone loved her and everyone wanted her. College youths dreamed of her much more than they thought of any goddess; older men showered her with gifts and attentions. And, from them all, it was Philip Boyer who won her. Less dashing than many of her other suitors, less spectacular and less wealthy, his fineness of soul, his temperament of a poet, had drawn Marilynn to him in spite of the other influences which lured her in different directions.

It was on New Year's Day that the engagement of Marilynn and Philip was announced, during a house party in Oakville. As the guests went back to Toronto on the following morning, they talked of nothing else. The chase for Marilynn had come to such a sudden end! They seemed surprised that a frivolous butterfly, loving the laughter of youth and the praise and the presence of men, should let herself be captured so early.

During January and February, Marilynn was as devoted to Philip as he was to her. Either they went out together to the theatre and to dances, or, an unusual event for Marilynn, she spent the evening quietly with Philip at her father's house in Upper Avenue Road. She would play for him sympathetically, suiting his own quiet

taste with Beethoven and Schubert and her own more exotic inclinations with Debussy and Stravinsky. At twelve o'clock, they would have a little supper tête-à-tête, and by one o'clock he would be on his way home to his apartments in St. George Street.

Philip in these days was living in a rose-touched world. The snows could bank up on the streets, the winds could howl down on the city from the north or from the frozen bay to the south, but all that winter was a crocus and a lilac time for the poetic Philip. And Marilynn, too, was happy—to see another so joyful and content.

All was well with Marilynn while the cold weather lasted, for to her, winter was winter, vigorous and steady. Her love was not powerful enough to change the seasons, as Philip's had done for him. When the real spring came, however, and the intoxicating wine of sunlight began to filter, not through gaunt branches any longer, but through the greenest and softest of leaf tips, and the robins brought with their warblings the soft sensuousness of the south, Marilynn Fisher, at first the conventional fiancée, felt herself slipping again into the pagan atmosphere of the joy of life. The wedding was to take place in late June, but, by the middle of May, she had lost all interest in her wedding dress and the other traditional trappings of matrimony, and, instead, was feverishly buying the softest of summer-dance fabrics.

At first, Philip noticed no change in Marilynn, except a gradual restlessness which finally put a stop en-

tirely to the quiet evenings spent alone together, and substituted a whirl of dances and dinners, in which he found it difficult to keep up. Their friends kept referring constantly to the approaching wedding, but Philip himself could never get Marilyn to talk about it.

"I hate the muss and fuss of weddings," explained Marilyn, laughing. "Don't let us speak of it. It worries me."

It was not the fuss of it that Philip wanted to talk about, but the girl was always away to another subject.

On the last day of May came the Gordons' dance. For two nights previously, Philip had not seen Marilyn. This was to be a big and gay affair, and she had to have time to arrange everything with her friend Dorothy Eversley and to complete the last detail of their frocks together.

These conferences were successful. Marilyn, at the dance, was dazzling in the triple radiance of health and beauty and fashion. Philip's eyes never left her; he did not notice therefore that he was only one of many who devoured her with their adoration. The first two dances she had with him, but she was either speechless entirely or, in the next instant, almost hysterically talkative. Certainly she did not listen to one word that Philip had to say, but he was happy enough just to see her and to have her.

After the second dance, Marilyn went off with young Ramsay, and then with other men in the succeeding numbers. Philip danced with other girls, too, but he was soon bored, and went into the garden for a stroll. On his return, he came by a different route from that which he had taken when he went out. This time he came back through the library, a large hall at a distance from the ball-room. The buzz of voices and the sound of music seemed far away in the vast house. The library was empty, and was only partly lit with a dim illumination. As he was walking through the room on rugs so thick and so deep that he could not hear his own footsteps, he

noticed, standing on the floor in the alcove of the library, a glorious vase, fully seven feet high. Behind it, and between it and the window, towered lofty and luxurious palms. A soft blue light, such as Gordon Craig might have devised, hovered above.

Philip stood enraptured at the sight of the vase. He knew that his host was very wealthy, and that the house had been furnished by the best of decorators, but he could scarcely believe his eyes at the beauty of the vase. All his artistic nature was instantly aroused. With the keenest delight he saw the subtle colourings of the jar, its Brangwyn blues, its Gauguin reds, merged in the artistic satisfaction of chaotic harmony. After the first shock of pleasure, he felt a desire to examine the detail of the design. He stood close to the vase, running his hand over the rounded form. It was at least two feet wide. He began to circle slowly and softly to see the other side. At his first step around the huge jar, he stopped. Under the shadow of the vase and of the palms, in the soft blue light, was a white stone seat. Sitting on it, with his back towards Philip, was a young man—and a sunlit-haired girl in a pale green dress. She was in the man's arms, and their lips were joined in a voluptuous kiss.

Philip stepped back as silently as he had come. Dressed as he was, without either hat or coat, in his evening clothes, he walked slowly across the library, out into the garden, through the gates, into the street. It was after midnight. Up Avenue Road he walked, through the grounds of Upper Canada College, to the open country beyond. Hour after hour he walked. First one of his dancing pumps came off as he crossed the rough furrows of a field; then the other had gone, too. Just at dawn he found himself climbing the stairway to his own apartments.

The mantel-piece in his den seemed to catch his attention. There was a picture of Marilyn and two fancy vases. The portrait he laid quietly

away in a drawer of his writing-table, and locked it; but, as he looked at the vases, he began to tremble violently, and a wave of regret or bitterness or anger (he didn't stop to analyze his feelings) swept over him. The vases he seized, one in each hand, and smashed them to pieces against the bricks of the fireplace. Then he lay down on his couch. Towards Marilyn herself he didn't seem to have the least resentment. The very thought of a vase, however, burned a hole in his brain; it haunted him as the symbol of his devastating catastrophe. For two days Philip did not leave the house.

When he did go back to the office of his magazine, outwardly he seemed quite normal. His looks were not altered, nor was his demeanour changed. Once or twice, at a distance, he saw Marilyn on the street, but although he avoided her, his feelings were never anything but kindness and sadness. Gradually he realized that he wasn't seeing her any more, and heard rumours that she had gone to New York to join the stage.

Although Philip remained normal enough in his business life, he began to drop out of society. He even resigned from his club. For ten days after the Gordons' ball, he had not gone to the club, but his absence at that time was not intentional. One day he went in for luncheon. In the reading-room, on a table he had not noticed before, stood an imposing Oriental jar. On the threshold of the room Philip stopped, gasped, and went out. That afternoon he forwarded his resignation.

One by one he refused invitations from his friends. He came to have a horror of private houses. He had never thought of it before, but they all had vases of some kind or other. The sight of a jar, he felt, would crack his brain. "That way madness lies", was a verse he couldn't drive from his mind. Dreams began to disturb him; they were always murky with the sinisterism of a vase.

Once, when in Montreal, he was

with a friend in the lounge of the Ritz. As they turned to sit down, he noticed in front of him, as high as himself, a decorative urn. He startled his companion by shuddering, excusing himself, and rushing off without a word. He made towards the mountain with violent haste, but do what he would, his footsteps kept leading him back towards Sherbrooke Street and the hotel. He felt himself on fire with a craze to smash that vase! It was only by getting into a taxi and telling the driver to keep away from Sherbrooke Street and to drive "like the devil" to the Windsor Station, that he avoided the district. He paced the floor of the waiting-room until the train for Toronto was ready.

In December he was in New York. His associates in Toronto were not sorry to see him go away for a week, because more and more, Philip was growing moody. He was withdrawing within himself. Social life he had abandoned entirely. He worked hard at his writing, but it was the cheerless, joyless work of the recluse.

New York offered no more attractions to him than Toronto, but, one evening, an editor friend of his, suggested that they should go to a theatre.

"No," shuddered through Philip's brain defensively. "I might see a vase."

"I don't believe I feel like it to-night," was all he said to his friend, Jack.

"You're a true-to-life picture of Melancholy," chided Jack. "What do you want to do? Read the *Post* and go to sleep?"

Meanwhile something had been stirring in Philip's mind, something he rather thought was salutary.

"Some plays would be safe enough," he thought, with uncanny clarity of detail. "I wouldn't go to a drama, of course. There are always house scenes in them. But a musical revue. That's harmless. Too spectacular for domestic things there."

"How about the Winter Garden?" was what he asked Jack.

The latter was a reckless sybarite. He could have had complimentary seats, as an editor, if he had asked for them, but they wouldn't have been in the front row, and that was where Jack wanted to go. Philip meanwhile had lost interest entirely, and went to the theatre listlessly.

Within a few minutes, however, he had brightened up, and was feeling more light-hearted than for many months. There were hordes of beautiful girls who marched and sang and danced, but it wasn't to them that he was paying attention. The "funny men", however, he did enjoy. Under the obliterating influence of their nonsense, he felt that they could lift the load from Atlas's shoulders, even if it were only for a few minutes. Philip settled back in his seat, amused and content.

It was still early in the revue. Some of the principals had not yet appeared. After one of the comedians' songs, the stage melted into darkness, there was a confused, professional sound of shifting scenery, and then dawn began slowly to break. The vague outlines of a Greek temple appeared. Maidens, draped in flowing Grecian robes with ropes of flowers about their necks, were dimly dancing. The music of the orchestra resembled Pindaric hymns and Theocritean songs. It was to be one of the "artistic sets" of the Winter Garden. The audience, after the resounding applause that had followed the comedian, were resting peacefully.

Suddenly Philip was standing on his feet.

"Sit down," muttered Jack in disgust. "What are you going out for?"

A murmur of disapprobation also arose from the row behind.

"Sit down," someone snarled.

Jack, in his seat, couldn't see Philip's face, but a woman a few seats away did, and, with a groan, she pulled her hands over her eyes.

Jack saw Philip's back begin to sway, but before he could do anything, Philip's hand had gone into his hip pocket, a short, thick, black piece of steel was in his grasp—a flash, a report—and, on the stage, to the left, one of the decorations of the Grecian temple, a lofty vase, crashed down in ruins with a terrible clatter of broken pottery. Nor was it just china that was broken. Amidst the débris, drooping, unconscious and dying, lay a girl. Hidden within the vase, she was to have emerged, singing as she came. And now there she lay, dead among the wreckage.

The house and stage were in an uproar. Chorus girls, running wildly from side to side, shrieked in fear; women wailed, panic-stricken. Before the curtain came down, Philip was being led away. A policeman held him by the arm. As he passed along the seats, Philip's face was flushed. In his eyes was a horrible glare of triumph. He looked back and saw them lifting up the dead girl.

"Who was fool enough to put a girl in that accursed vase?" he mumbled. "Poor little thing. I'm sorry for her, but" (and that awful grin spread over his face again) "I smashed it!"

Anyone could see that he was insane.

And then, all at once, the triumph and the madness both died from his face, and the look of a lost soul blackened it. He fell unconscious in the aisle.

At the last moment he had caught a glimpse of the dead girl's face. Just for a second, but—it was the face of Marilynn.





LOW TIDE.
From a Painting by Franklin Brownell in the National Gallery of Canada.

THE GATHERING IN OF ABNER WIMBERLY

BY GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE



TRY to do my duty by each and every, in the station to which the Lord has called me. Hit do look plumb cur'us that Proverdunee should have sawn fit to afflict me with an onregenerate pardner."

"Oh, I dunno—I dunno," snapped Uncle Abner. He was small, alert, bright-eyed, like a gray-haired old sparrow. "Reckon hit's the same dummed fool 'rangement that 'flicts me with sech a durned regenerate one."

Aunt Volumnia started and groaned at each mild expletive as though the word had been a sharp instrument prodded into her ample person. "Thar," she said, the ready tears beginning to flow comfortably. "You can cuss me all you want to, Abner; I'm used to hit, but for any sakes don't let the Elder hear you. My sorrers is enough, without public disgrace."

The little old man was an emotional creature, irascible, swift to forgive, with a veritable volcano of feeling ready to spill over upon every trifling matter. He looked at his wife's large, placid, vacant countenance; he was aware that in her own fashion she relished these scenes, and the knowledge wrought him to frenzy.

"What in thunder" (there is nothing particularly sacred about thunder, one would say, yet Volumnia Wimberly shivered and moaned as her husband took its name in vain), "what

in thunder," he said, as Volumnia rose and covered her face with her apron, "would you do ef my bein' sech a devil of a sinner wasn't the talk of the two Turkey Tracks? Hit's your callin' in life, to be the sufferin' wife of the wickedest man the Lord ever forgot to strike with lightnin'. I don't need to misbehave myself before the preacher—you'll run an' tell him fast enough, without." And the old man's thin red face grew redder with rage.

"Oh, my soul!" sobbed Aunt Volumnia, quite enjoying herself, "I wusht I had a leadin'. I long for to know how best to bring this hyer sinful man to a knowledge of his sins."

She addressed the cosmos generally. The small section of its conscious intelligence there present, in the person of her erring spouse, merely snorted. "Hit's about time for the quarterly," he commented with biting sarcasm. "I looked for you to chune up a-yesterday. You an' your crowd air settin' out fer the fo'teenth quarterly to gyether Abner Wimberly in. Well, you'll not do it. From the samples o' perfessors I've got in my fambly, I'd rather take my chances outside. I bet a chaw o' terbacker the Old Boy has got a mighty hot skillet ready for the hypocrites an' I ain't a gwine to jine their crowd. I'll cuss when I git aready, an' I'll pay my debts, whether I'm ready or not. Ef the Lord don't like my kind of religion, He kin jest

Volumnia rose with a whoop, so that her husband did not get to suggest that the Deity should "lump" his religious views. When she was afoot, one saw the contrast between them even more clearly. If he looked a sparrow, with his quick movements and his bright, black eyes, she seemed a calico-clad tortoise, as she waddled slowly across the room, moaning that she had merely wished to ask him to attend the first meeting.

She was a dull woman, whose sluggish emotions needed arousing; she liked to have these stirred up, just as a fat, torpid cat loves to have its back rubbed. When she married Abner Wimberly, more than twenty-five years before, he was not a "professor", as the mountain phrase goes. But it was supposed that Volumnia Stott's excellent example would soon gather her young husband into the fold. However, infant Wimberlys began coming thick and fast, and Volumnia relaxed her grasp upon the church; she had found something else to apply the needed spur to her energies. Thus matters rocked along for many years. Her husband was a kind man, if somewhat quick tempered, a good provider, an excellent farmer, a fond and devoted father. Occasionally some travelling exhorter would look upon the well-kept Wimberly place, behold how goodly it was, and regret that its proprietor was not among the chosen; he would make a dead set to gather Abner in; Volumnia would ponderously second him; but it was not till they had both come to late middle age, and their children were married off, that, with the falling away of other employments and interests, she definitely undertook the rôle of persecuted wife.

It might have been easier had the attempt been earlier made. It has been said that the little man was a fond father; there were tall sons and married daughters who looked to him for counsel and who thought his word almost as good as that of Elder Justice. That he should be brought low

before his own children at every quarterly, held up to them, officially, as the most abandoned of sinners, was intolerable. But in the mountains, to be a profane swearer is the limit of human vileness. Swearing is the one sin which there retains the generic term of "wicked." You are told that a man is "mighty wicked". You need not ask if he is honest, a good husband, a kind father; the word thus used touches none of these human relations. He may be all that a moralist could ask, and yet merit this reproach—if he be a man who uses profane expletives.

Now, under the smothering aggravation of Aunt Volumnia's martyrdom, Uncle Abner had developed a free, fiery and forcible vocabulary. It was his one outlet, and in this straight-laced little community it was speedily making him a social outlaw, earning for him the name of "The wickedest man in the two Turkey Tracks".

"I reckon you want to pen me in the amen corner, an' let Polk Dillard sass me to my face, like he done the last time I put my foot in Little Shiloh meetin' house," the old man called after his wife's retreating form.

"Brother Dillard would 'a' let up on yo' sins ef you had but come down to the mou'ners' bench," she sighed, turning upon him.

"I hain't gwine to do it!" volleyed her husband, with the air of a man who fears that he will be driven into a despised and hated course. "I'm too old to begin turnin' hand-springs over a mourners' bench an' crawlin' about on the floor yellin' to the Lord that I'm a mis'able sinner. I reckon He's got the tally; ef I ain't in His good books He knows it. Most o' them dratted cattle that pesters 'round mourners' benches calls themselves names jest to try to squeeze a compliment out of the Lord."

Turning, Volumnia clutched the mantelpiece and glared with staring eyes past her irate husband. "You hyer him, Brother Dillard," she whispered finally, to the rotund form that



"Hits your callin' in life to be the sufferin' wife of the wickedest man the Lord ever forgot to strike with lightnin'!"

had that moment appeared in the doorway. "I was jest anannin' to him that I wanted him to go down to quarterly with me—and this is the answer I git! Pray for him, Brother Dillard—an' don't fergit to pray for pore me." She buried her face in her checked apron and sobbed.

The little man spun around upon his ministerial visitor, who had been ex-

pected to arrive later in the day, and who would make his home with the Wimberlys during the quarterly. Rage and the inextinguishable hospitality of the mountaineer warred in Uncle Abner's sanguine face.

"Don't you pray for me, Polk Dillard," he growled finally. "I kin do my own prayin' same as I do my own cussin'. Ef you pray for me here in



this house, you'll neither eat nor sleep in it."

The Rev. Mr. Dillard shook his head in mild, sad reproach. "Hit's like the evil sperits of old," he said, "that entered out of the man and passed into the swine."

"Ef they was anybody hyer with sense," Uncle Abner snorted, "I'd leave it to them who it is in this room that looks like a hog." Which, as the Rev. Mr. Dillard and Volumnia were both extremely plump, while Abner was a thin, dry, spare creature, was, to say the least, personal.

The remarks concerning his tenure as a visitor in the house seemed to have called out all of Polk Dillard's Christian forbearance. He smiled even a mournful smile as his host bounced from the room and mounted his wagon to drive away.

What priestly consolation he found to administer to the afflicted Sister Wimberly is not to be here set forth, but it must have been excellent, for Polk Dillard was famous throughout his district as a consoler of those in affliction — particularly when the troubled ones were well endowed with the goods and comforts of this world.

Half-way down the rough mountain road Abner Wimberly's wagon met another. Its driver, Pap Overholt, his rosy face drawn into a thousand puckers and creases of genial kindness beneath his crown of thick, white hair — like a winter apple that the frost has touched — greeted the angry small man kindly.

"An' whar you aputtin' out fer, in such powerful haste?" he inquired, after the usual "howdy" had passed between them.

"Nowhars in particular," returned Wimberly, pulling up his team with a slightly shamefaced look. He was a good horseman and the panting sides of his mules rebuked him.

"A merciful man is merciful to his beasts," quoted Pap John, smiling. "Ef you hain't agoin' nowhars, in particular, don't be in sech a all-fired hurry to git thar."



Rev. Polk Dillard and Aunt Volumnia

"Thar now!" commented Wimberly gloomily. "You said 'all-fired'—and they hain't no preacher out after *your* scalp, is they?"

Pap John looked mystified; then he laughed. The Wimberly troubles were too notorious to be ignored. John Overholt was a famous mender of breaches. Now he edged his team closer to that of his neighbour. "See hyer, Abner," he began; "I reckon I sense jest what you air advin' at. I seen Polk Dillard go up your way awhile ago. I know you will use strong language, and I reckon you had a—er—had trouble with the preacher."

"No, I hain't," Abner snapped. "I

don't care a hooter what Polk Dillard says; hit's when Volumny turns in—after all these years——" He gulped and a moisture stood in his eyes. "When she gives it out to each and every that I'm the scourge of her life—why, I jest can't help—jest can't help——"

"Hold on thar," Pap John admonished, raising a warning hand. "I never was a swearin' man. Oh, I may have cussed a few in my teens; but to say wicked, I never got the habit in me; I don't know how deep-seated hit may be; but I know mighty well an' good you *kin* he'p it, ef you onet set your head thataway."

The other shook that head which was to be aimed in the right direction, and gazed mournfully down at his boots. It was a relief to speak of the matter. Except to quarrel over it, he

had never mentioned the trouble to any creature in his world.

"You air a mighty good somebody, Abner," Overholt went on. "Man an' boy, I've knowed you for more'n fifty years; an' I hain't found out a low-down meanness in you yit. Why do you arm them what persecutes you, an' then go an' stand up in front of their guns?"

"Ye wouldn't go to quarterly at all, ef you was me?" Wimberly asked, looking up sharply.

"I hain't a-sayin' that," Pap John demurred; "but ef I went, an' *when* I went, they'd wush I'd stayed to home."

The little old man gazed at large, placid John Overholt with a working countenance. His eyes were moist, and the red lingered even in the furrows around his neck and chin where tufts of stubby gray beard had resisted the overtures of the razor. It was plain that the inert but positive expectation of his wife that he would furnish her with the credentials of a martyr drew powerfully upon his expressive and even mercurial temperament.

"You don't understand, John," he said at last. "Volumny—an' her preachers—all jest p'intedly depends on me cuttin' up. I hate it on account of the children—though Antrissy Ann did git mad an' say, time she was ten years old, that she'd ruther hear Pap cuss than Mammy pray." He chuckled reminiscently. His children were the one unchanging passion of his fond old heart.

"I reckon that plagued Volumny," commented John Overholt appreciatively.

"Hit did—an' hit didn't," returned that lady's husband. "Ye see, John, Volumny she takes a sorrerful enjoyment in my wickedness. Ef I was to git converted, her callin' would be gone. W'y listen here, John; you know I got a heap o' pride in my gyarden, an' Volumny, she's master hand with fowls." He sunk his voice to a confidential whisper. "Sometimes when I've been abehavin' most

as well as other folks, I've suspicioned—jest suspicioned—that she turned her chickens into my gyarden!"

Overholt laughed softly and slapped his knee. "Ef she done so," he suggested, "I'll bet a nag she got what she wanted out of you—ye foolish critter!"

Abner hung his head, and admitted that the performance had been spectacular. "But I couldn't help it, no more than I could 'a' stopped breathin'," he concluded. "I was jest like Elder Drane, when he used to git warmed up—you remember, when we was boys—an' pound the Bible tell hit'd fairly jump, an' yell damnation tell they could hear him mighty nigh to the Fur Cove."

Overholt nodded and smiled. The remembrance seemed to bring with it an idea. "Why cain't you take pattern by the Elder?—dead an' gone these twenty years, but his works alivin' after him. Some good strong scriptur' texts ort to relieve your mind mightily, whilst you're aroekin' the chickens out o' your gyarden."

The plan appealed strongly to Abner's sense of humour. "Ef I could do hit," he mused. "Ef I could jest turn all the steam in that direction, I'm dummed ef I don't think hit would scare some folks considerable. But I couldn't—when I see them blamed chickens eatin' up my early beans I feel like I could do murder, an' they's nothin' but cussin' will relieve me."

Pap John stirred the lines softly on the backs of his fat old horses; the motion was like a caress. "Aw, I'll bet you you could," he argued. "King David, he had a mighty limber tongue when he started fo'th for to miscall his enemies; hit wuz hung in the middle, an' worked at both ends. You had good scriptural fetchin' up; you won't be lackin' for texts onet you set out on this hyer new line."

The whimsical smile spread on old Abner's countenance. "Job," mused the little man, "he had biles. I've thought, a many's the time, I should admire to have his gift of speech.



"Thar now! You said, 'all-fired'!"

Reckon some things he said might fit them ornery chickens."

"Don't stop at that," pursued his adviser. "Lemme tell you what I'd do, ef I was in your shoes." And the two gray heads were bent together long, in earnest converse.

Abner was nothing if not instant in action. About four o'clock that same afternoon, the chickens failing to enter his garden, he deliberately set the paling gate ajar, while the Rev. Mr. Dillard and the mistress of the house were placidly partaking of a snack preparatory to setting forth for Little Shiloh church to attend the first evening of the quarterly meeting. It has been said that Abner was a good provider; it shall be added that Volumnia was an inspired cook. The board between these two was covered with

testimonials of his labour and her skill. The Rev. Mr. Dillard found it hard to tear himself away from such a feast. His hostess refilled his plate with unfailing hospitality, and implored without intermission that he should try to make out a meal—poor as her victuals were.

Upon her iterant urgency and his protestations—the latter somewhat muffled by the good things with which his mouth was full—broke suddenly a thin, dry shriek.

"Ye generation o' vipers, who give ye warnin' for to flee from the wrath to come?" It was Abner cursing the chickens—or so his wife supposed. She had prepared her preliminary shudder, and even squeezed two very small tears into the corners of her eyes, when Polk Dillard set down his

coffee cup, let his cheek bulge with the unswallowed mouthful, and ejaculated, "Hark ye!"

For Uncle Abner had begun his scriptural campaign against the fowls, and a youth nourished upon the law and the prophets furnished his mind with many startling missiles. It sounded more furious than genuine profanity, yet the listeners recognized text after text.

"Been a-eatin' an' a-drinkin' damnation to yo'se'fs," came from outside.

"I'm afeared Abner hain't well," quavered the wife, rising and waddling to the window, where she looked out to see her active spouse accompanying each text with an accurately aimed stone.

"Ye sarpints! How ye gwine escape the damnation o' hell?" he panted.

The preacher came and gazed over her shoulder. "He's arockin' 'em all right," Dillard muttered, "but that talk—has he been doin' thisaway much of late?"

Abner's wife clung to the curtain and stared at her husband in horror. He skimmed about the garden—just as she had seen him do so many, many times—seeming scarcely to touch the earth as he bounded after the intruding chickens, his arm full of stones and his mouth full of scripture. The thumping texts seemed to shake his spare little frame as he brought them forth. He had indeed plowed with Job's heifer, and if he sometimes adapted the ancient Hebrew objurgations rather freely to fit his present needs, his hearers were too excited to note it.

"Am I a sea? Er a whale that you-all set up an watch me?" he now quoted appositely.

They turned, in a sort of panic, almost at the same instant. "I better be gittin' my ridin' skirt on," the woman said. "I see my nag's ready, an' we'll git down thar to the meetin'." It was characteristic of them both that they dropped this enigma which they could not explain, and their hurry to depart looked almost like flight.

When, a few minutes later, Volumnia came out on the porch holding up her black calico riding skirt, she found the wagon waiting for her. "I'm agwine down to meetin'," announced her husband without preface or preamble.

And one less desperately preoccupied with his own part in the play must have laughed to see the blank faces of the female pillar of Little Shiloh church—the president of its Ladies' Aid Society—and the Rev. Mr. Dillard. For years these two had dragged Uncle Abner to meeting, at the end of a string of entreaties. To have him wheel suddenly and charge snorting toward that goal, straining upon the cord, as one may say, nonplussed and even considerably alarmed them both.

Volumnia was crawling into the wagon with her habit on, when her spouse called her attention to it. "Looks like you're pestered 'bout somethin'. Hain't no objection to my goin' to quarterly, either on ye, hev ye?" he asked aggressively.

"Oh, no—oh, no, Brother Wimberly," Mr. Dillard began. ("Brother Wimberly" had formerly been sufficient to irritate the little man, but he took it now with a grim smile.) "No, my dear brother, we are but too glad. Yo' worthy pardner and me is that glad that we cain't neither of us find words to speak out our gladness. Ain't it so, Sister Wimberly?"

"I noticed you was afflicted similar," grunted the host, as he climbed to the driver's seat, and they set off down the mountain.

What emotions possessed the slow mind of Volumnia Wimberly during that ride it would be difficult to say. She dreaded desperately that Abner should burst forth in the church with scripture which sounded so much like cursing—and so much worse. He had addressed those quotations to the chickens; suppose the next were hurled at her! She felt guiltily that she had given the little man just cause for complaint, and if only he could

he got safely back home, his vials of wrath unbroached, she was willing to be very humble in making her peace.

Sitting back in one of the two chairs provided for herself and the preacher, while Abner, on the seat forward, drove silently, she peeped timidly at her husband's thin, sloping shoulders, and listened fearsomely to see if he would not utter some familiar malediction when the mules jibed and shied at a noise in the laurel thickets by the roadside. But he did not. She noted the chewing motion of his jaw which meant excited thought, and the play of muscle and cord in his neck below the ear. For the first time in her life she was afraid of him. She regarded him as one might a dynamite bomb, liable to go off at any time and on slight provocation.

She would have climbed down from the wagon and walked back to her home, had she dared. But if she was afraid to accompany Abner to church, she was much more afraid of staying away. Her heavy wits finally formulated a sort of plan. The minute they arrived at Little Shiloh church she would see Elder Justice and warn him concerning Abner's peculiar behaviour.

This was discussed with Polk Dillard in energetic whispers, which the whisperers fondly imagined were cloaked by the noise of the wagon. If any syllable reached Abner Wimberly, he made no sign, and they drew up at the meeting-house in silence.

Leaving the Rev. Mr. Dillard to attend to the team, Abner sprang from the wagon and made what Pap Overholt afterward described as "the best bee line you ever saw" for the mourners' bench. There, as the church filled, he sat, very red in the face, his knotted hands clenched, staring straight before him. Volumnia, on her part, hastened to the elder and made her communication.

"Oh, I trust not, sister—I trust not, Sister Wimberly," the venerable elder rejoined. "I never have seen, and never shall see, why Abner hain't been

a happy, perlessin' Christian this twenty years. He's jest under conviction of sin, I ain't nary doubt. You put your heart at rest. Look at him settin' thar this munit on the mourners' bench."

Volumnia had not observed; she gazed and her jaw fell. Abner at the mourners' bench—Abner—without urging, of his own motion! As she stowed herself, palpitating and apprehensive, upon the women's side, she looked despairingly at the elder's serene face, framed in its flowing silver hair. Polk Dillard was the only hope she had; he had heard the strange jeremiad to the chickens, he knew the importance of heading Abner off, should he show any wild tendency; he would be personally concerned in doing so. In him she placed her reluctant trust.

A hymn was sung, one of the wailing mountain melodies, with its wild minor cadences, its unsatisfied upward turns:

"My soul—hit's awanderin' in the dark:
Show, Lord, Thy light on me."

The words came strongly home to the soul of Abner Wimberly. He had come to this place in a spirit of bravado: Volumnia's fears of him were well founded—yet in that mood he could but have convinced their world that she had always been justified in her attitude toward him. Now a more dangerous, because a more genuine element, entered into the coil. A woman was singing tenor in the back of the building; he knew it was his daughter Antrissa, and the shrill, sweet notes, soaring, bird-like, out above the other voices, brought a choke in his throat and a mist before his eyes. His children were all here, in the fold.

"Onet git Ab to that thar mourners' bench," Pap Overholt had confided to his wife, when telling of the counsel he gave, "onet git him thar, and thar's nothin' betwixt him an' bein' the happiest man in the two Turkey Tracks. He was borned for a godly life."

As the last notes died away, Elder Justice, standing by the little pine-wood pulpit, said sonorously, "I see a new face at our mourners' bench." Then, with a fond smile toward Abner, "Brother Wimberly, do you feel to b'ar a testimony this night?"

Instantly the old man was on his feet, his clenched hands dropped at his sides, the undersized, angular, sloping-shouldered figure standing straight as a soldier. As, for a moment, he stood and gulped, Volumnia, with the sudden inspiration of desperation, leaned across the aisle to where Polk Dillard was labouring with some sinner who refused to come forward, and whispered frantically:

"Ax him to lead in pra'ar! Ax him to lead in pra'ar! They hain't no tellin' what that pore misguided man will say, onct he gits to givin' experience. Oh, fer any sake ax him to lead in pra'ar!"

His own name, mentioned with great frankness in the opening of Brother Wimberly's remarks, smote upon the Rev. Mr. Dillard's ear like a tocsin, and he hurried up the aisle. His wits were dense, but once an idea was firmly wedged among them, it stuck. Bursting heavily in upon Abner's discourse: "Brother Wimberly will lead us in pra'ar," he announced.

Abner checked tentatively. No one else spoke. Catching a glimpse of Volumnia's purple visage and desperate eyes, Dillard repeated, a good deal louder:

"Brother Wimberly will now *pray*!"

A moment Volumnia's husband considered the proposition. His understanding of John Overholt's advice was that he was to go down and "shake up Shiloh Quarterly and have his evens".

But Pap John had not gauged his neighbour amiss when he held out material advantages in a quarrel to draw the fiery, misunderstood little man within genuine spiritual influences. Abner was at the mourners' bench—there of his own free will. The mighty tides of emotion which are

abroad in such a meeting caught up his soul and whirled it forward with a power that left him unable to choose. Heretofore, even when dragged in, he had looked on the machinery of the church with alien, misliking eyes, as an outsider. Now he was like one who has put hands to an electric battery and may not withdraw them at his own will.

Unused to offering prayer in public, the old man folded his hands like a child about to put up its evening petition at its mother's knee. He bent his head above the supplicating palms and eyes were wet at the spectacle of him standing thus. With the laying together of those tremulous, work-hardened fingers came an inrush of delight, new, unexpected, like that of a prodigal returned to his father's house. Now the palms were flung out and up; the thin face was raised, tears flowing from under the lids of the closed eyes; the muscles twitching with the frank grief of a boy.

"O Lord!" he burst out, "I've come home!"

A wave of emotion went through the crowded congregation. More than one sob sounded upon the stillness that followed. A woman's voice cried ringingly, "O pappy!" A tall young Wimberly over near the wall uttered a deep bass "Amen".

For a short time it seemed Volumnia's fears might be unfounded, or Brother Dillard's stratagem wholly successful. The new convert was rapt in the ecstasy of his novel, spiritual experiences. In nervous, terse, colloquial sentences he poured out to heaven the bliss that was his. There was a passion of originality in the little man—he would never pray like anybody else. His fiery words were calculated to arouse and fix the attention of even those who made a practice of dozing impartially through prayer and sermon.

Yet the outburst of enthusiasm from the new convert grows ever an old story to the long-time church member, and it was not till Abner came down



“Fergive my wife, Volumny!”

to personalities that Little Shiloh was fully awake. With a sharp drop in his tone he began:

“I been awanderin’ a long time; the gates of the fold has been barred agin me—but I’ve come home. An’ now, O Lord, I beg and pray Thy merciful kindness on—them that barred the gates. Fergive my wife, Volumny, and them that put her up to what she’s been doin’.”

The blow fell with a mute shock that reverberated soundlessly through every listener’s being. And the hush within the church suddenly became so profound that small night noises outside were distinctly audible, and the stamping of the tethered animals sounded loud.

“Thou knowst that when I yearned most toward Thee, hit seem’ like some folks was afraid I would forsake my wickedness; an’ I’d jest about set my foot on the do’step o’ Thy house to have its door popped in my face. Fergive her, that when I didn’t cuss enough to make the neighbours feel

she was the most abused woman in the two Turkey Tracks, she up an’ turned her chickens into my yarden. Thou knowst, Lord, a man couldn’t stand that—an’ his early beans jest apod-din’ out!”

Volumnia dropped to her knees, and hid her face against the back of the seat before her.

“Fergive this woman—for she’s a good woman—that she wouldn’t believe that Thou couldst save her husband, but must put him to shame befo’ his children; acallin’ on them to notice that he was headed for the lake that burns with hell-fire; apretendin’ all the time to be a warnin’ of them not to take the same road. I fergive her, O Lord, as Thou hast fergive me. I fergive Polk Dillard. I fergive Volumny’s second cousin Jasper Stribling, from over’t Big Buck Gap. I fergive all them that knowed my weakness, how prone I was to sin in the way o’ wicked cussin’, an’ worked upon it, an’ then rolled up their eyes an’ showed off over me. I fergive ‘em.”

He would have been comparatively harmless in rage. Now that he flowed forgiveness, gushed forgiveness, stormed forgiveness, his former persecutors dodged.

"An' I fergive all my wife's fambly an' kin an' connections," the shaking voice went on. "Hit takes a heap to go around—but I've got it—I've got it. I fergive 'em. I fergive Beene Shifflet that moved to Texas—I reckon my fergiveness'll do him as much good out thar as 'twould ef he'd stayed hyer. Anyhow, I fergive him. I fergive Perry Carter, that was shot by the sheriff last fall. I said some hard things then about his bein' better out o' the way. I'm sorry. I fergive him. I reckon he'll know about it, an' it does me good for to name it to you all. I fergive each an' every that has in times past done me a meanness. Ef I cain't jest think up their names to call out—I reckon Thou knowest, Lord—Thou knowest."

"Yes, yes, Brother Wimberly. Amen. The Lord knows," chimed in the deep voice of the elder, to the relief of several in the gathering.

During these closing statements there had been more than one sudden sound amid the audience—a sort of grunt such as is made by the puncturing of an inflated object. And Little Shiloh church opened its eyes on several very red faces. Only Uncle Abner, of all those closely concerned in the matter, was serene. He conceived that, having entered the church with the intention of exploiting his own grievances, divine grace had shown him the better way of forgiveness. But the forgiven ones had the dragged appearance of persons who have run through an unexpected summer shower.

Later, as they were driving alone up the mountain—Polk Dillard had remained behind—after clearing her throat several times Volumnia remarked in a small, flatted voice, "I'm mighty proud o' you, Abner. I do love to hear them speak in meetin' that has the gift of it. Seems like yo' words comes mighty free. I hain't thanked ye yit fer fergivin' me—but I reckon you know jest how greatly I do."



WOMEN OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY MARJORY MacMURCHY



NO one can expect to deal adequately with thoughts brought into being by such a title. But there may be something which ought to be written to-day about a development which is too recent to be recorded as yet in its entirety. And there is a certain attraction in a daring attempt, even for a timid person. If the reader, therefore, will be good enough to put up for the present with a few notes from the field-book of an observer, some abler student and keener analyst to-morrow or the day after may take warning and avoid the errors committed by the analyst of to-day.

First, let us consider the organization of women, beginning, as it seems to us, in the late nineteenth century. What is more difficult than attempting to describe a movement which is wholly natural and gradual in its development, but in which our own activities are involved? When the tide of the sea flows, some indistinguishable part of it, some atom of an atom, might almost as well try to lift itself up to get a look at the wave. We have been often assured that Abraham's pilgrimage was part of the Western movement, that trend of population which no one can stay or explain. But it would be difficult to believe Abraham knew that he belonged to the Western movement. Women organizing to-day appear to be somewhat in the position

of Abraham, and we will include Abraham's wife, that remarkable woman, Sarah, not a wholly attractive soul perhaps, but a real person, yet untouched by organization, as far as we know. It is only by trying to understand these movements, and by seeking to adjust ourselves to them in the right way, that men and women have justified themselves as members of a race which is moving on an upward course. We do know that such movements occur because of strong beliefs and adequate causes.

About forty years ago, the women of Canada began to organize themselves with a definite plan to include women in all parts of the country in their bonds of organization. Nothing less in extent was ever their expressed purpose. There are written accounts of these origins. Those who began the work of organizing Canadian women did so for the sake of the women and children of heathen lands. Already their passionate words sound out of date. Who now speaks of "heathen lands"? But what has been the result of these little meetings? To-day in Canada there are a number of Women's Missionary Societies, each belonging to a separate church, and all of them national in extent, with hundreds of thousands of members and with incomes aggregating some hundreds of thousands of dollars. The intensity and earnestness of these organizations are as remarkable as their

growth. Their memberships have learned so much of concerted and concentrated action, and of the conduct of meetings and business, that the knowledge has had a considerable influence on the trend of character in the second generation.

At the same time, or in the years following, were organized the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Council of Women, the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, and others. Twenty years ago, the first Women's Institute of the country women of Canada was formed in Stoney Creek, Ontario, with its watchword, "For Home and Country". There are now Women's Institutes or Home Makers' Clubs in every Province of Canada. A few weeks ago the National Federation of Women's Institutes was consummated, with a membership of 100,000 rural Canadian women, possessed by a desire for unity and action. The Women's Institute movement has spread from Canada into the United States, and notably in the last three years to England, Scotland, and Wales, where organization is being carried on with rapidity and effectiveness. There is also the remarkable movement of United Farm Women in every Canadian Province. The Central Council of Agriculture of the Grain Growers and United Farmers has its counterpart in an Interprovincial Council of Farm Women, formed either as a section of the Council of Agriculture, or in close connection with it.

We are too accustomed to the organization movement after forty years to recognize its extraordinary character. Let us try to recapture its true meaning. If women had been preparing to take their part in such a day as this, to meet the war which those of us alive now will never try to describe in a phrase, and to seize these moments of promise which are with us still, what else would they have done forty years ago

but knit themselves together in a living unity on which the shock of an undreamed-of conflict must fall in vain? The pain and loss of that shock no one can express, but the unity for effort and service remains unbroken. "Unbroken" is not the word; the movement for organization has been greatly strengthened. In recent years, no one can turn round in Canada without witnessing the evolution of some woman into the perfect president or secretary. It is the same with Canadian girls at school. In every part of the country executive committees are as frequent as leaves on trees, and there are few rooms left of any size in which has not been held the successful meeting.

It would be useless to try to exhaust the meaning of the organization movement. Why has it come? What will be its consequences? No one can safely do more than make a few remarks, joined possibly with fewer predictions. The movement is beneficent. Its consequences will last a long, long time. It has had already, and it will have, a great influence in the development of the political, social and economic life of women. No one who attempts to understand women of to-day, or to co-operate with them, should fail to study their power to associate themselves with other women. But the study is not possibly as simple as it may seem. All these great national associations came into existence for the sake of ideals. The ideals must also be studied before the organization will reveal its meaning. Generally speaking, the movement belongs to the well-to-do, but it cannot rightly be described as fashionable. It belongs indeed to the world, and to the times.

I do not know whether the attitude of girls and women to-day towards employment is more characteristic of this age or more permanent than their power to organize, but I am certain that the feeling on the part of young women towards em-

ployment is also a world movement, beneficent and important. When we are talking of our present attitude to employment, it is well to remind ourselves of the fact that women of undisturbed leisure, who do not earn their living by some form of work, have always been at every age in the world's history in an extreme minority. It is a myth and superstition to speak of any considerable body of women as not being workers. But, to refer by inference to the women of to-morrow for a moment here, let it be said that the recognition of home-making and the care of children as highly skilled and exacting employments is extremely necessary. The occupations of women in their value to the State, and to men and women, will not assume their right order and proportion in the eyes of everyone until some method by which the home employments are recognized is devised by the nation. As things are now, speaking as a student of paid employments of women especially, conditions are misleading to the paid worker and unfair to the home maker. Unfair, I mean, in this way: the home maker is often left without proper means to do her work or proper training for it, and she is given the impression, unintentionally possibly, that her work has little or no economic value. On the other hand, the girl in paid employment is led to believe that home making is not work, that it does not need skilled training, and that she is contributing more to the country as a paid worker than she will when she is a home maker. We cannot build up a safe and noble state, or men and women of the highest development, on these suppositions.

There is one fact connected with the employment of girls which students of such conditions should repeat at frequent intervals, as we would a creed, to rectify misapprehensions and to guide us into right ways of thinking and acting. Between eighty and ninety per cent. of the girls of this country leave school at

fourteen. I understand that the percentage in the case of boys is even higher. This fact modifies our ideas in many ways. Dwell on it, for a consideration of what is involved in the statement will teach us a great deal. I find difficulty here in refraining from placing emphasis on another fact; the majority of young women have turned naturally to paid employment for a number of years. But this is not the point that you want me to discuss. The formula which I must postulate without delay is that there is a change of attitude towards paid employment on the part of young women belonging to the class that a few years ago would have fainted at the idea. Do you suppose that wenches did not work in Shakespeare's day? Perhaps ladies did not. But there always have been so many, many fewer in the class where there was a choice, than in the class where paid employment, or rather working for someone else than your own family, was taken for granted. Having said so much, I shall try to leave this part of the subject alone.

It is undoubted that choice and necessity together are whispering to the girls of to-day that it is better to be up and doing somewhere in the world of work. Partly the great service idea of the war, partly an economic progression, in some part the ideas of a new age, have changed the attitude of women to employment. As far as one can see, this movement will strengthen steadily, and it will be good. It will not injure the home, but will serve it; and one may repeat the same statement word for word, for the race. I should like to ask doubters one question. Does anyone suppose that these young things, so attractive, so full of life and vitality, so guided by natural wisdom without being aware of it, do not know what they are doing? The flower of the race does not turn itself to destruction, but to the thing that is best for it. The circumstances of the average girl are such that she

has more opportunity to meet those who will be her friends by going to work than by doing nothing.

Now, as to the supposed dangers of this women's movement towards employment. Does it make the girl think less of having a home of her own and of marriage? How little anyone knows of womanhood, who would suppose this! Women are profoundly, if inarticulately, loyal to the race and to the home. The only dangerous person, one sometimes thinks, is the person with nothing to do. But this statement is neither here nor there. It would not be possible for the majority of women in paid employments to think more highly of home life than they do. Another danger sometimes spoken of may be put in the form of a question. Will the increase in the numbers of women in paid employment tend to lower the wages paid to men? Economically, an increase in production and in money earned should benefit everyone. Any question about wages is extremely difficult to answer. But I will venture to say this. Wages below a decent living standard paid either to men or to women are a national danger. There is evidence to show that one way to combat the tendency to pay low wages to women is to be found in this change of attitude towards work on the part of young women of well-to-do families. A woman who has placed thousands of girls in paid employment, when discussing this question the other day, said: "The girl who is accustomed to living well at home won't take low wages. She insists on getting the best that are paid. But the poor, little girl, whose necessities are great, and whose training is inadequate, will take anything." There is at least, it seems to me, great promise in the entry of all kinds of young women into skilled work. I believe that this tendency towards paid employment on the part of well-to-do women will eventually help to improve wages and working conditions for both men and

women. I think our experience in the war has shown this in some degree. I do not mean to give the impression that there are not problems to be solved: problems of wages, problems connected with opening higher positions to competent women, and problems which involve standards of right living, for which I believe the general body of women at home are more directly responsible than they are for wages or opportunities of employment. Why should not women investigate and make known the standards of living in our communities? They are the real experts on this subject.

Before we leave employment, I should like to give you two pictures. The first is a representation of a woman scrubbing out an office building after hours. She is not a new development in work. Get her picture in your minds. In time it will make something happen. The other is a group of young women discussing a subject in which they are interested. One of the group is a member of a Telegraphers' Union; the next is a teacher of better methods of salesmanship; the next a member of a Shop Clerks' Union; the next an employment expert. The subject under discussion was the form of organization most helpful to women workers. I ask you who will help the charwoman first: the young woman who is neither a home maker nor a paid worker, or the young woman who is a trained worker, either in the home or outside of it? If you are interested in the discussion referred to above, you may care to know that for the average girl, the form of organization favoured was the Club rather than the Union. The Union was warmly commended, and it was unanimously agreed that some form of organization is necessary.

After some investigation of relative wages for girls in Canada and the United States, I believe that there is evidence to show a better recognition in Canada of the righteousness

of living wages for young girls. It has seemed to me that, although our wages may not go as high for special workers, they also do not fall as low for the girl beginning work. Minimum wage legislation has made considerable progress in Canada. I think that compared with other countries, higher positions in employment are more easily won by women in Canada. We have still much to achieve, but recognition, good feeling, and comradeship are often shown by men workers in Canada to women in the same employment.

With some sense of wonder we realize that there seems to be little need to speak of the franchise to-day. Women are now responsible citizens, responsible in every way, and perhaps while the roots of the franchise are growing down in our lives, and the branches of the tree are spreading abroad, the less we say the better. The situation in Canada belongs to this country, and perhaps in the same degree to no other. We have been fortunate in Canada. I think there has been in the Canadian household always the wish to do equally well for both sides of the house on the whole. The subject of the political enfranchisement of women is interesting, but may be safely left for the abler analyst of to-morrow. Yet there is one note that the observer cannot refrain from jotting down in her field-book. The women who most keenly enjoyed casting their first votes in the Dominion election were not the young, nor even the middle-aged, but the old. There was something touching and most significant in the evident satisfaction of seventy or seventy-five when she cast her first ballot, and there was no sign that she had ever lifted a finger or spoken a word to get it for herself. Having jotted down the note, it may be added, however, in a spirit of frankness, that women are prepared to accept some responsibility for future legislation, not merely by voting, but by helping to draw up the legislation itself. But

the immediate power to be exercised by women politically is through the vote. If a woman feels that she owes her country much, in the degree that she has been well educated, by the inheritance she has from good parents, she can judge of the importance of her franchise. The better citizen she may be the more necessary it is that she should vote.

Now, not bravely, but as a trembling Childe Roland, the writer has come to the Dark Tower. What of the women of to-morrow? Like three spans in a bridge, organization, employment, and the franchise seem to lead us safely over into the unknown country. There is no need to speculate about the eternal qualities in women, because they remain the same. All that the woman wants from organization, employment and the franchise is an opportunity to be more perfectly a woman, to develop to her full stature, whatever that may be, and not mainly for her own sake. Generally speaking, the work which the average woman most enjoys and that for which she has the most genius is helping other people to do their best work. This genius will not change. One of the wisest and best arguments regarding the finer relations between men and women in the future and their work together may be found in Professor McIver's book, "Community," and there I advise you to read it.

Possibly one of the consequences of this genius for helping others to do their best work is the characteristic failure at times by women to think of their own individual work as important. I cannot believe that in the To-morrow about which I have been given the task to write women will not consider their work more seriously, and bring to its advancement their powers of organization, the methods they have learned in employment, and the responsibilities of their citizenship. What could not women do if they organized to better child life? We hear about bureaus of scientific research, and

they are essential. But what about a bureau to study children, to utilize all the knowledge of mothercraft and to teach mothercraft? We could if we would save the lives of thousands of children in Canada every year. Is there not to be an organization to promote the training of girls for home-making and the care of children? The Home and School Council may develop in this way. Who was the controlling factor in food saving? Why not then one of the controlling factors in the production and consumption of food and in the controlling of food prices? No one but the consumer can carry out the duties of the consumer. If we understood, practised and taught the laws of health, what effect would this have on the community? One of the most colossal businesses in the world, if one can call anything a business which is unorganized, is buying carried on by women. Do any of us know what national or communal effect our buying has? We teach ourselves gradually to select what seems good to us and what we think we can afford to buy, but there ought to be some fundamental knowledge of this business which it is possible to acquire from instruction. What effect has the nature of our expenditure on the well-being of others? Housing is at least half a woman's problem. These are not questions which we can leave altogether for the woman of to-morrow; because the war has helped to teach us to think about them, and the women of to-morrow may never think of them at all. How do we know that they will? Over the bridge of organization, employment, and the franchise something that we do about better living will have to go.

These social advances cannot be made successfully unless women contribute their full share of expert study, thought, and effort. There is no substitute for a woman in child welfare, in the use of food, or in many other things. I do not know of any employment in the world

with wider horizons or greater possibilities than may be found in the study, investigation, the laboratory work and practice of the home employment. It is a question of retarding or advancing the well-being of the race. I do not suppose that praise was meant to have any part in this brief survey. But for my part, I am not afraid to trust the future, judging by what we have learned of the men and women of our own day. We are eager for the people of to-morrow to do better; but if the future is to excel the finest men and women, the boys and their sweethearts we have known, it will have to do its best.

Is there a reward that women as women may hope for through organization, employment, the franchise, and in taking up their own work in a way which will make the world better? There should be an increase in individuality. There should be also a greater number of these individuals of remarkable personality, of whom already we have had not a few examples in this country with its comparatively brief history, Abigail Becker, Laura Secord, Madeleine de Véchéres, Sarah Maxwell, and others whose names you will remember, who by being themselves did so much for all of us. How much we need this increase in individuality, and these remarkable individuals, who can put into words! But by making a steadfast attempt at the greater work of the race, by trying to fill the need for the existence of these benefactors, we do make their coming more possible. It is not the people who talk about what may be done, but those who take an active part in the affairs of life, working out idealism—what we may call the better life—in practical concrete plans who merit our support and allegiance. Meanwhile, in preparation for the coming of these greater people, what we have to do is to refrain from merely talking about the future, so that we may devote ourselves to concrete and practical plans.

WHAT OF AVIATION?

BY GEORGE R. LIGHTHALL



WITH daring aviators essaying the huge task of flying across the Atlantic and private companies advertising flying machines for sale, it is worth while to observe some of the present aspects of aerial navigation and review past achievements.

The subject of the possibilities of aviation after the war has already been occupying much attention. Much skepticism is indulged in by those who know little of the subject, but the advocates of its great possibilities are almost daily adding to their claims and as well to their numbers, as the public is becoming better informed.

There are the mail, the express, and the passenger service. There is forest ranging, sheep ranching, seal fishing, coastal patrol and the realms of sport. The possibilities of aerial service for surveying and for exploration are pressing forward for recognition.

The mail service has already been established, as we know, between a number of places. Official mail has been conveyed to and fro between Paris and London, twice daily, for the past year and more. Rate tables for passenger service between these two cities have been published. They establish an operating cost of about \$1.00 a mile for a machine built to carry twelve to twenty-five passengers from one capital to the other in three and a half hours. These heavier than air flying machines are hope enough that this transport will be further developed.

Service between Paris and St. Nazaire was established last August. The distance between the two places is about 250 miles. The service between Paris and Nice and Rome will shortly become regular. For more than a year planes have been used in Morocco for mail and special despatches between various posts, and this is to be extended to Algeria.

Other established services are now operating between London and Edinburgh, between Scotland and the Irish Coast, Italy and Sardinia, Rome and Turin, Marseilles and Nice, services in Holland, services in Scandinavia, the service between Washington, Philadelphia and New York is now operating so successfully that the original charge of twenty-five cents an ounce has been reduced to sixteen cents an ounce.

It is interesting to note that official committees which are considering air routes reckon that New York will be just two days sail from London. That London to Bagdad may be travelled in one and a half days. Constantinople and Petrograd will be only about twenty hours travel from London; while Ceylon may be reached from London in two and three-quarter days, and Sydney in five days.

A careful computation of the cost of a service between London and Marseilles and to Rome, providing for twenty-four machines and operating six machines each way daily, shows that it would involve a capital expenditure of £500,000 and a yearly maintenance of about \$600,000. At this the cost works out at forty-one

cents a ton mile. The machines on which the calculations are based are Handley-Page, equipped with 2,300 horse-power Rolls-Royce engines, capable of non-stop flights of eight hours and of carrying a revenue-paying load of no less than 4,000 pounds.

This year I expect to see a flight across the ocean between the Irish Coast and Newfoundland, where, near to St. John's, large aerodromes have been in preparation by the British Government.

We have in Montreal the credit of inaugurating the first official mail service in Canada. This was in last June, when Captain Peek, of the Royal Air Force, in a Curtiss Biplane carried a bag of mail from the Postmaster in Montreal to the Postmaster in Toronto with authority from Ottawa, and with all the other marks on it necessary to make certain of its official character. This was accomplished under the auspices of the Canadian Division of the Aerial League of the British Empire.

In forest ranging the saving to the country and to the lumber interests will be immense, as one machine can range the forest for fire patrol and for other services more efficiently and with greater speed than may forty men as presently employed, and at a cost much below that of present methods. Natural landing places for this service, which will employ seaplanes, will be the innumerable lakes scattered throughout our forest regions.

It is claimed by those having good data at hand that passenger and express service may be maintained between larger centres of population profitably and at a cost not, or at least very little, in excess of the present rates by rail or boat. The saving in time alone will warrant the establishment of this commercial enterprise.

Hard-headed men of means and business enterprise are showing anxiety to go into the business of manufacture of aeroplanes and of establishing such services, and are

willing to risk their dollars in the venture.

The Aircraft Manufacturing Company of Canada (working in conjunction with Mr. Holt Thomas and his interests in England) has been incorporated and will commence operations in Montreal this Spring. The Canadian Government is waking up to the possibilities and advantages of aircraft. The Canadian Reconstruction Association is now considering the best means, and it is likely, as in Great Britain and in the United States, that a National Advisory Committee will soon be appointed by the Government from among those interested in aeronautics to assist in an advisory capacity on all subject matter submitted to it, and we shall soon have laws enacted to govern the traffic in the air and franchises will be granted to responsible concerns. Air routes have been suggested and will soon be officially established and aerodromes and landing-places are planned for a number of points, and at an early date we shall have complete links from ocean to ocean, to Hudson Bay, to the Yukon, and to Labrador and Newfoundland.

Help will be given for the outlet of grain from our Northwest by the Hudson Bay, by aviators flying over the sea, pointing out by wireless, the passages through the ice floes, thus saving much time for steamships and reducing risk and loss. The reduction of insurance rates alone in consequence of the establishment of a proper service for this purpose will eventually more than offset the entire cost.

One man in the Western states used a flying machine last year in connection with his sheep ranching, and says that he saved at least 5,000 sheep during one winter, which under the old conditions would have perished before they could have been found and rescued.

For a period of three months last summer the British Government, as an experiment to determine the cost and practicability, used the same ma-

chine, a large Handley-Page, between England and France, making two trips daily in each direction. This it did carrying an average of sixteen passengers on each trip, taking over to the Front flying officers for service and returning with others going on leave. It never once made a poor landing or had an accident. I do not know the figures, but am informed that the cost of maintenance of this service was most satisfactory and encouraging.

We read in the newspapers only a few days ago that four army aeroplanes were flown from San Francisco to Washington and to New York, taking in the elapsed flying time only some fifty-three hours for the entire journey of about 4,000 miles. *En route*, and as part of the object of the trip, the flyers made selection of suitable landing-grounds to assist in the establishment of one of their proposed national air routes.

I noticed also in newspaper reports that a similar trip had been made by three army machines from Texas northward to a point near Detroit. The universities are already looking to aviation as a regular branch of education and instruction. Several of the leading universities have had money given them for the purpose, and are considering establishing professorships of aeronautics, for which I may instance the University of London. McGill University, although it has not so far had any donation or grants to assist it, is establishing a course of lectures on the subject, and these will commence in the Fall of this year, 1919; and the University of Toronto will do the same.

As illustrative of what may be done by the modern aeroplane and in answer to our natural craving for stories and incidents taken from facts rather than fiction, before closing I will take the opportunity of telling a few, all authentic, and for that reason the more interesting, and intended as a means of helping better to grasp future possibilities of this greatest of all modern sciences.

At a certain British post a big seaplane turned out for trial on a particularly rough day. The waves were more than six feet high and the port commander ordered a motor-boat to be in attendance, as he regarded a capsize for the seaplane as inevitable, should she try to "land" on the water. But while the motor-boat was rocking down below to such a tune that she eventually healed right over, the big seaplane alighted neatly on the water and took the crew of nine from the upturned boat, and then ascended from the water with this formidable addition of her own load of five men. She flew for the harbour and there the seaplane even landed downwind instead of upwind, and taxied up to a vessel in the harbour and deposited her half-drowned would-be rescuers with cordial good wishes for their comfort.

One day in the early summer of last year, a day when all nature seemed to rejoice, the sun was bright, and there was little haze on land or sea, a British destroyer went out into the North Sea on patrol service, and was accompanied by a seaplane, in which was a Montreal boy, a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Air Service. On that day, the 1st of September, 1917, and when about thirty-five miles off the coast from Dunkirk, he was flying about 2,000 feet up in the air, he saw in distance about two miles away, a German submarine on the ocean surface. The plane at once dived down on its quarry and when about 800 feet above it dropped two bombs, the first of which did not seem to have any practical effect, but the second struck the submarine just aft of its conning tower, and exploded with sad effect on the submersible. The submarine turned over on its side and disappeared, leaving the sure evidence of oil on the surface of the water that thirty or forty Germans had gone "West". For this exploit the Montreal boy now wears the D.S.C., and has the modesty to consider that his action was nothing but an incident in his day's work.

One exploit which happened over the forests of Mormal, now in British hands, is worthy of notice. Over there the major of one of the British flying squadrons (a Canadian, by the way), searching for the whereabouts of British troops, and for any German fighting planes in the neighbourhood, saw a two-seater flying at an altitude of 10,000 feet to escape the "Archies", and the major climbed up to it in a wide spiral and from below fired at it. The German pilot and his observer fell, their machine breaking in two in the air. A Fokker bi-plane then came into view, and the major soon heard the whistling of the bullets through his plane and felt a hammer stroke on his left side. He had been hit and stunned, and his machine began to spin out of control. He, however, became conscious of his danger, and instinctively righted the machine, and then saw that he was surrounded by several Fokkers, crowding around him to give him the *coup de grace*. Nevertheless, he attacked and got in his shot first, downing three of his enemies. The others kept at him and for the second time he was hit and his left thigh shattered. He fainted clean away and his machine once more dived dangerously, but again he revived, and with the instinct of self-preservation and the desire for revenge, once more mastered his machine and looked out for the Germans. Twelve or fifteen of the enemy scouts were on the hunt for him. He flew at one and sent it hurtling to the ground in flames. His left elbow was smashed and the arm dropped helplessly to his side. With one hand he now managed to shoot and fight a swarm of enemies that seemed determined to finish him. He dived steeply to escape, but eight of them still followed him, and as he could not avoid them he fought them. He fought them by manœuvring and by all the stunts known to airmen, but with cold and deadly skill. For ten or twelve minutes he juggled with his machine to get the advantage of the vultures. He hit two and put

them out of action, and then they had enough and he landed successfully, but when his machine came to rest he did not jump up, but was carried to the hospital and the story says that he is now well on the way to recovery. As a matter of fact he fought between fifty and sixty hostile craft, destroyed four and drove down six—a marvellous feat.

First Lieutenant Edmund G. Chamberlain, of San Antonio, Texas, a graduate of Princeton and the University of Texas, has received simultaneous recommendations for the Victoria Cross and the Congressional Medal of Honour, for an exploit in which he figured last July.

Lieutenant Chamberlain was an aviator attached to the United States Marine Corps. He was trained under Major K. E. Kennedy in the British school, the R.F.C., in Texas.

He appeared on July 27th at a British aviation camp and informed the officer in command that he was on furlough, had a personal but not official permission to visit the camp, and desired some experience before returning to duty.

The British commander was in need of aviators, and as there was a bombing squad about to leave he gave Lieutenant Chamberlain permission to go with it. On this flight he brought down one German airplane in flames, and sent down another out of control.

The following day Lieutenant Chamberlain was one of a detachment of thirty aviators who went out over the battlefield, and as the thirty machines circled over fleeing Germans, they were attacked by an equal number of German machines. It was a hurricane battle from the first, and almost at the inception the British lost three planes. Near the beginning of the engagement Lieutenant Chamberlain's engine was damaged, one of his machine guns jammed, and he seemed to be out of the fight, but instead of starting for home he remained to offer assistance to other airplanes which were being attacked

by twelve Hun machines. He lost altitude owing to engine trouble, but when he was attacked by a German he opened such a hot fire that the enemy started into a nose dive towards the earth. His engine now started to work better, and he climbed once more towards the enemy, and with a burst of fire sent one of them crashing to ground. He shattered a second with another volley from his machine gun, and then looped the loop out of a cordon of enemy machines that had gathered to finish him, and as he sailed away he shot the wing off another German machine. The leader of the German squadron then came straight at him, but was met with such a torrent of bullets that his plane joined the other Huns in hurtling to the earth.

Lieutenant Chamberlain then turned towards the British line. His engine had gone dead and he was forced to glide, picking his way as well as he might through the enemy and through anti-aircraft shell fire.

As he was sweeping towards his destination he saw beneath him a col-

umn of German troops, and scattered them by pouring into them a gust of machine gun bullets from the machine gun that had become jammed but which he had succeeded once more in putting into action. He flew a short distance farther and came to earth. He could not carry off the equipment of his machine, but took his compass and started to run for home. He encountered a patrol of three Germans, and ordered them to surrender, waving his compass above his head like a bomb. Two of the enemy ran but the third surrendered, and with him he started for the British line. They came upon a wounded French officer, whom he picked up and carried, driving his prisoner before him. He waded a brook under heavy fire, but arrived in safety with the French officer and the German prisoner.

We should not wonder that we won the war when we realize that our ranks, on land, on sea, and in the air, teem with heroes such as these. What will they and thousands like them achieve in time of peace?





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

A "BABE" IN BURLON WOOD

THE star of "The Babes in Burlon Wood" company sat in her dressing-room and contemplated what in theatrical parlance is known as a "mash note".

This was not the first document of its kind received by the star, but it provoked, as had each of its predecessors, her keen amusement. An officer hoped, with many a chirographical flourish, that he might be able to acquaint the leading lady with his high opinion of her ability and personal charm in a tête-à-tête, after the performance. He signed himself "her admirer" and modestly appended a couple of military titles.

The star chuckled and then laughed outright, and I dare suggest as a psychologist and not as an eye-witness, that the higher the officer's rank, the more imposing his titles, the keener the little lady's amusement.

This is not exactly the old story of the stage Johnny with his automobile and his invitation to supper, for "The Babes in Burlon Wood" company was *en tour* somewhere in France, where a limousine might easily be mistaken for a motor lorrie, and where an invitation to supper might mean a rasher of beans at a "Y" counter or

a doughnut and a cup of coffee at the Salvation Army tent. Sometimes it might mean simply an invitation—no more!

But that was not what amused "Marion" as she regarded herself (a few inches at a time) in a small, wavering mirror. She saw a very attractive person whose deep blue eyes were beautifully shaded with long black lashes, whose hair was silky and full of unexpected and provocative little curls, whose skin was creamy and soft, and whose shoulders were plump and white. She saw a rosebud mouth, a saucy little nose and a sensitive chin; she saw pretty slim hands and rejoiced that her feet were just as attractive as the rest of her. Of course, she was made up for the performance and she knew that the general, the colonel, the major, the captain, the lieutenant, the corporal, the sergeant or the private, as the case might be, would not expect to see precisely what her mirror reflected, but she realized the certain discomfiture which would overcome any of these gentlemen when they discovered that they had cast their amorous eyes and their invitations upon one who, on the other side of the footlights, was transformed by a full suit of khaki into a stocky little private named Ed. J. Bullis!

Ed. Bullis is a native of Ottawa. His fondness for the theatre and all pertaining thereto amounted to a mania, but he had very little opportunity to express himself in dramatic terms. True, he was a member of several amateur dramatic organizations, but they offered him comparatively little scope, and probably his only part of note was that of a lispng curate in an original play of Major. Donald Guthrie's, during the production of which Bullis had the advantage of careful and intelligent rehearsing. His interpretation of the lines, as well as his grasp of theatrical technicalities, marked him as having the undisputed qualifications of an actor.

If he played but few parts, however, he was invaluable at performances, never scorning to lend his assistance behind the scenes in whatever capacity he was most necessary. In this way he learned from professional stagehands just what a production entailed. He familiarized himself with the work of each man, including the electrician, and he reached the point where he could "lash his flats" with the best scene-shifter.

Ed. Bullis did not want to go to war. He wanted to stay at home and act, but a high sense of duty drove him to the recruiting office and early in the struggle he might have been found in Flanders, a member of the 12th Canadian M. G. Company.

His first dramatic work in the Army was done under the auspices of the "Y" and on a somewhat restricted scale. The troupe was known as the "Versatiles". The impression created by this type of work caused military authorities to look upon it as an important feature in army life, as we all know, and the particular success of the Versatiles soon attracted the attention of the Division. It was felt that the "Y" was wasting good opportunities, and in August, 1917, a reorganization was effected, when "The Maple Leaves" emerged under the ægis of the Division.

At the Front, Ed. Bullis created and filled a niche, which probably sur-



Private Ed. J. Bullis,
as a "Babe" in Burlon Wood



Miss Winifred Mary Wiseman
President of the Canadian Business Women's Club

prised him as much as it did others, for impersonation was the last thing he would have attempted before leaving Canada. With the present demand for that type of work, it will be a pity if he does not follow his success into a larger field.

*

MISS WINIFRED MARY WISE- MAN

THE President of the Canadian Business Women's Club is interesting as one of the few English women of any note in Toronto who have not been Canadianized. She remains typically British in character, temperament, and outlook. She is pre-

eminently the business woman. Her instinct for business is inherited, and has been shown to a quite brilliant degree in another member of her family, her brother, Sir William Wiseman.

Miss Winifred Wiseman began her independent career as owner and manager of a tea-shop in London. This was an enterprise that some years ago required considerably more pluck, initiative and determination than similar undertakings over here. After five years' experience, Miss Wiseman is not enthusiastic over this as a means of earning a livelihood, at least in the more difficult conditions in the Old Country, where it proved a very hard-working life with no very

great profits to be made out of it at the end.

After visiting her brother in New York, Miss Wiseman first came to Toronto as manager of the large poultry farm that W. F. Robins had north of the city, arranged on the most up-to-date principles. Her English love of animals and the out-of-doors made this a happy post for her. Unfortunately fire destroyed a good deal of the farm buildings. Her most important position was that which she held as head of the Women's Department of Munitions in Canada, wherein her business ability, power of organization, and capacity for handling all sorts of people had full demands made upon them. After giving up that work she for a time helped in the development of a Women's Branch of the North American Life Assurance Company, of which she was manager. Before leaving for England, on account of her mother's condition of health, she was for nine months Field Secretary to the Queen Mary Hospital for Consumptive Children, for which institution she organized their last Rose Day. Her work in connection with the Gage Institute consisted of lecturing to various societies and Sunday schools, and trying to inculcate in the younger members of the community such principles of healthful living as would tend to lessen the dread prevalence of tuberculosis. This was interesting work, relieved from monotony by a perpetually fresh audience and stimulated always by a consciousness of its vital importance.

On the reorganization of the Canadian Business Women's Club a year or two ago, she was elected President, and did much to extend the usefulness and popularity of the club.

With the Miss Wiseman of public meetings a good many of us are familiar, for she has been very prominent in political work. She is a successful public speaker, and knows well how to manage a voice of varied range. In some of her little presidential addresses you may hear at times a distinctive note, a Scots quality of earn-

estness, a something you associate with religious gatherings where sinners are persuaded to their good, but here charmingly applied to matters secular. This impression of warmth and genuineness is enhanced by the attractive geniality of the speaker's appearance. Her figure, rather small and quickly-moving, has a virile air of self-reliant energy.

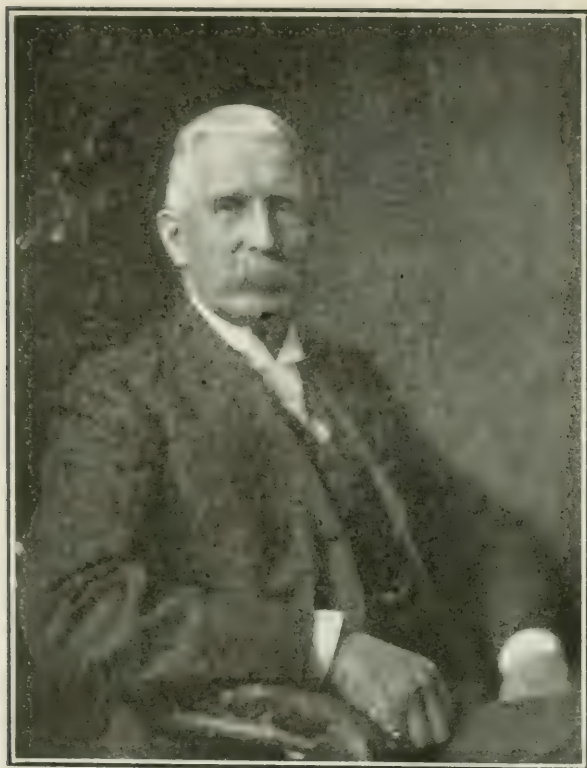
Miss Wiseman is of mingled Scottish and Irish ancestry, and her people have been for generations connected with the British Navy. It is perhaps the Scottish element in her that believes firmly in a strict upbringing for success in life, she herself having had a father who, as a navy man, was a severe disciplinarian.

Miss Wiseman confesses to a dislike of the "superior person", and an appreciation of the attitude of "There but for the grace of God, go I". Having lived a good deal in theatrical and musical circles, she has a warm sympathy and liking for the society of artists. An ardent love of children characterizes her, and the fact that she has been associated largely with men in business all her life may account for her acknowledged preference for them as friends. And on both her men and child friends she expends a strong "mothering" instinct. One of her beliefs is that the woman who wants to succeed in life has got to be "selfish". An underlying distinctive quality in her is a broad and unconventional religiousness of spirit.

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COLONEL DENISON

COLONEL GEORGE T. DENNISON, whose "Recollections" begin in the July number, has been a prominent figure in Canadian national affairs for almost half a century. On page 134 of this magazine Sir John Willison says, "Perhaps only Colonel George T. Denison among Canadians was so influential in resisting every movement towards separation from Great Britain, in strengthening Imperial sentiment, in fashioning the structure of Empire. For they were



Colonel George T. Denison,
whose Recollections begin in the July Number

the teachers of British statesmen and the evangelists of a gospel which even the British people were slow to understand. . . ."

Colonel Denison already has earned a reputation as a writer. Several volumes, treating mostly of military and campaign matters, have come from his pen. Perhaps the most widely read of these are "Soldiering in Canada", "The Struggle for Imperial Unity", and "A History of

Cavalry". The last won the first prize offered by the Emperor of Russia for the best history of cavalry. It was published in English, Russian, German, and Japanese.

Colonel Denison has been engaged all his long life in many activities, and he is almost constantly in the public eye. He is a splendid *raconteur*, and his "Recollections", which cover a wide area, will be found to be unusually entertaining.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE HOPE OF OUR CALLING

BY ROBERT LAW, D.D. Toronto:
McClelland & Stewart.



NE would infer that this is a book for preachers of the Gospel. While it is addressed as such, no layman should set it aside because of that.

For everyone is just as much interested nowadays as he ever was in the possibilities of the hereafter, in the hope of Heaven. The tendency of books revealing the claims of spiritualism, books like "The Twentieth Plane", by Dr. Watson, tend to allay any fears that might be lurking of a place of torment for the damned. Spiritualists seemingly have not distinguished greatly between the state of the good and the state of the bad in the hereafter, but here Dr. Law assures his readers that a good, decent life on earth is an all-important matter, at the same time leaving the impression of a happy immortality as the inevitable outcome of a life well lived, according to Christian principles, on earth. The Heaven he sets up is open enough to admit all who profess Christ, but it rejects all others. "Death," he says, "in itself and without Christ is a curse, the uttermost of all curses, a penalty and doom, the sum and end of all penalty and all doom." The "experience" of Christianity, one might imagine, is to many in these days a difficult thing to realize. And yet Professor Law clings to it as a requisite, without which death is the uttermost of all curses. As one reviewer puts it:

"To preach a conditional felicity hereafter is nice work. One has to be so sure of the fundamentalness of one's conditions. Dr. Law's conditions seem proper and adequate and applicable when one has Old St. Andrew's congregation in the purview. But what about those conditions with the whole round world of race and colour in mind? Do they leave the most of the whole round world damned with the uttermost of all curses? If so, Dr. Law's congregation should be on fire with a wild concern; there should be a tremendous urgency among them if this thing is so specific, so necessary, so final, and (as it appears to the reviewer) so little known."

Now that the church is being accused of neglecting Heaven, this book should be read with keen interest.

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ESSAYS IN OCCULTISM, SPIRITISM, AND DEMONOLOGY

BY DEAN W. R. HARRIS. Toronto:
McClelland & Stewart.

ONCE it is admitted, as the author of this book admits it, that the instances of spirit communication are unquestionably established, it would seem to become comparatively easy to accept the contentions of the Psychic Researchers. Dean Harris has a comprehensive embrace in these matters and an abandoned enthusiasm about their acceptance that makes Sir Oliver Lodge and A. D. Watson seem like cold and carping cynics. Where Lodge and Watson tread on careful toes tentatively, Dean Harris rushes in unrecking. Where, in picking over evidence, Lodge and Watson scrutinize and reflect and reject, Dean Harris has no misgivings; he accepts practically the whole programme of the occult from the planchette and the ouija board to the phenomena known

as bi-location and aerial transportation. Not that Dean Harris would admit any contention to the effect that he is over credulous; what things he accepts, he accepts because the Church has studied them and found them true; but to the scientific investigator he would seem credulous. His book, therefore, becomes specially interesting as revealing the mental processes by which credulity in matters psychic ends in repudiating scientific findings which are popularly considered as needed credulity for their acceptance. Popularly, the enemies of the Psychic Researchers are considered to be those who believe too little; Dean Harris's book shows that it is those who believe too much who are the real enemies. Credulity, when its eyes are widest open, is most blind. This peculiar defect in vision which Dean Harris shares with others in the world has shut him off from his two things. It has shut him off from the use of the scientific checks and tests which would have made him incapable of accepting much that he has accepted as data in the realm of the occult. It has also shut him off from even considering any scientific basis the Psychic Researchers may have for whatever contentions they make. In the first case, Dean Harris loads himself with questionable data; then in the second case, he is able to hug his "evil spirits" theory and be blind to all else.

For, in a word, this is what Dean Harris says: (1) Humanity receives communication from the spirit world through mediums, boards, by automatic writing, etc. But (2) this communication is evil. It is not communication from the living spirits of the good departed dead; it is communication either from devil spirits who have never been on earth or from the spirits of suicides, patricides, etc., who come back with devilish ingenuity and malign intention to plague the people of the earth.

It is an interesting tangle which Dean Harris achieves. Having been credulous in the matter of proofs for spirit communication, he is credulous

then in the matter of the Church's proofs against a particular scientific theory based on the scientifically accredited data of psychic investigation. Having been unscientific in the beginning, he is consistently unscientific to the end. Nowhere in his book can there be found the peculiar ruthlessness and courage to face the truth where mere romancing and presupposition and theory is concerned that is characteristic of the scientific spirit and that is the sounding lead of all scientific advance.

Dean Harris has written an interesting, even a captivating, book. But he has numbered himself with those who would sail blithely on over dangerous seas, confident in the findings of an antiquated chart, rather than among those who, knowing the way to be precarious, would move forward swinging the lead from careful bows.

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THREE TIMES AND OUT

BY NELLIE L. MCCLUNG. Toronto:
Thomas Allen.

IT is no reflection on Mrs. McClung's literary ability to say that this book, which is really the story of Private Simmons as he told it to Mrs. McClung, will be regarded by many of her readers as her best work. The title at once is attractive. Three times did Private Simmons attempt to escape from German camps, and at last, with Corporal Edwards, the hero of "The Escape of a Princess Pat", succeeded in getting "out". Edwards's story, as recorded by George Pearson, and Simmons's story, as told by Mrs. McClung, make in reality companion volumes. Mrs. McClung has done the work simply and with good effect. This Private Simmons displays no malice, and indeed he is not above saying a good word for the German soldier, or at least for a German soldier:

"I thought about him that night when I sat with the blanket wrapped around me, and I wondered about this German soldier. He evidently belonged to the same class as the first German soldier I met after I

was captured, who tried to bandage my shoulder when the shells were falling around us; to the same class as good old Sank at Giessen, who, though he could speak no English, made us feel his kindness in a hundred ways; to the same class as the German soldier who lifted me down from the train on the way to Roulers. This man was one of them, and I began to be conscious of that invisible brotherhood which is stronger and more enduring than any tie of nationality, for it wipes out the differences of creed or race or geographical boundary, and supercedes them all, for it is a brotherhood of spirit, and bears no relation to these things. To those who belong to it I am akin, no matter where they were born or what the colour of their uniform.

"Then I remembered how bitterly we resented the action of a British sergeant-major at Giessen, who had been appointed by the German officer in charge to see after a working party of our boys. Working parties were not popular—we had no desire to help the enemy—and one little chap, the Highland bugler from Montreal, refused to go out. The German officer was disposed to look lightly on the boy's offence, saying he would come all right, but the British sergeant-major insisted that the lad be punished—and he was.

"I thought of these things that night in the cell, and as I slept, propped in the corner, I dreamed of that glad day when the invisible brotherhood will bind together all the world."

One further quotation. Surely this description out of a hungry time, strikes a peculiarly Canadian note:

"Thoughts of food came to torture me. When I slept my dreams were all of eating. I was home again, and mother was frying doughnuts. Then I was at the Harvest Home Festival in the church, and downstairs in the basement there were long tables set. The cold turkey was heaped up on the plates, with potatoes and corn on the cob; there were pots of lemon pies, with chocolate cakes and strawberry tarts. I could hear the dishes rattling and smell of coffee. I sat down before a plate of turkey, and was eating a leg, all brown and juicy—when I awakened."

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FIFTY-TWO QUESTIONS

By FABIUS. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons.

THIS is a small book dealing with the subject of the nationalization of railways in Canada. By the use of a *nom de plume*, the author gives the

impression that the interests he serves deter him from using his own name and thereby disclosing whatever authority he may have, if any, or whatever fitness for treating a complex subject such as this. For the railway situation in Canada is by no means easy of comprehension, and when one reads "The Canadian Railway Problem", by E. B. Biggar, and then reads this book of Fabius, one is enlightened, but perhaps not convinced. It seems to be easy to make a good case either for or against nationalization. "In the first place," as Fabius puts it, he frankly lets the reader know that "it is only prudent to be slow to act in this matter of railway nationalization," and there perhaps is much wisdom in his advice that we should not cruise ahead of Great Britain and the United States in "such dangerous seas". The book upholds the argument that under government control politics would enter into all the problems affecting the railways. "It can take nothing away from our pride and confidence in democracy," says the book, "to hold . . . that the management of railways lies outside the number of things which democracy, in its present state of development, does well." It gives an interesting discussion of this present great national problem.

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THE NEW AMERICA

By FRANK DILNOT. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THERE is no very apparent reason why this book should be called "The New America". However, after one has read it and balked a little at the title, one pauses to wonder why, having commenced it, one read on to the end. It is likely because, to make up for its superficiality, the book offers also a certain brightness of style and now and then something a little piquant, and a slant on the mind of an ordinary wholesome likeable Englishman viewing a nation other than his own for the first time. Mr. Dilnot evidently had a good time while in

the U.A.S., and it is nice of him to say so. While people have money and plenty of time for light reading, there remains a justification for such books as Mr. Dilnot's, lacking anything profound, making no contribution to thought, but adding a little bright and superficial knowledge to the stock of easy-going minds.

BARBARA PICKS A HUSBAND

BY HERMAN HAGEDORN. Toronto: The MacMillan Company of Canada.

THIS novel plays its action off against New York City as its background. The background is cleverly done, is atmospheric and suggestive. Barbara is thinking about three men as possible husbands. A fourth hovers about at a critical point in the action, Mr. Nobody-at-All. All three men are hackneyed types. One is a decent enough about town New Yorker. One is the serious high-minded clean type. One is a masher with a Harrison Fisher face. Of course Barbara marries Tom. Everyone knows from the beginning she is going to marry Tom, in spite of mothers and fathers and other inconveniences. The interest of the book takes one galloping from start to finish.

The novel is not so amateurish and hackneyed as the above outline might suggest. It is a light novel, but it is not cheap. There are very vivid passages. There is some real character drawing.

A CHANCE TO LIVE

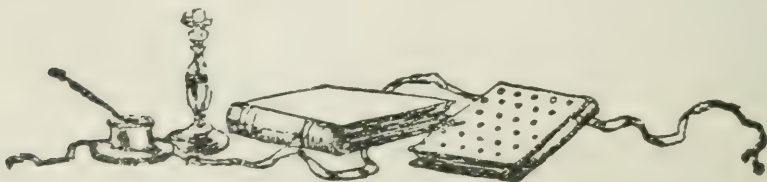
BY ZOE BECKLEY. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HERE is treated in Miss Beckley's humorous style the problem that confronts thousands of young women every day, the problem of how to earn a respectable living. Annie Hargan is a girl of the tenements, alone in the world, with no one to help her to solve the problem, except "Aunt" Maggie, who is not able to do much. Annie begins to work in a factory, but her ambition is rewarded with a position as a switchboard operator and then as a typist. But she has a higher calling, and as a wife and prospective mother she starts anew with Bernie. These two have trying experiences, which are skilfully told, but in the end they triumph in a manner that is, to say the least, highly reassuring.

THE DESERT OF WHEAT

BY ZANE GREY. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

THIS is a peculiar title. On first thoughts wheat and the desert do not seem to harmonize, and, again, how could a desert be composed of wheat, the great sustaining force of mankind? Read this thrilling tale and learn why. It presents a splendid contrast of grit and cowardice, of patriotism and treachery; and while some of the situations are unmistakably melodramatic, they fit in well with the character of the novel.





A LITTLE STUDENT

From a Painting by James Maris
in the Art Association Gallery,
Montreal



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No. 3

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE*

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

I.—APPOINTED POLICE MAGISTRATE



IN May, 1877, I was in London on my way home from St. Petersburg, and had just published my "History of Cavalry". I had been away from home for eight months and had taken passage to sail for Canada in a few days, when I unexpectedly received a cablegram from Mr. Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, asking me if I would accept the appointment of Police Magistrate of Toronto. This surprised me, as I had made no request for any appointment, and had no desire to take a public office. In fact it was contrary to the tradition of my family, no one of whom up to that time had ever taken any civil appointment.

I promptly decided to refuse, and prepared a cablegram declining the offer, but on second thoughts concluded to wait until I reached home be-

fore finally deciding. I therefore replied that I was returning at once and would see Mr. Mowat on my arrival.

When I saw the Premier, he urged me very strongly to accept the position. He told me that there were a number of applicants, but the Government desired particularly that I should take it, and he put the matter in such a kindly way, and gave such strong reasons, that I agreed to accept, with the idea that I should try it for a year, and if I did not like the work I could easily resign.

I arranged with my brother, the late Lieutenant-Colonel Fred. C. Denison, C.M.G., M.P., who was my partner in my legal business, that in accepting the position it was to be on the distinct understanding that neither he nor any partner of his was to appear as a barrister in my court, and I made over all my business to him and gave up all practice, although at

* These reminiscences have been written from time to time during the last ten years.

that time there was nothing to prevent me from practising. I also decided that I would take no fees of any kind, nor act on commissions or arbitrations, or directorships of companies, or accept anything that would put me under obligations to anyone. I was sworn in on the 2nd June, 1877, and have continued in the office ever since.

I found out at once how wise it was that I had decided to accept no favours. It had been the custom with my predecessors to continue their law practice, and do any outside work where they could get fees, and to accept passes from railways, steamboats, theatres, etc. Very soon after my appointment I received season passes on the Ontario railways and on steamboat lines, etc. I sent them all back politely explaining that formerly I would have been glad to receive them, but that I had recently been appointed Police Magistrate and could not now accept them.

This policy has been a great satisfaction to me ever since. I am independent of everyone. I am constantly trying cases between the great railway companies, and citizens, thieves, and trespassers, and I am just as independent of the great railway companies, who can and do influence both the Dominion and Provincial Governments, as I am of the poor tramp who is found trespassing on their lines or stealing a ride.

Not long before my appointment the powers of police magistrates had been very much enlarged, and shortly after they were still more increased. With the consent of the accused, I have been able to try all the serious offences, except murder, manslaughter, rape, high treason, and one or two crimes connected with the misuse of explosives, without a jury, and with power in some cases to sentence to imprisonment for life. This wide jurisdiction has made my Court for the last forty years the principal criminal court of Ontario, for up to two or three years ago about ninety per cent. of the indictable offences have, with

the consent of the accused, been tried by me. The last three years about eighty-three per cent.

I soon felt that I might do a good service to the community by giving them honest, even-handed justice, for there was a great opening for that kind of work in the Police Court, with the tremendous powers that had been placed in the hands of police magistrates. This feeling has led me to retain my office for so many years. More than twenty years ago the late Sir John Thompson, who was then Prime Minister of Canada, inquired through my brother, the member for West Toronto, whether I would accept a position on the High Court of Justice. I was much pleased at the offer, but declined it at once (although my salary would have been much larger), because I felt that my position was more important in many ways, and that I might be much more useful to the community where I was.

The question of salary did not weigh with me a particle. I have always felt that the pecuniary side of any question should not be allowed to have undue weight. I fully agree with the saying of the great General (Chinese) Gordon on the question of money. He said:

"If a man cares for wealth, or fears death, he is the slave of others. If he is indifferent to them, he is free, and their master."

Solomon says, "How much better it is to get wisdom than gold."

I refused, as I have said, to act as president or director of any company, and I am pleased to see that of late years provision has been made by statute preventing judges from accepting such offices. Such legislation should not have been necessary, but the practice at one time was a common one. I also decided to take no fees. I have a great aversion to the fee system; in time it is sure to bring the pendulum off the plumb. A man acting in a judicial capacity should have nothing to affect him, pecuniarily or otherwise, in deciding in either way.

I have acted on these principles ever since I have been on the bench, and it has been a great advantage and satisfaction to me.

I have been continually urged to write the reminiscences of my experiences in the Police Court, and in connection with it, and some of my recollections will be found in the following pages.

I Commence Work

I had arranged, as I have said, with my brother that he was not to appear before me. We had never done any business in the Police Court, but the first day I held court, my brother's office was besieged by a crowd of litigants and defendants endeavouring to retain him to take their cases. A few days of curt refusals put a stop to these attempts at influencing my court.

For the first few days after my taking up the work the entrance to my private office was blocked in the morning by a number of plaintiffs and defendants, intending to continue a custom which had been long in existence of interviewing the Police Magistrate about their cases beforehand. They were generally provided with letters from aldermen telling the magistrate what to do in their cases. I stood in front of my door and as each letter was handed to me I opened it in the presence of the others, glanced at it hurriedly, and told the bearer to tell his alderman to come and give his evidence in open court under oath, and I would then tear the letter up in the presence of them all. As the aldermen at that time had the control over my salary, I felt it necessary to take a very firm stand at the outset. It only took about a week to stop that practice.

At that time the amount of business in the Police Court was not large, about 5,000 cases per annum. It has been increasing with marvellous rapidity. In 1880 the cases all told amounted to 5,939. In 1900 the number had increased to 9,929. Ten years

later the number was 24,826, and in 1913, 39,654; of these 3,849 were indictable offences, of which 641 were committed for trial, the remainder dealt with by me, except when I was occasionally absent, so that I must have dealt with about 3,000 indictable offences summarily, and in addition with probably 10,000 of other cases, being my share of the remainder of the cases for the year.

I might state here that a few years ago in reply to a request sent to him, I received from Sir Albert de Rutzen, the Chief Police Magistrate of London, a full statement of the cases dealt with by the police magistrates of that city. From it I find that there are fourteen police courts, with two magistrates for each, and that 198,711 cases were tried or investigated in the London courts in the year ending 13th December, 1913. This would be an average of 14,193 for each court, or 7,096 for each magistrate. In the same year Mr. Kingsford and I had 39,654 cases, an average of about twenty thousand each.

When these figures are compared with the other criminal business of the Province the contrast is amazing. The High Court of Justice, twelve judges, for the year 1912, in all the Assizes, for the forty-six counties of Ontario, dealt with 152 indictable offences. The County Court Judges in the forty-six counties in the Quarter Sessions, and the County Judges Criminal Court without a jury, in the same year, dealt with 1,247 indictable cases, making for all the judges in Ontario 1,399 indictable offences, while I had the same year 3,849, of which number 641 were committed for trial.

I doubt if there is any judge or magistrate, either in Canada or in England, who has tried as many indictable offences as I have in the last forty years, or had so wide an experience in the administration of criminal justice. In England the powers of the police magistrates are limited to six months' sentences. Mine in some cases extend to life sentences.

Methods of the Police Court

Before describing cases coming before me, I will give an idea of the general principles upon which I have carried on my business. My main desire has been above all things to administer substantial justice in all the cases coming before me. This I felt should be done in preference to following legal technicalities and rules, if close adherence to them would result in injustice. I paid little or no attention to any rules that are often followed blindly, if in the particular instances they would have interfered with fair and impartial administration of justice between litigants. In the following pages I will give a number of illustrations of my methods.

There is one rule against leading questions. In some cases they should not be allowed, in many cases they are very useful. I never follow precedents unless they agree with my views. The men practising in my court have known for years back that there was no use quoting precedents to me. It is very rare that cases are exactly alike, and the decision in one case might be right, while in another apparently like it it would be unjust.

To save time I used to chaff lawyers wanting to read them, saying, "Why read me another judge's opinion. If it agrees with my view, what is the object? If it takes a different view, why should I follow another man's mistakes?" Sometimes I have had a lawyer quote some very prominent writer on some branch of law, as, for example, Russell on Crimes. After he had read the paragraph I would say, "Is that Mr. Russell's opinion?" "Yes," would be the reply. "Well, my opinion is different." I was once told that he was the greatest authority on the subject. My reply was, "Well, I am sure he has not half as much authority in this court as I have."

As a matter of fact, my experience had been so great, and the cases so numerous, that a new point could hardly come up that I had not known

all about long before, and I had not time to spare for long arguments by men trying to teach me what was already clear to me.

I am always quite satisfied to have my cases appealed. At one time one judge thought I ought to be regulated a bit and overruled some of my cases. On one occasion he had to uphold my decision. The next day the late Mr. Snelling, K.C., met me and congratulated me. "What for?" said I. "Why, your decision in the case of _____ and _____ was strongly upheld yesterday by the Superior court." My answer was, "Well, Snelling, I still think I was right."

On the question of precedents there is something rather illogical about the whole principle. In an argument one lawyer may quote two or three precedents all running in one direction, and the judge may be inclined to follow them, when the opposing counsel will rise and say, "My Lord, those cases have been overruled by a later decision", and he quotes it to uphold the opposite view; the judge is supposed to follow the later case, which is held to be the best law. Therefore the judge who overrules precedents and go against them are supposed to give better law than they who follow them. Why, therefore, follow precedents? The best plan is to go into the whole facts and decide what is fair and right between the parties.

When I have heard all the evidence on both sides in trying a case, I come at once to one of three conclusions:

1, the man is innocent;

2, the man is guilty;

3, I am not sure. The doubtful ones are the difficult cases, and I will wait and try to get further evidence, and when I have exhausted everything, I give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt, if I am still doubtful.

I may also say that I depend upon an intuitive feeling as to a man's guilt or innocence and not to weighing and balancing the evidence. I depend upon this feeling in spite of evidence, and will subsequently give illustrations of the advantage of doing so.

On several occasions I have had disputes about horse trades. A man not knowing much about horses would buy a horse from a trader who would say the horse was sound and a good worker, and afterwards the purchaser would find that the horse was unsound and not able to work. He would complain that he had been defrauded. He would get a summons, and the case would come before me, charging the trader with defrauding him by false pretences out of the price of the horse, say \$100. The facts would come out before me and the evidence of veterinary surgeons would prove that the horse was worthless. I would then say to the trader, "What have you to say?"

He would reply, "The horse is all right." I would say, "You are sure of that?" "Yes."

"Is it worth \$100?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Then there is no difficulty, you take your horse back, and give the complainant the \$100."

The man would object. I would remand the case for a few days and say, "If you don't do that, then I will know you intended to cheat him from the beginning, and I will know what to do."

This scheme generally put things right and no one was wronged.

From the beginning of my occupation of the Bench, I was punctual in my attendance, going on the Bench every morning while the town clock was striking ten. My regularity attracted in time the attention of the reporters, and about a year after my appointment the following item appeared in one of the morning papers:

"The punctuality of Colonel G. T. Denison, Police Magistrate for the city of Toronto, is something which passes the ordinary understanding. He goes by observatory time, and occasionally corrects it. He generally bolts in at the east door as the third beat of ten is boomed out from St. James's, but if the bell should reach the fifth clang, and no magistrate is yet apparent, the faces of the officials and habi-

tues begin to grow long and look uneasy; should it reach eight, a look of positive alarm spreads over the countenances of the deputy, his assistants and the waiting reporters. What can be the matter? While every ear is strained and the silence becomes oppressive, suddenly the east door opens, his Worship bounds in, and before nine, ten have been recorded by the respectable bell in the tall steeple the first drunk is being conveyed tenderly below, wondering how he will pay that dollar and costs which has just been imposed upon him. What would happen if the clock should finish striking before he appeared? The question makes us giddy."

This item shows how soon I had gained a reputation for punctuality, but the subsequent record is very remarkable. During the forty years and more that have since elapsed I have never been one second late in going on the Bench in the morning.

It is strange that no accident of any kind, or stoppage of my watch, or any other cause has ever broken this record. It necessitates an explanation. I always entered the Court before the last stroke of the town clock. Sometimes the clock has been out of order, in which case I went by my own watch, but the secret of my always being on time was due to two causes. In the first place, I always made a point of being in my office fifteen minutes ahead of time, and in the next place, up to the last year or two I always walked the three miles to the Court House, so that snow-storms cutting off the power on the street cars, or any other like difficulty never prevented me from being on time. I have often wondered that I have been able to maintain for so many years such absolute regularity.

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Police Court Counsel

Among the lawyers practising in the Toronto Police Court in my time, the wittiest and most humorous was William G. Murdock. He was a genial and kindly man, and a great favourite with everybody. The finest thing about his wit was its amiable geniality. I never heard him make a joke that the person at whose expense it

was made did not enjoy as much as anyone. Some so-called wits gain their reputation by making sharp and cutting remarks at someone else's expense, which often will produce a laugh. I do not call that type of humour wit.

Murdock was constantly joking at the expense of Henry Reburn, sergeant of the detectives. When he would begin it was a pleasure to see how Reburn's face would lighten up in anticipation. Murdock and I often exchanged jokes. I will mention one instance as an example. He was applying for bail for a man who had committed a forgery of a cheque for \$2,000, and I objected, saying the case was too serious.

Murdock based his argument on the ground that the man could not be quite right in his mind, from the manner in which he committed the offence. I replied: "You know my view on that point, Mr. Murdock. I do not believe that any man of really sound mind will commit crime. I agree with Josh Billings, who says, 'When a man makes up his mind to become a rascal he had better first examine himself closely and see whether he ain't better constructed for a fool.'"

Murdock drawled out in his inimitable way: "Yes, I know that view is held by your Worship, and (with a pause) Josh Billings."

"One more, Mr. Murdock," I replied, "King Solomon," and, holding up three of my fingers, I added, "there are just three of us."

Poor Murdock had a pathetic ending. Playfully pretending to fence with a friend, using an umbrella, the friend's umbrella accidentally entered his eye and he died in a few hours. He was deeply regretted by all who knew him, and was a great loss to the court officials and attendants, who very much missed his kindly and genial presence.

N. G. Bigelow was a constant figure in the Police Court, and did a large business in the defence of criminals. He was a man of considerable ability, but died in middle age.

Mr. Holmes was another very prominent practitioner in my court. He was a young man of remarkable ability and shrewdness, but was a little too sharp in his methods. He could steer off dangerous ground in cross-examination with the most remarkable skill. I never met a man who could equal him. The only trouble was that in his cases it kept me on the closest watch to guard against missing important points. Poor fellow, he was accustomed to take morphine, and once taking a little too much of it died before he could be revived.

There was another barrister who had a very hard struggle to make a living, who defended the poorest class of criminals, and did not hold a very good position in the profession. He came to me one day to ask my advice. The people at Sault Ste. Marie, then a small village in a remote and rather unsettled district, desired to induce a lawyer to settle in the place, because the County Attorney was the only lawyer in the district, and as the plaintiffs always employed him, the defendants could not get any legal assistance or advice. A subscription of \$500 was raised, and an announcement made that it would be paid to a lawyer who would settle in Sault Ste. Marie. The offer had been made to this gentleman, and he asked me what I would advise. We knew each other very well, so I replied:

"I would take it and go up, and I should not wonder if within a year they would pay you \$1,000 to send you back again to Toronto."

He took the joke good-naturedly, but he went to Sault Ste. Marie, and, strange to say, he was back practising in my court within a year. He died a young man, comparatively speaking.

On one occasion the late Goldwin Smith gave a legal dinner at The Grange at which the late Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., Chief Justice Sir John Hagarty, myself, and others were present. To start the conversation in a legal direction, Goldwin Smith said that he thought there was a differ-

ence in the custom in the courts in England, in the United States, and in Canada, that in England the judges ruled their courts, in the States the lawyers ruled, but that in Canada it was a sort of joint affair. After some discussion I said, "Well, I don't know much about the other courts, but in mine I am in command."

"I should think you are," said Mr. McCarthy. "Yours is a regular court-martial. I have been there, sometimes, but I don't like courts-martial, so I don't go any more."

"That is where you show sound judgment," said I. "If you cannot obey orders, it is better to keep away."

McCarthy and I were great friends. He was President of the Imperial Federation League for some years when I was chairman of the Organizing Committee, and we often spoke together on the same platform, endeavouring to stir up a feeling in favour of Imperial unity, which is now such a powerful influence in the British Empire. He was one of the ablest men in the Province.

Mr. Fenton was county attorney for a few years and was an able and conscientious representative of the Crown. J. Walter Curry, K.C., was Crown Attorney for a number of years, and a most energetic and efficient prosecutor. He worked with indomitable perseverance and in many important cases showed remarkable ability. He was in charge of the prosecution of the Hyams brothers for murder, and with four exceedingly able counsel against him handled his case most skilfully.

Nicholas Murphy, K.C., was another counsel who did a considerable amount of business in my court. His strong point was his thorough truthfulness. I always felt that I could take his word with confidence.

It is not necessary to say that there have been some practitioners who have not secured my confidence, and often the truth of the old saying, "Honesty is the best policy" is borne in upon me.

In forty years I have seen a great

number of our ablest lawyers appear occasionally in important cases. The men I have named above are a few who have been regular attendants in my court.

The present Crown Attorney, J. Seymour Corley, K.C., is a very capable man, and it has been a great satisfaction to have such men to work with and to assist in the administration of justice. My relations with the various county attorneys who have held office during my time have always been of the most agreeable character, and I have the kindest recollections of them all.

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The Priestman Case

In the spring of 1899 I was involved in a controversy with the High Court of Justice in a curious way. The law against keeping bucket-shops or places for gambling included among them disorderly houses, and the procedure for enforcing the law in such cases was different from that in all other kinds of criminal prosecutions. In every other type of offence an information has to be sworn to and a warrant or summons asked for, warrants being only issued in serious cases where the defendant would not be likely to appear on a summons.

In gambling houses the law lays down clearly the course to be pursued, and leaves no option. The Chief of Police writes a letter to one of the Police Commissioners, generally the Police Magistrate, stating his suspicion and belief that a certain place is a gambling-house, and requesting an order to permit him to enter by force and take possession of the house and all articles or papers used in the business, and to arrest and bring before the magistrate all persons found in the place. There is no power to summon; the law is mandatory and says all shall be arrested and brought before a magistrate.

I had received a letter in proper form from the chief constable, asking for a warrant to enter the premises of one Priestman, and Inspector

Archibald was assigned to execute it. Archibald entered the office of the bucket-shop keeper and finding evidence showing the character of the business being carried on, he arrested the keeper and all the persons found there, and as was his duty took them to the police station, where they were bailed to appear the next day.

The case was tried before me and the evidence given, and upon the evidence I convicted the defendant. It was appealed to the High Court and the conviction was quashed, and the judge commented very severely upon the conduct of Inspector Archibald, on the ground that Priestman being a respectable man he should not have arrested him, but should have summoned him. In this the judge was absolutely wrong, as the law on the point is very clear and definite. This censure made in open court, and published in the papers, led the defendant Priestman to think that he had a case against Inspector Archibald, and he laid a charge against him before the Board of Police Commissioners to have him dismissed from the force or punished in some way. The Board of Commissioners consisted of the County Judge, the Mayor, and myself.

Priestman came before us and made his complaint that he was arrested instead of being summoned. I said that the law was clear, that Archibald did exactly as the law provided, and that no fault could be found with him. Priestman said that the judge had condemned Archibald severely, and said he had no right to act as he did. I replied that "the judge did not know what he was talking about". This also got into the newspapers, and the judge, the late Judge Rose, brought the matter before the High Court of Justice, and they requested Sir John Boyd, the Chief Justice, to complain to the Attorney-General against me for speaking in that way of one of their number.

Sir Oliver Mowat, Attorney-General, sent the letter to me for my report, which I sent in, pointing out

the law and also pointing out the fact that as a police commissioner I was acting as a judge in a matter which affected the livelihood of a worthy officer who was only doing his duty.

Sir Oliver sent my reply to the High Court of Justice, and they were not satisfied, but wrote another letter referring to "the impropriety of a magistrate commenting disparagingly in a meeting to which the public was admitted, upon observations made by a judge of the High Court while presiding at the assizes; that such a course is not likely to suggest respect for the judicial office or to promote the due administration of the law".

I wrote a very decided reply, for I was determined that, as far as I was concerned, I would show everyone fair play and not be influenced by outside considerations. I said that I had always maintained that it was the duty of the police to enforce the law as they found it, without respect to persons, that if a policeman found any man breaking the law, it was his duty to put the law in force against him without favouritism or consideration for his social position". I went on to say that "we could not leave it to any ordinary policeman to judge of the respectability of a man, and to decide whether one man was to receive greater consideration than another because he was richer or better dressed or better educated or moved in a different social sphere. Mollie Matches, one of the most notorious criminals on this continent, would pass anywhere as an intelligent, well-bred and prosperous business man".

I held that any other system would bring the administration of law into disrepute and the police management into contempt.

I then went on to say that "such a principle as Judge Rose laid down does not exist in any country that I know of—certainly not in England, where one man in the eye of the law has been the same as another from the time that Chief Justice Gascoigne sent Prince Henry to prison down to the other day when the London police ar-

rested some of the wealthiest noblemen in England, on the same charge as that on which Inspector Archibald arrested Priestman and others”.

I concluded by saying that “if Judge Rose had refrained from censuring others in a matter for which he was not responsible, it would have increased the respect which is entertained for his high judicial office, and would not have affected the due administration of the law by the Police Department”.

Sir Oliver Mowat, replying to this, said: “Nothing further need be said. I believe this is the first time any complaint has been made to me as to anything you have said or done as police magistrate”.

This ended the matter.

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Different Types of Offenders

The professional criminal, as far as my experience has gone, does not seem to bear ill-will against a judge who holds the scales of justice evenly and decides fairly, no matter what reasonable sentence may be given. I had a curious indication of this feeling a few years after I had been appointed magistrate. I was visiting a friend in Kingston and he suggested one day that I should pay a visit to the Kingston Penitentiary, which is the great prison for serious offences in Ontario. I demurred at first, because I had sent many prisoners there, and they were sent for the more serious offences and were sentenced for the longest terms. I told my friend that it would not be pleasant for many of the prisoners to see me going through the prison. I agreed, however, reluctantly, to go, for I was interested in seeing the building and the general conditions of imprisonment.

The Warden of the penitentiary told off one of the senior officials to show me over the institution. In the first work-shop I entered I saw that some of the prisoners recognized me and, to my astonishment, seemed

pleased to see me and nodded to me and smiled. I spoke to several of them and said:

“Did I send you here?”

“Yes, sir.”

“For how long?”

Probably they would say, “For three or four years.”

In one shop a number of the prisoners came around me and greeted me with the utmost friendliness. I asked them many questions; how much longer they had to serve, how they were fed and cared for, and they spoke quite favourably of the prison. I recognized one prisoner whom I had sent down some years before, and said:

“Why, Leslie, are you still here? I did not think I had given you more than three years.”

“That is right, sir,” he replied, “but I was sent down again for a burglary in London.”

He was a very sharp fellow and he went on to say—speaking apparently for the comrades around him: “We all think well of you, Colonel, because you always give a fair trial. The detectives have got to prove their case clearly or you will not convict, but some of the magistrates and judges decide against a man with a record because he has a record, whether the case is proved clearly or not, and that is not playing the game fairly. If the detectives cannot prove their case they should not get the decision, but if they do prove it then we never complain of the judge for sentencing us. All we want is fair play.” It was the exact point of view of the football player who wanted an absolutely fair referee.

The contrast between this method of looking upon the result of the trials of the professional criminal and that of another class of customers who are very respectable and often wealthy is very remarkable. Of course, in many cases people of this latter class pay their fines willingly and blame nobody but themselves. Some of them, however, resent bitterly being prosecuted and blame everybody but them-

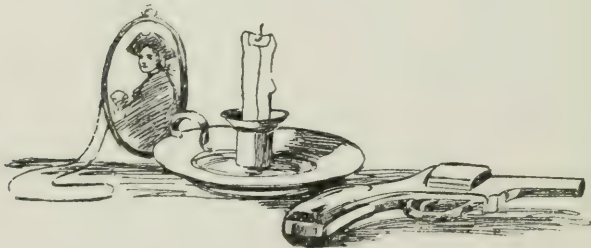
selves. They find great fault with the magistrate and the prosecutor and the police. I noticed sometimes in years past that people fined for not cleaning snow from the sidewalks in front of their property retained a strong feeling against me personally for doing my duty, sometimes a very bitter feeling. I did not mind this, for people who would take that view were not worth bothering about.

A good many years ago a second police magistrate was appointed, Mr. Rupert E. Kingsford, and he was assigned to deal with all the minor cases, while my business was mainly confined to trying the serious indictable offences. The result has been that my dealings have been with the worst criminals, while Mr. Kingsford's principal work has been with the respectable and wealthy classes.

It has been a great relief to me to have escaped dealing with the type who now come before Mr. Kingsford, and particularly of late years since the motor-car has become an established institution. There are a number of rules for the guidance of drivers of motor-cars which are often broken: overspeeding, driving on the wrong side of the street, not having lighted

lamps in the dark, or not returning to the scene of an accident. Overspeeding is the commonest offence of them all, and numbers of defendants are constantly in court to meet such charges. A man always feels he is going very slowly if he is going only five miles an hour over the rate permitted by law, and there is constant complaining by motor-car owners, if brought before the court on those charges. Those who complain the most are generally so-called millionaires. Sometimes in my club they will complain to me about the motor laws and the way in which they are administered.

I always close the discussion by saying: "Thanks to a kind Providence, I have nothing whatever to do with motor cases. I deal with the aristocracy of crime, with murderers, highway robbers, forgers, embezzellers and all the highest class of criminals. I have nothing to do with the petty offenders who don't remove their snow or drive their motors too fast or commit other frivolous little offences, and I am very thankful, for my customers are much more pleasant to deal with; they rarely complain or bear any ill-will."



MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER I

HEADS for the front door, tails for the back!" David flipped a copper into the air and watched it fall with pretended calm. "Heads it is! Guess I would have gone to the front door anyway."

This was pure bluff, but it served to stiffen his courage. He knew it was no light thing for a small boy to ring the front door bell at the house of the Widow Ridley. Boys had tried it before, but they had only pulled the handle and then run away. It was another thing to stand one's ground and deliver a parcel, even when the parcel came from the minister and might be said to be under the protection of the church.

It was a breathlessly hot day. The shadows of the cedar trees lay like dark and pointing fingers over the close cut lawn. The house of the Widow Ridley slumbered in the heat, its wide green shutters closed. But behind those shutters——! David banged the iron gate and marched boldly up the gravelled walk. His hand was already upon the bell to pull it when the door flew open. It opened so silently and so swiftly that it seemed the very worst had happened and that the Widow Ridley would appear in person. But she didn't. The door-opener was not a terrible old woman with a hooked nose and a very useful cane but a little girl.

"You boy!" said the little girl. "What do you mean by coming to the front door? Go round to the back directly!"

"Don't have to!"

The antagonists observed each other warily.

What he saw was a thin, pale child, fantastically dressed, or rather draped, in a Persian shawl. A bright red handkerchief was wound, turban fashion, around her head. Her eyes were long and narrow, her chin delicately pointed and, at the present moment, much uplifted. For all her paleness she glowed against the dark background vivid as a flame.

What she saw was a freckled-faced little boy whose hair stood up in the centre, and who dared to grin.

"Go at once!" ordered Rosme, stamping her foot.

"Shan't. The minister sent me. Here's a parcel. Say, "with a still wider grin, "is this the whole circus or just the big tent? Don't you want someone to water the elephants?"

Rosme closed the door. It was all she could do, and she intended to do it with quiet dignity. But the boy's grin was really maddening and doors have an uncanny way of divining the moods of humans. It banged.

"Now you've done it!" A tall, blonde girl who had started forward too late to prevent the bang threw a glance of reproachful wonder at the author of it. "Aunt will never sleep through that."

"Truly, Frances, I didn't mean to bang it. It just banged."

Three loud thumps sounded ominously from overhead.

"There she is!" said the child, her long eyes lighting with the lust of battle. "I'll go. You pretend you're out. Here, help me off with this old shawl."

Accentuated thumps, a perfect salvo of them, hastened the undraping process. "The turban too," whispered Rosme. "Hurry, or she'll smash the chandelier!" Then, as a final bang was followed by sudden silence, "Oh, thank goodness, she's dropped her cane!"

"Perhaps—" began Frances, but Rosme, always quicker in action than her cousin was in thought, was already on her way upstairs. A second later she presented herself a figure of unhurried calm, at the door of Aunt's bedroom.

"Were you calling, Aunt?"

A groan came hollowly from the bed just visible in the cool depths of the shaded room. But Rosme knew that this was not an answer. It was hardly even the beginning of one. Self-repression was not, at any time, one of Aunt's virtues and just now her natural energy had been reinforced by sleep. When she had expressed herself at great length and with much variety she groaned again and reverted to first causes.

"What was that crash I heard?" she demanded in a fainting voice. "Don't attempt to lie to me! I feel it is the mirror in the front parlour. It is broken—don't deny it! Where is Frances? Where is my cane? Oh, what a terrible thing it is to be helpless and alone!"

"It was only the door that banged, Aunt."

"Only! A door that bangs is nothing! My sleep is nothing! Besides it was not the door. My doors don't bang. If it did, it was done on purpose—to waken me. That is your gratitude. After all I have done for you. Where is Frances? If you didn't break the mirror, she did. I

know it is broken. I have ears, I hope!

"Frances is out," fibbed Rosme shamelessly. "She's been up here twenty times to-day. I'm taking her place."

As she spoke the child came further into the room, and pausing at the foot of the old-fashioned bed, looked over gravely at the old lady who lay within.

"If you talk so loud, Aunt," she said in reasonable accents, "you'll begin to cough. And if you cough—" The rest of the sentence was thoughtful silence. Instantly, as if in response to some malign suggestion, the old lady began to cough. She coughed violently and at length. But when she had ceased coughing she took a long breath and began to scold again. The burden of her remarks seemed to be the hardness of heart apparent in Frances and still more noticeable in Rosme, who had no heart at all! Also the appalling lack of gratitude on the part of both to an Aunt who had done so much for them. References were made to the home which had been provided, to board, to clothes, to education, and it was particularly noted that all that was asked in return was a little consideration, a little care. But this of course was too much to expect. Only let their benefactress be confined to her bed for a day or two and what happened? Gallivanting—gross neglect—every mirror in the house broken, especially the large one in the front parlour bought in England by their dead uncle—

Rosme did not try to interrupt this flow of eloquence. Intent though her attitude was, she was in act not listening. Having heard it all with variations every day and several times a day for years she may have felt that she did not need to pay strict attention. Instead, she let her mind wander and fell to wondering if in the course of nature it were possible that some day she, Rosme, might come to look like Aunt? If she lived to be seventy-five years old? Perhaps all

old people of seventy-five looked like that? If they did, Rosme thought it fortunate that the psalmist had fixed the orthodox age at three score years and ten. The strength of Aunt's excess age was certainly labour and sorrow—for other people.

Whether some of these musings came through telepathically to Aunt it is impossible to say, but the volume of her lamentations lessened suddenly.

"What are you thinking of, standing there like a graven image?" she snapped out.

"I was thinking," said Rosme, politely, "that you haven't told me what you want yet. Excuse me, Aunt, but you have coughed your cap all crooked—over the left eye. I'll fix it."

Fix it she did with grave face and deft hand. Then, "What was it you said you wanted, Aunt?"

The old lady was exhausted, if not beaten. A tear of rage shone in her still undimmed eye but her voice was perceptibly weaker.

"You are a heartless child," she quavered, "a hard, bad child! I want that shutter open. I want my cane. I want my medicine. Nobody cares whether I live or die. Nobody——"

Rosme flew to open the shutter and succeeded in making noise enough to drown the remainder of the indictment. She picked up the cane and placed it beside the gaunt figure on the bed.

"It isn't medicine time for another hour," she announced dispassionately. "You know Frances *never* forgets your medicine. Is there anything else?"

Two more tears of rage gathered in the old lady's snapping eyes.

"Go away!" she waved feebly. "You are bad. You are heartless. The doctor shall know how disgracefully I am neglected. GO AWAY!"

"Is she all right, Rosme?"

"Yes, all she wanted was a shutter open. In five minutes she'll want it shut, at least she would only I told her you had gone out and I don't think

she'll want me again just now. Why don't you lie down, till medicine time, Frances? You look tired out. Say, Frances, do you think its worse when she's upstairs or when she's down?"

Frances shook her head with a nervous smile.

All the time Rosme had been upstairs she had been blaming herself for allowing the child to go. But it was true that she was very tired. Even her buoyant youth was drooping under the demands made upon it. Frances Selwyn had both a heart and a conscience. She did her best to satisfy Aunt, but Aunt was insatiable.

As she had rested in the window-seat, trying not to hear the unceasing rumble overhead, she wondered if other people could do better. Only yesterday a visitor had gently suggested that worry belongs entirely to mortal mind. All environment, she had said, is thought created, and the only reason why all persons are not happy and comfortable and good-tempered is because they cannot be brought to think that they are.

"If I try to think that Aunt is pleasant and kind, thought Frances, "Will that make Aunt pleasant and kind?" The instant and overwhelming negative was not encouraging. "But of course," she added conscientiously, "that is not a fair test, because I couldn't think that Aunt was pleasant and kind no matter how I tried." There was also the undeniable fact that the visitor's remarks had made Aunt even ruder than usual and her temper ever since had been frightful. Frances and Rosme and Matilda were all tired out with it. Matilda, being a maid, could leave but the other two, being nieces, couldn't.

"She is going to tell the doctor how dreadfully she is neglected," said Rosme with an impish smile. "So I think I'll go out and play for awhile. I'm tired of being Bluebeard's wife and the turban was too hot anyway. I'll be in the back yard. Whistle three times if you want me."

In the Widow Ridley's philosophy the back yard was to the front garden what the inside of the platter is to the outside. If one's front garden looked well, it was nobody's business what happened to one's back yard. Therefore it behooved her, as a rich and very mean old lady, to spend what money she felt compelled to spend entirely upon the half-moon lawn, the gravel drive, the formal flower beds and the row of fringing cedars. The remainder of her domain, that part which lay behind the green latticed fence and was screened from the street by a high stone wall, she left largely to its own devices. No one save nature had gardened there for years, and the result was a chaos dear to the hearts of caterpillars and children.

It was Rosme's particular paradise and she disappeared into it to-day with a sigh of care deferred. Aunt never came here. Even when she was able to walk around she came no farther than the back steps. The long grass soiled her silken skirts; the tangled bushes caught at her ankles and the caterpillars—ugh! Rosme loved the caterpillars on this account. She watched one now with gratitude as it perilously performed high wire acts on a swaying stem beside her. She welcomed the big, green grasshoppers that jumped into her lap and the yellow bumble-bees that bumbled almost in the meshes of her hair. They were all free of her paradise. Nor did she blame the bees for their preference for her hair. She knew that she had lovely hair. It was luxuriant, beautiful in texture and in shade a warm and golden bronze. At present it was her one unchallenged beauty.

"I think it shall be Joan of Arc to-day," mused Rosme throwing herself upon her favourite slope beneath the high stone wall. Since she had come to live with Aunt she had found this sort of dual personality very helpful. It was so nice to leave off being Rosme Selwyn, a little girl with problems too big for her, and

to become for the moment any one of the enchanting and delightful people of whom dream worlds are full. Joan was one of her favourite *alter egos*—for Joan had been a fighter and a dreamer too. Very probably she had had an Aunt!

"Now," said Rosme, speaking aloud as she often did when playing by herself. "I am watching my cows (or sheep, or something) in a field where there are some trees. I am thinking of what I am going to have for dinner. I don't know that the Archangel Michael is watching me. But suddenly I hear a voice and I look up—"

Slowly she raised her widening eyes and caught her breath with a little click between her teeth. For there, watching her, was not the Archangel Michael exactly, but the little boy who had brought the parcel!

"You told me to come round to the back, so I came," said the boy.

"Go away again!" said Rosme promptly.

The boy smiled teasingly.

"Go away this minute!"

The boy did not move. Perhaps he couldn't. The wall was high and the boy was short. How had he climbed up, anyway? What was he standing on? Perhaps he was suspended in mid-air by magic? Rosme's always active curiosity got the better of her natural annoyance.

"What are you standing on, boy?" she demanded haughtily.

The boy grinned.

"You'll get pricked if you try to come over."

"Won't," said the boy.

Rosme noticed with an impulse of admiration that his outspread arms were resting upon a smooth board which he had placed across the broken stone on the wall's top.

"Come over then!" she told him tauntingly.

The boy came over.

Rosme hadn't expected that. All the neighbourhood children were properly frightened of Aunt. Not one of them would have dared to scale

Aunt's wall. This one did it so quickly and so neatly that Rosme hadn't time to feel outraged. She was without prejudices anyway, and it was apparent that a boy who could climb a wall like that might be worth knowing.

The two gave each other a long, measuring glance. Then: "I'm Joan of Arc," said Rosme gravely.

She watched the boy carefully to see if he would laugh. He didn't. This was the first great test. Rosme went a little farther. "I can be anyone I like," she declared.

"So can I," said the boy stoutly.

"All right," with a sigh of content, "come on and play."

"You're French yourself, aren't you?" he asked a little shyly. "Is that why you're Joan of Arc?"

"No. But my name is French. Aunt won't let me spell it properly. It ought to be spelled with two 'e's' and a dear, cute little mark over one of them. Aunt says I am English because my father was. I know who you are. You are the little boy of Angus Greig the carpenter."

The little boy of Angus Greig the carpenter admitted his identity with a blush which brought his freckles into painful prominence.

"Don't you go to school?" asked Rosme with a virtuous air.

"Don't you?"

"No I don't. Frances my cousin teaches me. Frances has had an expensive education. Aunt gave it to her and now she expects her to do something for it. Aunt is really horrid."

"Oh, I say!" the boy looked a trifle shocked at this. Should one, or should one not, speak of aunts in this manner? Besides the little girl pronounced the word aunt with a soft *a*. The boy liked the sound of it but felt it his duty not to.

"We don't say 'awnt' in this country," he admonished, "we say 'ant'." Rosme's steady gaze enveloped him.

"Well, you may if you like," she declared unselfishly.

It took the boy a full minute to see

the import of this. When he did he blushed again. It was an angry blush this time.

Rosme did not seem to notice it. She was engaged in taking the handkerchief from her hair.

"I won't be Joan any more to-day," she declared. "Do you know any stories?"

Her tone was so friendly that the boy thought perhaps he had taken offence unnecessarily.

"Lots," he said. "But I can't tell them."

"Why?"

The boy evidently didn't know why.

"Who tells them to you?"

"Cousin Mattie."

"Have you got a mother?"

The boy shook his head.

"Neither have I. Have you got an Aunt?"

The boy had no Aunt.

"I have," said Rosme with a sigh. "Couldn't you tell just one story?"

"I could," cautiously. "But it wouldn't sound right."

"Why not?"

"There's one I like when Cousin Mattie tells it. She makes it last a long time. But when I tell it, it only lasts a minute."

"Why?"

The boy considered.

"I seem to leave out the insides," he admitted after a pause.

The meaning of this was quite plain to Rosme, who was used to storytelling.

"Never mind," she encouraged, "I can put the insides in for myself. Go on."

The boy fidgeted. "It's about a Prince," he admitted with the embarrassed air of one who feels that he has grown too big for Princes.

"I like Princes."

"It's about a Prince who lived on a hill. One day when he was out on his castle verandah—"

"Balcony," corrected Rosme, who had a feeling for words.

"—he saw a Princess far off on another hill, playing ball. She had golden hair—"

"Why?" demanded Rosme, causing the boy to hesitate.

"Because Cousin Mattie said so."

"Perhaps her hair was kind of red."

"No, it wasn't."

"Some Princesses have red hair," said Rosme coldly. "Go on."

"The Prince wanted to go to the Princess. So he took his hat—"

"Cap," corrected Rosme softly.

"—and started off. But between the two hills there was a valley with a wood in it. And there was mist in the wood. It was nice there. So instead of going straight through, the Prince played around. Then when he wanted to go on he found that the mist had changed into millions of gray threads. His feet were all tangled up in them. And the gray threads were—"

"Spells!" cried Rosme delighted.

"Yes, spells. And he couldn't break them no matter how he tried, for it was a magic wood and not at all nice when you got tired of it. The Prince hated it, but he couldn't get out. He could go to the edge of the wood and see the Princess up on the hill, but he couldn't get to her."

"Not ever?"

The boy shook his head.

"Well, I think it's a horrid story. I could tell it much better than that. I would make the Princess stop playing ball and come down to get the Prince out. And I would have her hair kind of red, like mine, and so long she could sit on it. And I would tell exactly what she wore when they got married, and what the bride's maids wore, and—"

"But you can't! It isn't your story. Things that people wear are stupid anyway. Can you play pirates?"

"No, I can't."

"I could teach you if you'll promise not to be silly. Are you scared of blood?"

"N—no."

"Lots of blood?"

"No," firmly.

"Well, then, come on. This is a

dandy place to play. That log can be our ship and this long grass makes spiffing waves! Have you got a skull anywhere?"

Rosme did not have a skull. But she had an imagination which did not need one. And David was a good teacher. He was on his own ground here. He expanded and glowed. The old, gorgeous, gory names tasted strong upon his tongue. Under his vivid words the still, hot garden became the blistering Spanish Main. The log became a pirate barque. The black flag drooped at the mast. For the moment there was no prey in sight and the pirates drowsed. But suddenly, out of the west, a sail appeared! "Clear the decks! All hands to the culverins! Tumble up, tumble up!" (Rosme, unfortunately, had tumbled down). "Stand by to board and no quarter!"

Everyone who has ever played pirates knows the rest! Some, but perhaps not everyone, can cast their memory back recapturing something of the thrill, the shivering rapture which was Rosme's that day as, first mate to the great Blackbeard, she followed that hardy villain to deeds of blood and victory. All afternoon they played; many golden galleons they sank; many more they set on fire. Thousands of miserable Spanish walked the plank, amid the plaudits of British sailormen rescued and restored to freedom. Nor were the pirates' efforts unrewarded since treasure ships were thick as blackberries. Blackbeard and his trusty crew buried many chests of gold in various desert islands; and the sun was setting and Frances had whistled many times from the back door before Rosme heard, and knew that the pirate's cruise was over.

"I've got to go," she said ruefully, removing a black patch from her eye and restoring a much-crumpled middy to its original position. "Boy, I like pirates. If you wish you may come again."

(To be continued).



THE HARBOUR
From a Painting by J. M. Bamsley in the Art Association Gallery, Montreal

THE TRUE WIFE

BY F. FRANKFORT MOORE



It had come at last. Her three years of ill-treatment by that husband of hers had culminated in a blow—an actual blow—not an accidental one which may be the result of an impatient push. There was nothing unintentional in the manner of its delivery. There was nothing hot-blooded about it. He was quite sober when he struck her. There was something of a smile on his face as his right hand shot out and caught her on the side of her head, sending her reeling upon the arm of the sofa and thence to the floor. And he had stood over her in the attitude of the threatening bully, with his hand still clenched, as if he were waiting for her to rise, when he would knock her down again.

She felt sure that he would have knocked her down again if she had made an attempt to rise. She expected to receive a kick from him as she lay half stunned before him; it would have been like him to kick her as she had seen him kick one of his dogs that had failed to obey him. But she was spared that, for the door opened and the butler entered with a letter for which an answer was needed, and he pretended that she was looking for something on the carpet.

He did it very adroitly.

"Don't come near, Simonds," he said before the man had time to deliver his message. "Don't come near, Mrs. Lacon has lost a diamond out of one of her rings, and you may tread on it. Fetch a hand-brush and I'll sweep for it."

"Yes, sir," the butler said, laying the letter that was in his hand on the table. "Mr. Clayton's compliments, sir, and he would be much obliged by a reply by his messenger."

"All right, I'll see what it's about," said her husband. Then turning to her, still on the floor, he asked her if she was sure that she had looked under the sofa.

This was before the butler had left the room. But the moment the sound of the door being closed was heard he said in a very different tone of voice:

"Get up and go out by the other door—quick, before he comes back. I don't want to tell any more lies than can be helped. I hope I've taught you a lesson that perhaps you'll not forget."

He did not even help her to get upon her feet. He tore open the cover of the letter which he had just received, and walked to the door through which the butler had gone. He opened it, and called out:

"Never mind that brush, Simonds; the thing is found."

She had got upon her feet. She was dazed for some moments and found it necessary to grasp very hard the back of the nearest chair for support.

But in another minute she felt strong.

She looked across the room at him and said:

"Yes; you have taught me a lesson that I shall not forget."

He gave a little start and turned half way round as she spoke.

"What do you mean by that?" he cried.

"My meaning is as plain as yours," she replied. "You said you hoped that you had taught me a lesson that I could not forget. Well, your hope is realized. I shall not forget."

She walked to the other door, opened it and left the room without another glance in the direction of her husband.

When she reached her room upstairs she flung herself upon her bed overwhelmed by a sense of the humiliation of the moment. The thought that she, the daughter of one of the proudest families in the land, had been subjected to an insult such as none of her name had ever submitted to without a drawing of swords, was unendurable to her. She struck the pillow wildly with her clenched hands as she lay face downward upon it. She could utter no word; she could not cry out—the agony that she suffered was beyond such relief. She could only beat her pillow; and the motion of her arms as she lay there suggested the frantic efforts of "some strong swimmer in his agony". Truly she felt that the water had gone over her head. She felt herself sunken down to the deepest depths of humiliation and unable to do anything to help herself—to do anything that would give her back her self respect.

For a full half hour the woman lay there before her tears came—tears that brought no relief to her; and when they ceased her sobs shook the bed on which she lay.

With curious suddenness her sobs also ceased. There was a silence that lasted more than a minute; and then she sprang from the bed and stood in the middle of the room as though listening intently to a voice from outside. But it was not to such a voice she was listening; it was to a voice from within that whispered to her:

"You fool! think of all you have submitted to at the hands of that man—all without a word—without a thought of being revenged upon him! And you have it in your power to gain happiness and to repay him

for his treatment of you. You have it in your power to humiliate him as he has humiliated you and yet you stand here under his roof awaiting his next blow!"

That was what the voice said to her and when she had thought upon its words for some time, she laughed, and flung the handkerchief with which she had dried her tears into a corner of the room.

"A fool—a fool indeed!" she cried. "A fool to submit to an intolerable bondage when I have it in my power to free myself—to gain my freedom and my revenge at once. He told me that I should not forget the lesson that he taught me. He was right—I said so—I will show him that I shall not forget it—never—never!"

Again she laughed and this time there was no bitterness in her laugh; it was as joyous as a girl's in the presence of her lover.

The room was in twilight. She switched on the lights at each side of her dressing-table and put her face close to the mirror so that she might examine the mark made by the blow upon her temple. She saw that it was an ugly bruise, for he had dealt it not with his open hand but with his fist—a brutal bruise; the skin was discoloured but not broken. She was able to examine it now in quite an impersonal spirit, just as she would examine an accidental bruise. She was able to go to her medicine chest and find the bottle of the particular ointment which she thought most suitable to apply to her wound and when she had applied it she dusted it with the medicinal powder in the right way, and without the least show of emotion. When this was done, she smoothed down the disordered coverlet of the bed, and seated herself in a snug chair by her fire, picking up the book which she had been reading previously and finding her place.

She felt happier than she had done for more than a whole year.

But she had overestimated the strength of her resolution. The book

fell upon her lap and remained there, open but unread for the next hour, for it took her an hour reviewing the events that had culminated in that blow.

She had many questions to ask herself, the first was, had she ever really loved that man whom she now loathed more than the most odious things in the world?

She could never have had any love for him. She had accepted his wooing of her because she had fancied that she could not endure her father's second marriage. Her father was Sir Hubert Percy, and since the death of his wife, she had been the mistress of the house, and had been very proud of her position. Percy Place was a big house, but no one could say that it had fallen off in the scale of its hospitalities while she had discharged the duties of hostess. She knew this, and when one day, three years after the death of her mother, her father told her that he was about to marry again she had felt very indignant. It was in vain that Sir Hubert had explained to her that she would have as much more freedom under the altered régime than she had before, she felt that his intention to marry again was equivalent to an announcement that she had failed in her duty. She had gone away to live with her aunt in another county and within a year she had accepted the offer of marriage made to her by Stephen Lacon.

Everyone—except such as knew Stephen Lacon intimately—said that the match would be a brilliant one for her; for Lacon Park was a noble property, and a good many people estimate the brilliancy of a marriage on a property basis. But in the county there were some who were ready to affirm that the girl who hoped to make Stephen Lacon happy must be optimistic indeed. There were many rumours in regard to his selfishness—his queer temper—his vanity, and some of them reached the ear of Stella Percy's father. He warned her—she remembered now as

she sat in front of the fire in her room with an aching head, how her father had warned her and had only given his consent to her marriage with reluctance. But she had been self-willed; she had refused to listen to any counsel, and she had married Stephen Lacon.

Before a month had passed she had learned something of his nature, and that knowledge was a revelation to her. She had not thought it possible that any man living could be of a nature so opposed to all the ideas she had formed of what a man might be. A man! He possessed none of those qualities which she had believed to be common to all men—a sense of honour, an instinct of reverence for a woman simply because she was a woman, a desire to protect the weak against the strong. All these qualities went with manhood, she had always supposed, and she was shocked to find that her husband was deficient in all. From the first he had treated her more as a servant than a wife; this was when he was at his best. No servant would have remained a day in his house if treated as he treated her when at his worst. He made no pretence of having any affection for her, and when one day, exasperated beyond endurance, she had demanded of him to say why he had ever asked her to marry him, he had given that cynical laugh to which she had become accustomed and said,

"I married you for this—this—you were so high and mighty I thought I should like to bring you down to the level of the rest of us."

That was three years ago. She had suffered humiliation after humiliation at his hands; but until this day he had never actually struck her. He had command of the countless ways in which a cruel man—an unmanly man—can wound a woman without raising his hand against her. She did not believe it possible that even he would ever be guilty of brutality such as his; but she found that she had been mistaken. He had struck her, simply because she had

promised the Rector's wife, without first consulting him, to take part in a bazaar which she was getting up for the Coal Fund for the poor. He had struck her, and he had announced his object to teach her a lesson that she should not forget.

Once again she laughed as she had laughed before, recalling those words that had a significance beyond what he meant to attach to them.

No; she would not forget the lesson that he had taught her—nor would he.

She was startled out of her reverie by the knock of her maid at the room door. There was a dinner party at Lord Altonhurst's that night, and the maid had come to dress her for it.

She recovered herself in a moment.

"I had no idea it was so late, Marie," she said. "I was lying down—one of my headaches. I don't think that I should venture out. I shall write and explain—that—that—no; I'll not. I shall go, I shall be all right when I get there. What shall I wear? Am I too pale this evening for the cerise with the Meehlin lace, Marie?"

"Madame is beyond doubt a little pale," replied the maid looking at her critically. "But that's no reason why—but what is the matter with your forehead, Madame? It is a wound—a scar!"

"I had actually forgotten what it was gave me the headache," said Mrs. Lacon. "I got it in the drawing-room after tea. I was stooping—you know that bit of loose ormolu on the Sevres table—it should have been fastened long ago. I meant to tell Simmonds about it."

"It is no more than a scratch," said the maid. "It is no disfigurement. It will attract to Madame the sympathy of the table of Mylord. Everyone will say, 'How brave of Mrs. Lacon to come!' Isn't it so? But I shall touch it with a camel's brush to conceal the blue of the bruise. These little accidents lend themselves to a sympathetic word or two."

Mrs. Lacon said she had not

thought of it in that light. (She wondered how much Marie knew—how much Marie guessed.)

She felt that she had never looked better in all her life as she stood in front of the big cheval glass. The Meehlin lace which she inherited from her mother was priceless, and the old Du Barry rose silk that made a foundation for the bodice gave an artistic relief to the delicate cream of the lace. Her fair hair had been treated by the adroit fingers of Marie in the simple way that suited her style of beauty, and looking in the glass she was satisfied with her appearance. Even Marie, who was much more difficult to please, was satisfied.

He took his seat beside her in the big Mercedes as if nothing particular had happened, and he made no allusion to the incident of the afternoon, though he did not refrain from speech.

"Remind me to write to the motor people to-morrow about the new magneto," he said. "I'll be away the most of the day at Heathercroft's. I've promised to try that Irish hunter that someone let him in for. The fool thinks he knows something about horses. This is the third crock he has brought within the year. Remind me in the morning, do you hear?"

"I'll not forget," she replied.

"Eh, what—what is that you say?" he asked quickly.

"I'll not forget," she replied. "You will write after breakfast, I suppose."

"Immediately after breakfast—if you remind me," he replied.

That was the extent of their conversation on their way to Lord Altonhurst's place. It seemed as if he had forgotten that a few hours earlier he had struck her to the ground with a blow of his fist.

As usual the dinner party was followed by a dance. It took place not in the big ballroom but in the hall, but the hall was large enough to allow sixty or seventy couples waltzing without being overcrowded, and this night there were only twenty on the

parquet. At one end a high double door led to the Trianon drawing-room with its lovely panels painted by Watteau. At the other end there was the well-known orangery, dimly lighted and full of the mingled scents of sub-tropical fruits and flowers. On one of the deep-cushioned settees in this place Stella Lacon was seated by the side of the man with whom she had been dancing. His name was Julian West—a very tall man with a bronzed face and dark hair with a suggestion of gray about it. Everyone would have known him for a soldier. A few years earlier the name of Colonel West had been in the mouths of a good many people, on account of his splendid dash that had relieved one of the beleaguered garrisons in the Transvaal.

"I have only seen you once since your return to England," she was saying when they had left the hall and entered the orangery. "You left very suddenly for that big game hunt—how long ago?—eight months ago, was it not?"

"Yes; very suddenly," he replied. "Did you expect me to go to you to say good-bye, Stella? You know why I went—no one else."

"Do you mean to talk about that?" she asked.

"I will never refer to it again if you only tell me now that you have forgiven me," he said.

"Forgiven you—for what?" she inquired.

"For my—my—my madness. I have not forgiven myself for it."

"You told me that evening that you loved me. Was that madness?"

"The madness was not in loving you, Stella; the madness was in telling you that I loved you—in cherishing the hope that you would leave that man whom you could never have loved, and link your life with mine. That was the mad hope of a moment! I should have known more of your nature than to fancy even in the delirium of my love for you that you would ever be otherwise than a true woman."

"A true woman, you say. But what is a true woman? Is it one who is true to herself—to her womanhood—to the love which she bears a man, or is it one who through fear of offending against the conventions of society is ready to submit to daily insults levelled against her—against her womanhood—against her sex—against herself?"

He looked at her at first with a puzzled expression on his face, then, eagerly. The flush that came to his face was plainly to be seen under his bronze.

"For God's sake, Stella, explain yourself," he whispered. "Do you tempt me into my old madness; and that is what you are doing, if you refuse to speak plainly. Tell me what you mean by asking me that question—a true woman—a true—"

"Is a true wife always a true woman? That is the question I have been trying to solve for the past three years—ever since I became a wife," said she. "I thought I had solved it when I told you that you had insulted me by begging me to go away with you. I was mistaken. I have found that out only to-day. It is a woman's duty to be true to herself, let the consequences be what they may."

"Stella! My love! My love!" he whispered.

She did not allow him to interrupt her.

"You see that mark on my forehead," she said. "You heard how they laughed about it at dinner? Lord Altonhurst called it the mark of the Beast. He was quite right; that is the mark of the beast who is my husband."

Colonel West sprang to his feet.

"The infernal ruffian!" he cried. "By heaven I will thrash him within an inch of his life. The cowardly bully! I'll—"

"When he struck me he boasted that he had taught me a lesson that I should not forget. He was right. I made up my mind that I would never forget that moment."

"Oh, my love—Stella!"

"There is such an easy way out of one's trouble. Death, I sometimes think, is a woman's best friend. But I soon came to see that that was not the only way out of my trouble. I thought of you. I knew that I loved you. I knew that I had been untrue to myself—to my love—in sending you away from me eight months ago. You asked me just now if I had forgiven you for—for telling me of your love. Julian, I now ask you if you think you can forgive me for having sent you away?"

"Oh, my beloved, do not put such a question to me. I think you can trust me—I know that I can trust myself. You will come to me—to-night, dearest, why not to-night?"

"It was because I knew you would be here to-night that I came, Julian. I felt sure that we would have a chance of talking together, and I hoped that you would forgive me."

He made an impatient gesture.

"When—when—when—that is the only question now," he said. "Why not to-night? Why not this very hour? My motor is here. We can cross the Channel to France by the morning boat."

"No, no; not to-night," she replied. "I have been thinking it all out on the way here. He is going away to-morrow to Mr. Heathercroft's place—you know it?"

"I know it. It is not far from Lufton station."

I am due to pay a visit to my father in London the day after to-morrow; but I can tell my maid that I intend to go to-morrow instead and I shall motor to Ellerton with my trunk in time for the afternoon train to London. We can travel by the same train; we need not be in the same compartment, but for that matter, it is of no consequence even if anyone should suspect the truth.

"No consequence whatever. The truth will soon be made known, and meantime—well, you can trust me, Stella."

"I know that I can trust to you,

Julian, to make me forget the nightmare of the past three years."

He made no answer. He knew that none was needed. She was looking straight into his face. His eyes met hers.

The door into the hall opened and the sound of an entrancing waltz floated into the orangery to mix with the langorous scents of the citrons that filled the heated atmosphere.

"This is too bad, Mrs. Lacon," cried the man who had just entered, hurrying toward her. "This is our dance and the half of it's gone already. I had no idea that you were here."

"I am so sorry," said she smiling. "Come along. We must make the most of the remnant."

The wine that Stephen Lacon had drunk in the course of the evening made him loquacious during his drive home with his wife. He talked without the least restraint. It was evident to her that he had forgotten the scene in which he had played a prominent part in the afternoon.

She went up to her room, and suffered the faithful Marie to disrobe her and brush her hair. But when she was alone she gave herself over, so to speak, to her delightful thoughts of the future that was in store for her. She had loved Julian West long before he had confessed his love for her, eight months ago, but this had not prevented her from being indignant, and showing him that she was so when he had made his declaration to her. All the time that he had been away she had been thinking of him, though until she lay on her bed with her bruised temple throbbing it had not occurred to her that there was any other way to reply to his entreaty that she should come to him. She had resigned herself long before to the burden that had been laid upon her. It was the brutality of the blow that had aroused her to a sense of what was due to herself—due to her womanhood. It was her clear perception of how easily she might free herself from the intolerable shame of living with a man who had compelled

her to loathe him that had caused her to give that little joyous laugh before sitting down to her fire.

And it was the consciousness of her impending victory that now made her feel happier than she had felt for a long time. She had gone to that dinner to meet Julian West and if he had not referred to their separation eight months before, she would have done so. She had made up her mind to confess to him that she had been a fool to send him away. In her mind there was not the least doubt that she was justified in leaving her husband who had treated her so brutally for the lover who was devoted to her. She knew that she was justified in trusting Julian West, and she had made her plans accordingly.

Her plans had not miscarried. She took care to remind her husband in the morning to write about the new magneto; and his reply was to tell her in his usual brutal way not to bother herself about his affairs, he hoped that he was capable of doing something without her interferences. Then he had got into one of their two motors and had driven off to Mr. Heathercroft's. It was not a matter of many minutes to explain to her maid that she had altered her plans in regard to London—that she wished to go by the afternoon train this day instead of waiting for another twenty-four hours. Of course Marie was somewhat flurried; she was in the midst of some vital millinery work and could not possibly get it finished before the next day, she affirmed. This suited Mrs. Lacon's plans very well.

"Then you need only pack one trunk," she said. "I shall go down this afternoon. You can finish your work and bring the other things to-morrow."

Marie had her doubts about madame managing without her, but madame had made up her mind, and left her maid complaining but hoping for the best. She had no mind to set out on this expedition with the encumbrance of a maid. She was

pleased to find that her plans had not been interfered with by any untoward incident, and she flattered herself as she sat down in her travelling dress to her lunch—the last she would eat at that table—that there was nothing in her bearing that would suggest to the servants anything unusual on her part. She found herself with quite a good appetite.

The first check that she received was in regard to the motor. She had assumed that her husband had gone away in the light Standard, but a message came from the garage that he had taken the Mercedes, and the second chauffeur was uncertain about the magneto of the light car. She remembered that her last words with her husband concerned his writing to the works respecting this magneto.

She went out to the garage on receiving this report, and talked to the chauffeur. The man admitted that he had tried to start the car; he had only made his report on the basis of his last experience of it. She stood by while he turned on the spark, and flooded the carburettor. The engine was certainly obstinate, but after three or four attempts it started and showed no signs of any defect.

"It will take us the seven miles to Ellerton at any rate, madam," the chauffeur said, and she returned to the house feeling that everything was going well.

She left her home without a misgiving—without the least reproach of her conscience. She had never known a happy day since she had first entered that house. Whatever people might say about her act, she would never feel that she had done wrong.

For three miles the car went all right but at cross roads it was compelled to slacken down on account of a large flock of sheep that completely blocked the way. It slackened down and then stopped. The chauffeur got down and took off the engine hood. There was nothing wrong with the engine. It was clearly the defective magneto that was causing the trouble.

The man made many attempts to restart, but without success.

"I was afraid of it from the first, madam," he said. "But I did think that it would carry us to Ellerton, and so it would if it hadn't been for those sheep."

Could anything be more provoking! She felt inclined to burst into tears at the thought of such a trifle upsetting all her plans.

"What on earth is to be done?" she cried. "I must catch that train—it is most important."

The man suggested walking on to a house known as Westout Grange, where he might be able to borrow a car. It was only half a mile away and there would still be time enough to catch the train.

It was her only chance.

"Hurry on there," she cried. "Don't lose a moment. Tell them it is important—a matter of life and death—so it is—so it is."

Off went the man and she was left alone on the road by the side of the faithless car.

Good heavens! Were the destinies of men and women really dependent upon such trifles as the working of an electric spark? She had read only a few days before an article in a magazine dealing with the universal application of electricity to our daily life, and the writer had laid emphasis upon its reliability! What a fool that writer was! If she had not relied upon that magneto—

A car was coming down the road at right angles to the road where hers was standing. A sudden thought struck her. Why not appeal to the strangers to give her a lift to Ellerton? It would not matter about her trunk; she would sacrifice that for the sake of keeping her appointment with—

She gave a cry of delight. The car was beside her and in it was seated Julian West. He was on his way to the station at Ellerton.

He was out in a moment. But there was his chauffeur, and she must play her part.

"Oh, Colonel West," she cried, "you have come in good time. I was on my way to Ellerton Station when the magneto gave out. It is really important that I should be in town today. I wonder if you would give me a lift. Are you going in that direction?"

"It so happens that I am," he replied. "I shall be delighted to help you. Do get into the car. Is that your luggage? We can manage with that, too."

"How lucky I am!" she cried when the chauffeur was transferring her trunk. "How lucky! And only a few minutes ago I thought that I was hopelessly unfortunate!"

The transfer of the trunk was accomplished, and they were seated side by side while the car sped on its way.

They looked at one another and smiled. He put down his hand and it met hers.

"At last—at last!" she whispered. "I feared that that malignant fate which so often puts out a cruel finger between a woman and happiness was about to upset our plans, but now all is well. I am beside you and my happiness is secure."

"It is in my keeping," he said, "and I promise you that it is safe."

His fingers tightened upon hers; but they spoke no more. What was the need of words.

For six miles the car went along the main road. It overtook the flock of sheep and slowed down just as the other car had done.

"Turn into the lane and take the bend on the Hillhurst road," he commanded the chauffeur, for he was impatient at the slackening of the speed. "We might have to crawl behind those sheep for the next quarter of an hour."

They were almost abreast of the lane when he spoke and the chauffeur obeyed him. He turned aside and increased his speed. The extra journey would take an additional five minutes to reach the station. On they sped, but in making the bend in the narrow lane they almost ran into a crowd of

men and boys clustered there around something. One of the crowd held up a warning hand. The chauffeur applied the brake.

"What on earth is the matter?" cried Stella, leaning over the side of the motor and looking forward.

"Heaven only knows," said Julian. "Can't you get on, Smithson?" he shouted to the chauffeur.

"Some sort of accident, sir," said the man. "The lane is blocked."

And then came a cry from Stella. She was standing up in the car pointing to something that had been placed in a sloping position against the ditch. It was a hurdle, on which some rugs had been laid, and on the rugs Stephen Lacon was lying.

Julian thought that he was dead. He tried to get between Stella and that ghastly object—ghastly it was, for the man's face was deadly white and his eyes were staring horribly—but she was out of the car before he could hold her back.

"Dead—is he dead—killed?" she cried, as she knelt by the side of a kneeling man who was bending over her husband, and whom she recognized as the local surgeon.

"No—not dead," he replied. "Paralyzed. How did you get the news of the accident, Mrs. Lacon?"

"I heard nothing of it. I am here by chance—the merest chance," she said. "How did it happen?"

"He was trying a young hunter of Mr. Heathercroft's and it bolted with him, and fell on him. His spine is

injured—that means paralysis. He will need all your attention, Mrs. Lacon. I doubt if he will ever be able to speak. I wonder if we can get the hurdle on to your motor. These men have been carrying him for more than a mile. We hoped to find a conveyance on the high road."

"I think we can manage it," said Colonel West. "Mrs. Lacon, you had better not stay here."

"I must stay with him," she said. "It is for me to be by his side; I will never leave him. Tell me what I can do, doctor."

"I think that Colonel West is right," said the doctor. "It may be too trying for you just now. You do not realize his condition."

"I can bear it," she said. "Having seen his face as it is—his eyes—I can bear anything."

With great difficulty and much contriving half-a-dozen of the men managed to lift the hurdle with its dreadful burden across the car. The doctor had just room to seat himself on the edge of one of the cushions.

"I shall find a place," said Stella. "You have only to remove my trunk."

While the trunk was being taken down she spoke to Julian.

"You see," she said, "I cannot leave him now."

"Yes," he replied. "I see it all. You are a true wife—a true woman. I never loved you as I do now. Good-bye."

She got into the car, and it drove slowly away.



THE INDIANS OF THE COUNTY OF SIMCOE

BY DAVID WILLIAMS



FEW peoples have given rise to as much studious interest amongst ethnologists and archæologists as the Indians of the North American continent. They were an object of wonder to the discoverers of the new world, and since then much time and labour has been given over to piecing together their history. Their origin yet remains undetermined, indeed, at the present time it is the subject of interminable controversy, with little or no prospect of settlement. Writers of history have given many pages to conclusions arrived at by careful research, some of these writers leaving their libraries to spend years amongst the Indians in order to familiarize themselves with their manner of living, and to gain an intimate acquaintance with the legendary stories, which in Indian life play an important part.

But it is to the Huron Indians that attention is to be directed in this paper, the tribe, or rather five tribes, which occupied Huronia, the present county of Simcoe, and particularly that part of it bounded by Nottawasaga and Matchedash Bay, Lake Simcoe and the Blue Mountains.

Before entering upon our special subject, let us look at the location of the Hurons as to other tribes. Parkman tells us that the vast tract of wilderness from the Mississippi to the Atlantic and from the Carolinas to Hudson Bay was divided between two

great families, distinguished by a distinct difference of language. A part of Virginia, and of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, south-eastern New York, New England, New Brunswick and Lower Canada were occupied, so far as occupied at all, by tribes speaking various Algonquin languages and dialects. They also extended along the shore of the upper lakes and into the dreary northern wastes beyond. Further, they held Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, and Indiana, while detached bands ranged the lonely hunting-grounds of Kentucky.

Like an island in the midst of the Algonquins, lay the country of the tribes speaking the generic tongue of the Iroquois. The true Iroquois, or Five Nations, afterwards six, extended through central New York, from the Hudson to the Genesee; southward lay the Andastes, on and near the Susquehanna; westward the Eries, along the south shore of Lake Erie, with the Neutral Nation along its northern shore from Niagara to Detroit, while the Hurons were on the south shore of the Georgian Bay, a large body of water connected with the lake to which the tribe have left their name. From this it will be seen the Hurons were hemmed in by tribes, with many characteristics in marked contrast to their own, all more or less imbued with a spirit of war, and year after year engaged in struggling one with the other. On the contrary, the Hurons, whose especial history may be dated from the beginning of the

seventeenth century—practically nothing having been known of them previously—were a pastoral people, their time when not occupied in feasting, dances and pleasure, being given to rude agriculture, hunting and fishing. In a word, they were more content than their neighbours, preferring to be reared and live peacefully in their own country, and when the time came to pass from it to the happy hunting-grounds, the passage to be attended by the forms and usages of their own people.

Whence came the Hurons? As in the case of the red man in general, their origin is a matter of conjecture. When Cartier arrived in 1535, it was not Hurons he met at Tadousac. It was a very low type of Algonquins, whose home was in the woods north of the St. Lawrence, who lived by the chase and when goaded by deadly famine subsisted on roots, the bark and buds of trees or the foulest offal, and in the extremity even resorting to cannibalism, a practice that was not generally followed by the northern tribes. At Three Rivers, a noted place of trade, Algonquins of a more advanced type were encountered, and again at Hochelaga, which became years afterward a clearing-house for the Indians and the traders, the same tribe was met. It was not until nearly seventy years later that the Hurons came prominently before the white man. They were traders, and in part at least, it was the fur trade on which they had a strong hold that brought the French to their country, far inland from the settlements that had been formed on the St. Lawrence by the incomings from old France. Samuel de Champlain, the son of good and gentle parentage in Brouage, on the Bay of Biscay, led the way. In 1608 he founded the city of Quebec, and having established permanent quarters for his garrison and associates, became more intimate with the Hurons, who each summer, owing to their keenness to barter, came from their distant homes to exchange furs for supplies and trinkets, the latter being

chiefly beads and other ornaments of the cheapest variety, but which were highly valued because of their usefulness as personal decorations.

Champlain joined with the Hurons against the Iroquois, and while he made inveterate enemies of the latter, he warmed the hearts of the former and cemented a friendship that continued throughout their remaining years as a nation. His interest in the Hurons was not altogether free from selfishness, as he hoped by joining forces with them and the Algonquins to secure control of the fur trade, to open the way to greater discoveries and to establish in their midst the power of France. Not only this, but he hoped to be the means of carrying, through the Roman Catholic Church, the message of the Saviour of men to those of the wilderness. He listened to the tales of the Hurons and the Algonquins, and in 1610 sent one of his young men, Nicholas de Vignau, to spend a season with the Algonquins on the upper reaches of the Ottawa River. This man's marvellous tales of finding a great lake with a river leading out toward the north, probably to the then recently discovered Hudson Bay, determined Champlain to visit the country. In 1613 he did so, but to find upon reaching the Algonquins that he had been deceived and that Vignau had been no farther than their lodges during the winter. His story had been a lie and his map an imposture.

The next year Champlain spent in France, but in 1615 he returned, this time accompanied by four Recollet priests of the Franciscan Order. Of these, Father Le Caron was assigned to establish a mission among the Hurons, and shortly after his arrival at Quebec set out for Montreal, then thronged by Indians on their annual visit for trading. It was in July that Le Caron and twelve Frenchmen started on the journey, and a few days later Champlain followed, accompanied by two more Frenchmen and a party of Hurons. Both parties travelled by the Ottawa River for many miles, en-

during many hardships and trials. Day after day was spent in monotonous paddling, or in making the innumerable difficult and unfamiliar portages past rapids. From the Ottawa, the course lay across Lake Nipissing and through the country of the tribe bearing that name, to the French River, by which the parties descended to the present Georgian Bay, which Champlain named *Mer Douce*. Continuing down the east side of the "fresh water sea" intertwining in and out of the channels of the 30,000 islands, to-day the summer camping-ground of thousands of city folk, the Huron country was at last reached, Le Caron arriving late in July and Champlain on August 1st.

Champlain and his party, and it is supposed Le Caron and those accompanying him did the same, landed at Outouacha Bay, now known as Colborne Basin, on the west shore of the bay of "the place of rolling sands", now Penetanguishene. Situated near the shores of the bay was the Huron town of Outouacha, with a population of several hundred, exclusive of dogs, who hailed the advent of the strangers with joyful acclaim and dispensed savage hospitality with a liberal hand. Two days later Champlain proceeded to Carhagouha, a triple-palisaded Huron town with a population of two thousand people, situate in the township of Tiny, near the present village of Lafontaine. Here he joined Le Caron, with his company, and together at an improvised altar celebrated, on August 12th, 1615, the first Mass in the Huron country. Leaving this village, Champlain visited several others which lay in the path to Cahigué at the Narrows, now the prosperous town of Orillia. Here he completed arrangements for the promised expedition with the Hurons against the Iroquois, the one outstanding instance wherein the former deliberately planned to wage battle against these enemies. The expedition proved a failure and Champlain was obliged to return to Cahigué, a village of 200 cabins, to spend the winter. In Febru-

ary of the following year, with Father Caron, he visited the Petun, or Tobacco, Nation, which lived west of the Hurons proper, in the present township of Nottawasaga, southwest of the town of Collingwood, and under the shadow of the Blue Mountains. In May Champlain returned to Quebec.

Champlain and Le Caron found the Hurons in advance of the other northern tribes in many respects. They found them a nation of probably 10,000 souls distributed in eighteen villages, scattered chiefly through the townships of Tiny, Tay, Flos, Medonte and Orillia.

The villages which were fixed were composed of houses, not of wigwams, as was the custom with many Indians. Those on the frontier next to their enemies were strongly fortified by walls or palisades, the sites of these being selected with a view to protection, wood and water being also considered. Some of the houses were of great extent, ranging from fifty to two hundred and forty feet long, and their construction was ingenious. Two rows of tall saplings were planted in the ground, bent together at the top until there was left an open space of a foot or two in width along the ridge, and then lashed together so as to form a sort of arbour or booth about thirty feet in width at the bottom and about twenty feet in height. Other poles were tied securely to these upright poles and then the sides were sheathed in bark overlapping to shed the rain and snow. Another row of horizontal poles kept these huge bark shingles in place. Along either side of the interior were scaffolds or bunks about four feet from the ground, which, covered with furs, furnished sleeping compartments. The place beneath was the storehouse for fuel and cooking utensils, while there was a compartment at the end of the house used as a storeroom for corn, fish, sunflowers and other articles of food. Along the upper poles were hung their bows and arrows, clothing, skins and clusters of ear corn. Down the middle were the fires, each furnishing heat

for two families, the smoke escaping through the narrow opening left in the top of the house. Picture such a house, especially in the winter or festival season. "He who entered beheld a strange spectacle, the vista of fire lighting the smoky concave, the bronzed groups encircling each other, eating, gambling or amusing themselves with idle gossip; shrivelled squaws, hideous with three-score years of hardships, grisly old warriors scarred with Iroquois war clubs, young aspirants whose honours were yet to be won, damsels gay with ochre and wampum, restless children pellmell with restless dogs, covered with fleas." Such was the fifty to one hundred houses and homes that constituted the Huron village. As mentioned, the principal towns were fixed, but frequently the smaller, those unprotected, were moved to a new site, this taking place when wood became scarce, the soil exhausted or the location insanitary. Obviously this accounts for so many village sites being found throughout the county of Simcoe.

Champlain found the Hurons farmers, fishermen, traders and hunters. They did not rely upon hunting to maintain themselves. They were upon a higher level in this respect than the Algonquins who roamed the northern forests. They raised crops, corn, beans, pumpkins, hemp and sunflower, the latter being produced for the oil with which the men and women smeared themselves for sacrificial purposes. The Petuns added tobacco to the crops, hence the name, and just here let it be interjected that though it then grew luxuriantly, it is now raised only as an ornamental plant and with the greatest care. Corn was the chiefest crop and was the main article of food. It was a hard, flinty corn, with bluish kernel, and similar to that grown to-day on the Grand River Reserve. Oil for food was secured from fish, and the hemp was grown for fishing-nets and cords. For clothing, what little was worn was obtained by trapping the beaver, otter and other fur-bearing animals. In the summer

the men were nearly naked and the women were also scantily clad, while in the winter, despite the rigours of the weather, they added but little more. Being thoroughly acclimatized by their continuous outdoor life, they apparently failed to feel the need of coverings to protect the body against the blasts of winter.

The family life of the Hurons was not ideal. The nation was dissolute and licentious. The construction of the houses did not tend to privacy or modesty. The men were "lords of creation", and the women, as Champlain expressed it, their mules. To the men fell the task of building the houses and making weapons, pipes and canoes. The summer and autumn were their seasons of serious employment—the winter their season of leisure and feasting, in neither of which were they ever excelled by the white man. To the women fell all the other work, the gathering of the year's supply of firewood, the sowing, tilling and harvesting of the crops, smoking fish, dressing skins, making cordage and the scanty clothing and preparing food. On the march she bore the burden. Female life among the Hurons had no bright side. It was a youth of licence and an age of drudgery.

The men, like other Indians, were desperate gamblers, staking all ornaments, clothing, canoes, pipes, weapons and wives. At times they gambled individually, at others, one village challenged another, and to such a length is it recorded by one of the Fathers, that once in mid-winter with the snow nearly three feet deep, the men of a village returned without leggings and barefooted, yet, being good losers, in the best of humour.

Dancing and feasts were also great factors in the life of the Hurons. They were of various characters, social, medical and mystical, or religious. Whole villages were invited on festival occasions, the invitation being simply, "come and eat", and come and eat they did. To refuse was a grave offence. Invitations similarly whole-

sale were issued to dance, a crier passing through the village or villages summoning the crowds. Religious festivals, councils, the entertainment of an envoy, the inauguration of a chief were all taken advantage of to bring on a feast. Torture of a prisoner was followed by hideous scenes of feasting, and it was on an occasion of this kind that the cannibalistic nature of the Hurons was made manifest. If the victim had shown courage, the heart was first roasted, cut into small parts and given to the young men and boys, who devoured it to increase their own courage. The body was then divided and thrown into kettles, to be eaten by the assembly, the head being the portion for the chief of their feasts. The most notable was the grand festival of Ononhara, or the Dream Feast, which was deemed the most powerful remedy in cases of sickness, or when a village was infested with evil spirits. This scene of madness began at night. Men, women and children, all pretending to have lost their senses, rushed shrieking and howling from house to house, upsetting everything on their way, throwing fire-brands, beating those they met, or drenching them with water and availing themselves of this time of licence to take a safe revenge on anyone who had offended them. This scene of frenzy continued until daybreak, when they ran from house to house demanding the satisfaction of some imagined want. The inmates tossed out any article at hand and the applicant continued his rounds till the desired gift was hit upon, then he gave an outcry of delight, echoed by all present. If his round had failed in attaining the object of his dream, he fell into a deep dejection, being convinced that some disaster was to follow.

The Indian believed in the immortality of the soul, but did not always believe in a state of future reward or punishment. The belief respecting the land of souls varied greatly in different tribes. Among the Hurons, departed spirits pursued their journey through the sky along the milky

way, while the souls of their dogs took route by certain constellations known as the "way of the dogs".

The burial of their dead was one of the interesting ceremonial functions of the Hurons. At intervals of ten or twelve years they were accustomed to gather the bones of their dead and deposit them with great ceremony in a common place of burial. The whole nation was sometimes gathered at this solemnity, and hundreds of corpses were brought from their temporary resting-places and placed in one capacious pit. From that hour the immortality of the soul began. One of the centres of this ceremony was near the village of Ossassonne, on the east shore of Nottawasaga Bay, while another has been located near the present village of Waubaushehne.

Pausing for a moment in our story of the Hurons proper, we shall take notice of one particular branch, the Tionontates, or Tobacco Indians, named by the French, Petuns. These Indians occupied the eastern slope of the Blue Mountains, their villages ranging from the Georgian Bay at the north, to the township of Mulmur, in the county of Dufferin, on the south. Of old they were enemies of the Hurons, but in 1640 became their close confederates. When visited in February, 1616, by Champlain and Le Caron, they were found in a number of villages, the most important of which were Ekarenniondi, "the Standing Rock", which the Jesuits a score of years later named St. Mathias, and Etharita, which they renamed St. Jean. The villages, the sites of ten of which have been discovered by research on the part of members of the Huron Institute, were very similar to those of the Hurons in the eastern part of the county. There were no wigwams. As the Hurons, the Petuns lived in houses, if we accept the term as we have in referring to the lodges of the Hurons. These were built in groups, without any regularity as to location, or convenience one to another. Some of the villages, probably Ekarenniondi and Etharita, were for-

tified by palisades, but the majority were open and defenceless, the Petuns in this respect being exceedingly improvident. They failed to realize their danger until it was too late. The Petuns lived much in the same way as did the Hurons. The men did little or no work. The women, on the other hand, maintained the household. The nation were farmers, but, as noted, added tobacco to the annual crop, this being grown in sufficient quantities to permit of it being used for barter and trade with other Indian nations, an economic intercourse which they carried on with the Hurons and Algonquins on the east, and the Neutrals, Eries and Andastes on the south. Corn, like tobacco, flourished in their country, the soil being well adapted for it, while the Blue Mountains, which rise 1,000 feet on the west of the villages, afforded no small protection in the season of ripening and harvesting. Fishing was carried on for food, while hunting was followed to secure furs for clothing or venison and bear meat for festal occasions.

The Petuns were governed largely by superstition. They believed in manitous, while the medicine man played a prominent part in directing them mentally, having a significant influence with them in their rites of worship and burial of the dead. They, too, were given over to feasting and dancing, to appease angry spirits, drive away pestilence, or mark some special event in their nation.

But to resume our narrative of the Hurons proper, we turn to the advent of the missionaries. Le Caron and his associates zealously took up the work of planting the Cross amongst the natives, going from village to village preaching, baptizing infants and adults, ministering to the sick and performing funeral rites when permitted to do so by the dusky people. On all sides they were confronted by difficulties. The superstitions of the people, the work of the sorcerers and the opposition of the medicine men always stood in the way. In his labour, Le Caron was joined by Father Gabriel

Sagard, to whom we are indebted for the first history of the Hurons, and the dictionary of their language. The Recollets remained in charge of the missions with the Hurons until 1628, when Le Caron was called to France, hoping to take up his work again upon his anticipated return. Through political turns in old France, the Jesuits were given the place with the Hurons and in 1634 Brébeuf, who had spent some time with them in 1626-29, again reached the wilderness. From 1634, therefore, the untiring labours of the Jesuits may be dated. Upon reaching the Huron country, Brébeuf was received with acclaim, the Indians welcoming him to their new village of Ihonatira, built a few miles from Toanche, which had been deserted through fear of results owing to the Indians having murdered Brulé, Champlain's interpreter there. Brébeuf was joined shortly after by Fathers Daniel, Ragueneau and Davost, and in 1638, by the indefatigable co-labourer, Father Lalement. At the outset, Brébeuf established himself at Ihonatira, which he named St. Joseph, and with the aid of the Indians, who generously assisted in the hope of material reward, such as the priests might bestow, constructed a house, which was sub-divided into three apartments, one a storehouse, another for living, and the third for a chapel. From this centre the missionaries gradually sought out the twenty or thirty villages, comprising in the aggregate, as Brébeuf estimated, a population of 25,000 to 30,000 souls. In 1639, with a view of permanency, the priests erected a headquarters of their own on the banks of the River Wye, a few miles southeast of the present town of Midland. This was named St. Marie, and comprised a chapel, mission house and hospital, and without the walls a hostel. Missionaries were sent out from here to distant villages, Charles Garnier and Noel Chabanel entering upon the work of "the mission of the apostles" among the Tobacco nation. For fifteen years the missionary labours were car-

ried on. During that period, the missionaries had retained their position amongst the Indians, and while energetic work had been done for the conversion of the multitude, the reward was scarcely such as would warm the hearts of any less determined. The teaching of weary months was oft destroyed in a day by the medicine man, by the outbreak of an epidemic or even by something of the most trivial character. Faith was not a strong point with these denizens of the wilderness. Instead, it was superstition that ruled. The missionaries, however, laboured on in the hope of greater results, but their reward was martyrdom. All the time the enmity of the Iroquois had not been lessened. In 1647 a band of this nation, as part of a plan looking to the annihilation of all tribes beyond the pale of their confederacy, burst like a thunderbolt upon the unsuspecting and unprotected Hurons. Coming in by the Narrows, now Orillia, they captured the nearest village, Contarea, killing many and taking the remainder back as prisoners for torture or to be adopted into their nation. In 1648 the Iroquois returned, this time capturing the village of St. Joseph II., and in the fight killing Father Daniel, the first of the five Jesuit martyrs who fell victims to their terrible work of destruction. In 1649 for the third time the Iroquois came, this time in March, before the snows of winter had disappeared. One village after another fell before them, and at St. Louis and St. Ignace they captured Fathers Brébeuf and Lalement, who after suffering most cruel torture, were finally killed, the former being burned and the latter by a tomahawk in the hands of an Indian. Again, in December, 1649, the Iroquois came, this time by a new route, and attacking the Petuns, the village of St. Jean was destroyed, the buildings burned and the inhabitants killed or taken prisoners. Here Father Garmier was killed, while Father Chabamel escaped, but to be treacherously

murdered by an Indian companion near the crossing of the Nottawasaga River while on his way to Fort Ste. Marie II. The remnant of the nation was in consternation. Some gathered their belongings and hastily left the country, making their way by the French and Ottawa Rivers to the Huron settlement at Lorette, near the city of Quebec. Others, notably the Petuns, made their way to the Manitoulin Island, while yet others who were gathered together by the priests after Ste. Marie I. had been given over to the flames, took up quarters on the Island of Ahoendoe, renamed St. Joseph, and now known as Christian Island. A new mission, Ste. Marie II., was established, and around it, throughout the winter of 1649-50, this band dragged out a miserable existence, starvation and scurvy proving great enemies, while the lurking Iroquois who haunted the woods accounted for many more. In the spring the greater number abandoned this temporary abode, and the dispersion of the Hurons was complete.

After the dispersion, the Hurons, including the Tobacco nation, became scattered far and wide. Of those who did not go to Lorette, some were incorporated in the Six Nations, others went to the shores of Lake Superior, but to find a new enemy in the Sioux, who came from the unknown west. Ultimately the latter gathered at St. Ignace, which was built by Father Marquette on the mainland, opposite the Island of Michilimackinac. Some of the Petuns remained on the Manitoulin for a time, but their wanderings were renewed until they became farther scattered along the Detroit River, near the present town of Amherstburg, and as far distant as the Indian Territory. To-day, three hundred years after, the once strong forest nation is but a name. The Hurons as a nation do not exist. The Wyandots are their descendants, but it is not the Indian life of three centuries ago that they are living now.



THE WOUNDED LIONESS
From a Painting by J. M. Swan in the Art Association Gallery, Montreal



A Mesopotamian Brick Kiln

MESOPOTAMIA: THE EMPIRE'S TREASURE CHEST

BY LYMAN B. JACKES

WHEN the Bishop of the Syrian Church in Bagdad saw Basrah in January, 1918, after four years' absence, he raised his hands in astonishment, exclaiming, "What marvellous people these British are".

The Basrah he had left in 1914 was a squalid little suburb known as Ashar, a place which had struggled up somehow through Turkish mismanagement as the way of least resistance in providing some kind of town to meet the ever-increasing shipping and

to accommodate the few foreign consuls who played a weary part in a weary drama there.

The old town of Basrah was two miles inland from the river, a condition brought about by the accumulated yearly shifting of the river over ten centuries. Dirt, filth, inactivity, squalour, and all the other signposts of Mussulman authority abounded.

The place the Bishop came to in January, 1918, was a city, grown like the magic of the Arabian carpet about the Turkish abomination that was gone for ever. Spacious and skilfully



The main street of a Mesopotamian City

constructed docks lined the river front for many thousands of yards. Vast ships floated on the majestic Shat-el-Arab, the junction of the two rivers of historic fame that give Mesopotamia its name, for the word means "the land between the two rivers". Modern British gunboats were in evidence, a dry dock capable of taking and caring for ships of many tons was to be seen inland a few rods. Metal and woodworking shops, power houses, military store buildings, motor trucks, telephones, electric light, refrigerating plants and the commencement of a palatial hotel were all in evidence.

Little wonder, then, that the Syrian Bishop followed his first exclamation with, "I am now convinced that the British have come to stay". The

vision of the transformed Basrah had concluded the opinion which had been forming during his six-hundred-mile river journey from Bagdad. Without a doubt the British had come to stay.

It is not my intention to make mention of the military campaign which transferred the possession of the land. The memory of suffering, sickness, reverses, heat and thirst have been softened and mellowed by time and the glorious outstanding fact of the great culminating successes which transferred the land to the British Empire. It was a feat of the Imperial forces. Alone by them it was won, without the direct aid of the Allies. The land is British now, and I purpose to tell something about it, of its past, its present, its peoples and its



A wealthy Arab and a native water-carrier

prospective future, for it has been my privilege to see up and down and across Mesopotamia, and that is why I chose the sub-heading, "The Empire's Treasure Chest".

It is difficult definitely to describe the area of Mesopotamia, for its borders on the west and north are somewhat obscure, and a British "sphere of influence" in the adjoining country of Persia adds to the difficulties of the calculation. If I say it has an area of about two hundred and fifty thousand square miles, some idea of its size is made possible. The Pushtiku Mountains of Persia, a branch of the Hymalyas of northern India, are about the only natural landmark that could be used as a geographical boundary. On the west and north the

country blends into Arabia and Armenia amidst land that may be described as desert only when that word is used in all its potency. The shores of the Persian Gulf, ever fluctuating by the mud deposits of the Shat-el-Arab, is the southern boundary. This mud, accumulated throughout the centuries, has formed a bar which blocks the entrance of the river to steamships exceeding eighty-five hundred tons displacement; but the opening and maintenance of a channel through it is but a minor detail of marine engineering, and a scheme doubtless of the early future. Once over the bar, the extensive developments of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company are seen on the right bank of the river; and the left bank is lined with well-laid-



Arab children at school, where the Koran is almost their only study

out date orchards, which stretch far inland and set the observing newcomer thinking regarding the agricultural wealth of Mesopotamia. Toward Basrah the shipping is impressive, and I have seen as many as eighty steamships here at one time. This number includes ocean freighters and the splendid passenger boats brought up from the rivers of India. They discharge into or load from the barges or native craft alongside. The large Arabian mahalas, with their picturesquely pointed sails, float majestically up and down the river and serve to lend a touch of antiquity to the resurrection that has come to this land so long dead. A very ancient canal breaks the waterfront and connects with old Basrah. At high tide, during the day, this canal is crowded with small craft, chiefly balams and motor-boats. Many large sailing craft are there also, unloading near the market-place on the bank of the canal.

The wares consist for the most part of dates, reeds and reed mats used for reinforcing mud walls in the native dwellings and buildings. A trip through the market-place at Ashar-Basrah brings the newcomer in contact with Arab life. Here are a group standing intently about two central figures, who sing fragments of the Koran in dull, monotonous voices, harsh and rasping to a Britisher's ears, but successful in bringing forth a generous shower of copper coins upon the mat from the onlookers. Veiled women hurry by, often stooped with heavy burdens. The keepers of the stalls in the bazaar gesticulate and shout to one another or to those who pass by. The money changer marches about slinging a bunch of coins from one hand to another in a most skilful manner, which is his mode of advertising his profession. The quick tap-tap of the seal maker's hammer draws our attention to a number of trades-



Arabs at Breakfast

men whose business address is the mud floor of the market-place, and their callings are as diversified as their number. Amulet and charm sellers, makers of minute chains, lock and key merchants, medicine men, beggars, Koran sellers, ring makers, dealers in copper and brass, and china menders are but a few of the trades and callings carried on upon the mud floor and amidst the brightly-coloured wares and stocks of their more fortunate brother men who have been able to secure a lease of stalls and carry on business in a "big way".

A camel train arriving in this medley of commerce picks its way through without disturbance, and the great beasts quietly lower their massive burdens before the quarters of some merchant who is laying in "stock". The scene is completed by the loitering coolies and the wandering barber, who seeks his customers and performs his

tonsorial arts at the site of discovery, be it shop front or gutter side. At a point, easy of access, the minaret of the mosque rises above the commerce of the market-place. The faithful followers of the Prophet in Mesopotamia believe in the line of least resistance theory when it comes to going to prayer.

A mosque is always found in the market-place of every town or city of Mesopotamia; this rule holds without exception from the humblest wayside village to Kasimain or Samara, two of the glories of Mohammedan mosque architecture.

Somewhere within or closely attached to the mosque the schoolmaster holds forth. His class consists only of boys. Girls, in the Mussulman opinion, are not worth educating, as they have no possible chance of gaining the portals of Paradise. The curriculum does not contain a course in

arithmetic, geography, history, etc., as would apply to our schools or conditions: the schoolmaster of Mesopotamia has performed his duty if his boys can repeat, parrot-like, a few verses from the Koran and have been thoroughly drilled in the native ideals of "keeping women in their proper place". The boys generally marry about the age of twelve, so that an early opportunity is afforded them to apply the bullying and annoyances they have learned upon the unfortunate girlish bride. Until the time of her marriage, usually about the age of ten or twelve, she is free to loiter in the streets or play on the wayside amidst company which fills her mind and life with much that is impure and degrading and teaches her nothing that is noble or elevating. We marvel at this. It is strange to our ideals. It is so written in the Koran, and we are in Mesopotamia, the new British treasure land.

There is no attempt to provide the most primitive sanitary conveniences or domestic comforts in an Arab city or town. To the Oriental mind water is the symbol of purity. Its possible biological content is nothing to the Arab. The men and women who wade waist-deep into the muddy waters of the canal to fill their copper jars or goatskin bags are the only means of municipal water distribution. The water-seller goes his monotonous rounds, stooping under the weight of several gallons of water. The master of the house or one of his wives, closely veiled that no strange man may see her face, purchases the needs of the household for the day at the door.

The streets of a Mesopotamian village are always narrow. They are constructed so as to keep them filled with the maximum amount of shade. The household waste which is thrown upon the roadway keeps them moist, even if uninviting, and also forms abundant raw material for mud pie manufacture by the children.

The houses are generally two storeys; the upper windows are extended over the street and are some-

times only a few inches from those of the house across the way. A courtyard is always in the centre, around which the rooms are placed, and the flat roof affords good outdoor sleeping accommodation during the hot, dry nights.

The outer borders of the town merge away into date orchards, and somewhere in the suburbs a kiln for baking clay slabs into bricks is found. The fuel is dried palm leaves, and this mode of brick-making has been in use in Mesopotamia since the dawn of history.

In essentials all Mesopotamian towns are alike, and our walk about Ashar or Basrah has shown us what we may expect to see in any other settlement in the country.

There are two general methods of reaching the interior of the country: the ancient rivers and the modern railway. One branch of the railway runs almost due west to Nazareah, on the Euphrates; the other branch parallels the Shat-el-Arab for about forty miles to Querna. At a point about halfway between Ashar and Querna extensive docks have been constructed. The spot is called Tanooma, and is on the western bank of the river.

Querna is located on the peninsula formed by the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris with the Shat-el-Arab. Some have attributed to the locality the site of the Garden of Eden, but the visitor is at liberty to come to his own conclusions in the matter. For my part I think it would be much farther north, probably in Armenia. Large marshy tracts stretch for several miles northwest of Querna and provide splendid facilities for sport if the sportsman is willing to take the risk of contracting malaria.

From Querna the railway keeps close to the Tigris on its northern run, and leaving this place by boat or rail, the country opens into one vast vista of possibilities. The two rivers pouring down a great stream of fresh water, which never fails, and the gradual slope of the country towards the



Transportation in Mesopotamia



Driving sheep to market in the early morning through a Mesopotamian City



A Nomadic Arab on the Desert

south, offers a tempting invitation to the irrigationist. The desert of Mesopotamia is not sand, it is an alluvial sediment, rich in the constituents required by growing crops and requiring only a proper supply of water to break into a paradise of verdure. But more of this anon.

A few hours across this country, or through it by boat, brings the newcomer to Ezra's Tomb. The structure rises sharply from the river bank and in general architectural details is similar to the type of Mohammedan religious edifice of the better class. This implies that it consists of a central dome, the exterior tiled in a delicate

blue with a pattern of other tiles set in. Outbuildings of brick surround it, which are again enclosed by an outer wall of brick.

There are some seventy Hebrews residing within the tomb enclosure, and many visitors are under the impression that the structure shelters the mortal remains of the Ezra of the restoration. Such, however, is not the case. The tomb was erected to the memory of a Hebrew patriarch of the same name, who laboured diligently during his lifetime, in the thirteenth century, to found a superior educational system for his kinsmen in that country. To-day, amidst Islamic



The Traditional Site of the Garden of Eden

bigotry and Arabian superstition, the Hebrews of Mesopotamia have an educational system for their children which will compare favourably with most in the outer world and is superior to many. The system is organized and maintained by a party of wealthy Jewish gentlemen in Paris. A chat with a Hebrew in Mesopotamia clearly indicated that he has a fair knowledge of the events of the outer world. That is a marked contrast to most Arabs.

Several miles northward from Ezra's Tomb the city of Amara is reached. The rail lines from the south stop on the west bank of the river, and a new line to Bagdad is com-

menced across the Tigris. The river here is wide, swift and deep, and a large canal makes a junction with it at this point.

All important centres in Mesopotamia, now as in ancient days, have grown around the point of contact between the river traffic and the overland caravan routes between Persia and Palestine and Egypt. Amara is no exception to this rule. The tall minaret of the mosque again directs us to the market-place, which is well constructed of brick, with some crude idea of ornamentation. The market stalls are much better than those of Ashar, and one of the outstanding places to be seen here is a branch of



The Mesopotamian Canal which Sinbad the Sailor came down on his way to the Sea

the British and Foreign Bible Society. The agent is an Arab who has been converted to the Christian belief, and he is conducting a wonderful campaign with a view of breaking down the bigotry and ignorance which characterize many of his brethren.

The British have lavished considerable attention on Amara. They have erected a floating swing bridge across the river which will carry the heaviest of military traffic, and may be opened without undue delay for the commodious river boats which now ply up and down these ancient waterways. An "agricultural director" has his office at Amara, and the extensive grass farm, the successful vegetable gardens, the splendid shade trees and the plots of flowering plants are

all fruits of his labours, and convince the most cautious of the fertility of Mesopotamia when water is applied to the thirsty soil.

Kut-el-Amara, the scene of General Townsend's last stand against the enemy, is a considerable journey up the river from Amara. The town is encircled by hundreds of trenches and barricades, and the débris of battle is strewn about over large areas. Dangerous explosives that were left there from necessity make the inspection of the battlefield an extremely dangerous pastime. One of the few religious edifices to be damaged by British shell-fire during the war is seen projecting from the market-place of Kut. It is all that remains of the minaret of the mosque. The British did not



Mahala—the native craft of the Arabs

destroy it accidentally; it was a deliberate act, and was ordered so when the late General Maude discovered that the German officers of the Turkish army were using this structure as an observation post.

The new British town of Kut is two miles to the south-east. The bustling activity here is a strange contrast to the old town, which has assumed a haunted look, and its almost deserted streets suggest little of its former traffic. It is not likely that any attention will be given to the old town, and its name will join the long list of ghostly cities that have been swallowed in the past of Mesopotamia. When the Turks re-captured Kut, they erected a brick monument on the river bank to celebrate the event. It

was shrouded in sacking ready for the unveiling when the British captured Kut the second time, and it was left to the mercy of the elements. Bit by bit the sacking was blown away and the monument exposed. The British left it undisturbed on its lonely site.

Once past Kut-el-Amara we enter a strip of territory which has boasted of large cities since the dawn of civilization. Babylon is but a few miles away, and the ruins of twelve other vast cities may be picked out on the horizon. Deserted by their inhabitants, the buildings have tumbled in and the winds of centuries have covered all with dust and mud to a depth of many feet. Extensive Babylonian burial grounds are found along the river between Kut and Bagdad. They



A main street in Bagdad

are a grim piece of evidence of the teeming population that once dwelt in the land. Conservative estimates show that the population about the sixth century prior to the present era could not have been less than sixty millions. If the land would support that number then, there should be no obstacle to the same conditions reappearing. Skill and perseverance on the part of British archæologists will unearth marvellous treasures of the past from these mighty mounds, and we shall learn much about their peoples, for there are wonderful libraries buried amid the ruins. The books are all on clay or stone, those of the latter material having to do with ancient royalty.

There are three or four items which make Bagdad the outstanding city of Mesopotamia. It was the seat of the organization which lifted the faith of Islam to its power. It was the seat of an ancient university. There are a

few fragments of this remaining, chiefly as portions of the market-place, and if history be true, this was the first university in the world to have a department of chemistry, for here, in the year 805, an Arabian alchemist discovered sulphuric acid. Another portion of the ancient seat of learning has been incorporated in an old mosque that stands by the bank of the river near the bridge of boats.

Bagdad is divided into a number of "quarters", the Christian quarter, Jewish quarter, Syrian quarter, Persian quarter, and so on. The streets in the Christian quarter are narrow, but decently paved and clean. There is a very old church in this section with a beautifully carved door of oak, and this is a bit of a mystery, for oak is about as plentiful in Mesopotamia as the proverbial feathers on a frog's back. Once a speaking acquaintance with these Christians is acquired, they are seen to be a most interesting



A street scene in Bagdad

people. There is much evidence pointing to their claim of long visits from Paul and John the Baptist; they also claim that many of the apostles, including Thomas, were with their fathers in the early struggles of their church. A tribe of skilled silversmiths, known as Sabeaus, have an ancient roll in their possession which they claim was written by John the Baptist. Two points in favour of their claim are the nature of the writing, which is in a phase of Greek, which was prevalent during the first three and a half centuries of this era, and the nature of the text, which is similar to his reported utterances in the New Testament.

Bagdad is also a centre for the marketing of Persian rugs, the hand manufacture of fancy shoes and slippers, and a great seat of Mussulman faithful. It is stated that there are more than ten thousand mosques or prayer places in Bagdad; one is the largest Suni mosque in the world.

Bagdad is surrounded for many miles by orchards of dates and limes, and this vegetation is responsible for a very considerable moderation in the summer mean temperature over other places in the country. Amid these gardens to the north the mosque of Kasimain rears its four golden minarets. It is a mosque amongst mosques. India in all its glory can boast nothing like it. Its only competitor, outside of San Sophia in Constantinople, is the mosque at Samara, eighty miles to the north. Samara was the summer residence of the rulers of the Arabian Empire when its glories were at the meridian. Samara is a walled city that is fast on its way to decay. The great mosque is in striking contrast to its empty bazaars, deserted streets and dilapidated buildings. Nearby are the ruins of Ahwheen, an ancient fortified city, with walls many feet in diameter, and towering from the piles of fallen brick is a circular tower some two hundred feet in

height. It is supposed to be a model of the Tower of Babel. One of the little backwashes of war took place here in 1917. It was known that a party of German scientists had been interested, for some time prior to hostilities, in the ruins of an ancient treasure city near this tower. A little scientific digging on the part of the British military engineers discovered the source of their interest, when twenty-four boxes of gold coins of great value were unearthed from the hiding-place where the Germans had stored them with a view of removal to the Berlin Museum. They got to a museum in due course, but it was the British Museum.

The description I have tried to give will not be a strong factor in convincing the reader that Mesopotamia is a great land to-day, and such is the case. It is a land of to-morrow, and nothing great will come from the country until the British open up the ancient irrigation canals of Babylon. The ancients formed storage reservoirs at intervals down the rivers and ran out canals east and west. These were cross-connected by smaller ones running north and south, and from an aeroplane at a few thousand feet the entire scheme can be seen like a gigantic draught-board. Modern en-

gineers are satisfied that no improvement of the general scheme can be made. Once the water is assured, marvellous crops will come, and there is no fear of the soil becoming exhausted, for abundant supplies of potash are known to be there. This development will naturally be followed by a railway through to the Mediterranean, and this will also suffice to tap the fabulous beds of iron and copper ore in eastern Mesopotamia and the wonderful timber of western Persia. It could also connect with the railways of India and unite them with the lines of the Cape to Cairo in Africa, or to the lines of the central European railways. Oil of fine quality is found throughout the country.

The great gravel beds northward from Bagdad are inviting to the miner and prospector, and it is known that precious stones are to be had in the north-eastern portions, where fur-bearing animals may be trapped at certain times of the year. Given an intelligent government, such as the British, there is no reason why Mesopotamia should not again sit amongst the great countries of the world, and we probably shall see this come about well within twenty years from the signing of peace.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE FARMER AND THE INTERESTS. A STUDY IN PARASITISM.

By CLARUS AGER. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



NOWADAYS, of a sunny, sleepy Sunday afternoon, fifteen or twenty motor cars may be seen parked about the little country church where once buggies clustered. If a night meeting is held in the township hall cars will line the roadway up and down for rods. This may be taken for a sign. Whatever may be said of the town and city, in the country gasoline and ideas are related. The farmer is driving a car and he is thinking about carburetors and roads and other things. The car has become a symbol in the country—the symbol of many a man's social and mental and spiritual metaphorphosis, of many a community's obvious transformation. It is not to be imagined that the farmer, by disobeying a scriptural injunction and taking thought, has added a car unto himself. Rather it is that the war and Mr. Henry Ford (but they are not all Fords) have conspired to wish cars upon farmers even while they stood blinking and wondering. For this is the fact, that even while many a farmer is in the very heat and eloquence of the old time bewailing his son, in a spring suit and yellow gloves, backs a "Special Six" out of the garage. The farmer has come into money in the last four years. The car is the symbol of the whole happening. Any attempt to prove the farmer has not come into money

is confronted with—the car, self-started and purring by the porch.

But the farmer has come into more than money; he has come into ideas. He has run into them in his car, as he runs into may flies when the wind shield is down. Many of these ideas have become bees in his bonnet. One of them is the idea; that, having lived once in the joy of a good return for his labour, he will not any more live after any other fashion. In other words, he begins to understand it more thoroughly; in other words, he studies a symbol and begins to realize its full significance. The farmer is beginning to awaken to the fact that the last four years have not been years of grinding penury; he is beginning even to admit that he has been "making good money" during the last four years. And further, he is beginning to realize that he doesn't want to go back to the old pinch; further still, he is beginning to say that he will not go back. Special war conditions have given him only what normal conditions should always have given him and what the normal conditions of the future will have to give him. He is going to keep his car, and reconstituted political and economic conditions are going to provide him logically and directly with what the war flung to him as a by product. The farmer has tasted the blood of luxury. The experience of that tasting was accidental and inadvertent. But it has bred an appetite that is bound to go out and create the conditions of its satisfaction. *The farmer is going to see to it that from this time onward the organization or reorganization of society in Canada*

guarantees him, out of the normal operations of the nation's life, a return in terms of the amenities of civilization commensurate with what he now awakens to believe he always deserved. Why is it that a friend of the "interests" fearfully states that more than a third of the next elected Provincial and Federal Houses will be farmers straight from the farm industry of the country? Why the fever for Farmers' Clubs? Why the nervousness in the agricultural departments over defining the duties and jurisdictions of women's institutes and district representatives? Why the marshalling of the United Farmers and the obduracy of the Grain Growers? It is quite largely and fundamentally because the farmer has got his ear and is going to keep it.

This little book of Clarus Ager's, published in 1916 and somewhat out of date now, is, in terms of the metaphor of this review, an appeal to the farmer to recognize his chance to keep his ear. It is, as the author says in the preface, "an attempt to hold up the economic mirror to the farmer". The contention of the book is that the farmer has been exploited, that, taking into consideration his investment, the risk he runs and the work he does, with his wife's and children's help, he has not been getting an adequate return.

The book is a bright and eager appeal for class consciousness, for an awakening. It is a book for the farmer himself, for the capitalist and manufacturer and for the labour man. It raises inevitably the question as to the future of the farm movement. Will the farmer, once organized as a functioning class in the nation, shrink, as *The Sun* would indicate will be the case, from any alliance with Socialism or Labour, being fearful of the implications of public ownership? And if so, what, on the other hand, would be the nature of any alliance with the manufacturers and protection, or what the effect or possibility of a class neutrality and independence? These are questions.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

By PETER MCARTHUR. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

THE mental and spiritual content of this book is not so cheap as Dent's physical embodiment of that content. Stripped of the rather unattractive jacket, the book gives one the impression that, as far as format goes at least, it was planned with vulgarity and produced in haste. The name Dent, even as a printer and not as a publisher, is worth more than a look at the get-up of this book would lead one to infer.

Having skimmed through the book one puts it down with the feeling that both as regards form and content it is inadequate to the challenge of the name it bears upon its cover. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, by virtue of his human and Imperial and national services, is worthy the best the publisher's art can afford and worthy a great biographer. Anyone who has sat by the fire with Peter McArthur knows him well enough to know that he himself would not designate his little essay in timely journalism as great biography. The book will serve an interim purpose, however. Peter McArthur has gathered interesting material and illuminated it at points with discriminating comment.

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THE BLIND

By HARRY BEST, Ph.D. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

A PART from its technical value as a more or less authoritative treatise, this book is interesting because it deals with what is possibly the most tragic human disability, and the disability that, strangely, nearly always has a touch of romance about it—the imagination is kindled in seeing persons by a contemplation of the blind. Our blind authors and musicians and speakers have so often by some inner light of soul given a sort of pathetic glamour and tragic beauty to their darkness. Even to run through the chapter headings of this large book

and to read here and there is to feel something of this beauty and tragedy. The book is divided into seven parts dealing with "General Condition of the Blind", "Blindness and the Possibilities of its Prevention", "Provision for the Education of Blind Children", "Intellectual Provision for the Adult Blind", "Material Provision for the Blind", "Organizations Interested in the Blind", "Conclusions".

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BACKGROUNDS FOR SOCIAL WORKERS

By EDWARD J. MENGE, M.A., Ph.D., M.Sc. Boston: Badger.

WHATEVER else may be said about Dr. Menge, this may be said: He cannot write the English language, as witness his first paragraph, and he patronizes the *Century Dictionary*, as witness page sixty-four, where he says: "By which is meant, as the *Century Dictionary* well expresses it. . . ." In his book there are chapters on "Training", "What Ought We to do?" "Birth Control", etc., and three historical sketches on the family in Primitive, Mediæval, and Renaissance and Reformation times. The historical sketches are superficial. The standpoint of the book throughout is that of platitudinous orthodoxy. Nevertheless, certain of its chapters are readable even if they do not live up to the promise implied in the book's title. The chapter on "Birth Control" is an interesting, unexciting study of a subject that is coming increasingly to public attention.

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NELSON'S HISTORY OF THE WAR

By JOHN BUCHAN. Toronto: Thomas Nelson and Sons.

VOLUME XXI of this great work treats of the fourth winter of the war. It begins with an account of the struggle along the Italian-Austrian frontier and gives a good description of Italy's stand on the Piave. The scene then shifts to the

Tigris, and records the fall of Jerusalem. Then the reader is taken back to the Western Front and made familiar with the battle of Cambrai. East Africa is treated next, and this is followed by a discussion of political reactions. Special chapters consider single subjects such as the British force in Italy, events in Mesopotamia after the capture of Bagdad, the occupation of Jerusalem, the cavalry at Cambrai, the conquest of Kilimanjaro, and the advance of the Rufigi. Volume XXII begins with a description of the second battle of the Somme and follows with an account of the battle of the Lys. Zeebrugge and Ostend are considered, and then comes the third battle of the Aisne. The Austrian attack on Italy is reviewed, as well as the second battle of the Marne. There are several important appendices. These two books make important additions to this voluminous history.

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IN FLANDERS FIELDS

By JOHN McCRAE. Toronto: William Briggs.

IT will gratify thousands of readers the world over to know that "In Flanders Fields", the poem that has thrilled them, and other poems from the same pen, as well as a character study, biographical sketch and arrangement of personal letters, have been put together in a book by McCrae's friend Sir Andrew Macphail. Sometimes it takes but one poem or even one couplet to make a poet famous, and yet everyone will want to read some other work by this poet who gave his life for the cause so dear to his heart. Sir Andrew is on safe ground when he writes that "to say that 'In Flanders Fields' is not the best would be to invite controversy. It did give expression to a mood which at the time was universal, and will remain as a permanent record when the mood is passed away". John McCrae has been writing verse for years. As far back as 1895 we find verses of his in *The Canadian Magazine*. One might

infer, therefore, that "In Flanders Fields" was not an accident, it was the direct result of hard drilling in acquiring a form that when the time came suited the mood and the occasion.

We should like to quote at length from the book, but we shall stop with "The Night Cometh", which Sir Andrew Macphail in his appreciation says is in the same form as "In Flanders Fields":

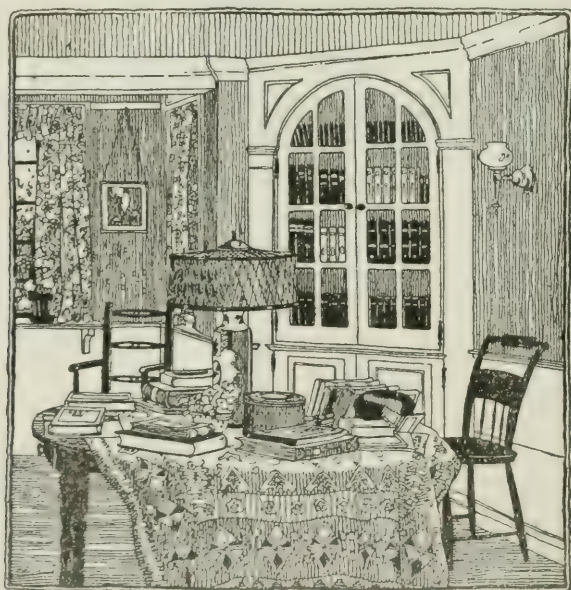
Cometh the night. The wind falls low,
The trees swing slowly to and fro;
Around the church the headstones gray
Cluster, like children strayed away,
But found again, and folded so.
No chiding look doth she bestow:
If she is glad, they cannot know;
If ill or well they spend their day,
Cometh the night.

Singing or sad, intent they go;
They do not see the shadows grow;
"There yet is time," they lightly say,
"Before our work aside we lay";
There talk is but half-done, and lo!
Cometh the night.

FLORIDA: THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

By NEVIN O. WINTER. Boston: The Page Company.

FLORIDA always has been for the white man a land of enchantment. Ponce de Leon, one of its earliest explorers, believed that he would find there the fountain of youth, and there is a romance surrounding his quest that fascinates even in our enlightened age. This book reviews the history of Florida, which, indeed, is not lacking of glamour, tells the story of its native Indians, gives a survey of its lakes and rivers and general topography, estimates its climate, describes its scenic wonders, appraises its abundant animal and bird life, and shows how the Florida of to-day is a State important because of its industries, its agricultural and educational advantages, with exceptional attractions for travellers, seekers for health, nature lovers and sportsmen.



THE SIXTH HEAVEN

BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

DAN BURBANK descended the broad stone steps decorously enough. Even during the walk down the long drive-way his carriage, although jaunty, still showed some degree of repression. But as soon as he had turned out of the gate into the wide residential street he blithely threw dignity to the winds. His step became a prance, his melodious whistle a veritable pæan of exuberant happiness.

He walked on for three or four blocks, his spirits mounting with each step. On both sides were broad lawns with spacious, dignified houses set far back from the street. The sidewalk was dappled with moonlight that filtered through the huge elms bordering the roadway. All about him lay the silent beauty of the perfect summer night.

He stopped for a moment to light a cigarette. With hat in one hand, light stick and gloves in the other, he continued his triumphal march. It was the happiest night of the boy's life. A few moments ago, back there in one of those stately houses, a girl—a woman rather—had given him his answer. How he had trembled as he asked the question! And when she told him in her sweet, low voice what he longed to hear, he offered up a little silent prayer of thanks. Youth was glorious! Life was so well worth while; and the world was a fairy place in which to live it!

He came to a hedge behind which lay a sweep of lawn bathed in moonlight. Near an opening in the hedge

was a little clump of sturdy beeches that shone like fairy trees in the radiance. The boy stood stockstill in admiration of the beauty round about him. Taking the half-consumed cigarette from his lips he tossed it into the air and struck at it with his walking-stick. It went up like a miniature sky-rocket and disappeared in a splutter of sparks behind the hedge.

If the burning cigarette-end had landed in a barrel of gun-powder the effect could not have been more startling. A girl's fair head and gleaming shoulders appeared above the dark green border so suddenly that the boy stood agape. The girl turned beautiful, blazing eyes at the culprit who cowered a scant two feet from her.

"Oh!" she cried furiously. "You rude, horrid, detestable——"

"Oh, please, *please!*" protested Dan in anguished tones.

"Please what?" she snapped.

"Don't spoil the happiest night of my life!"

"That's just what makes me so furious!" she blazed. "I hate to have people obtrude their disgusting happiness on me when I'm miserable! I heard you afar off whistling 'The End of a Perfect Day.' I wanted to slap you! And then when you deliberately threw your cigarette at me——"

"As I didn't know you were there it could hardly have been deliberate," explained Dan patiently. "Now, if you would only let me come in for a moment to apologize I could convince

you." He edged along toward the opening in the hedge.

"I suppose I owe it to you after my outburst," said the girl penitently. "Haven't I got just a fiend of a temper!" she laughed. "No wonder everyone calls me what they do!"

Dan rounded the end of the hedge as she spoke and stood revealed in the bright moonlight.

"Why," cried the girl in well-feigned surprise; "you look quite nice!"

"That's because I am," remarked Dan complacently. "Were you going to tell me what everyone calls you?"

"Brat," she replied succinctly. "Father started it nineteen years ago with 'That brat'; usage changed it to 'The Brat' when I had developed personality; and finally all superfluities were sloughed off and I became Brat, pure and simple. Mother held out for eighteen years, calling me 'darling' mostly; but recent episodes in my brief career convinced even her, and she succumbed. So now it's Brat universally."

"Charming name," commented Dan. "Where am I to sit?" he asked insinuatingly.

"I am going to sit in the hammock, so you may bring up that uncomfortable rustic chair for yourself."

Dan turned to lug the heavy chair across the lawn while the girl curled up in the hammock swung beneath the beeches. When he had placed the chair at a strategic distance, not so far as to seem remote and yet not near enough to evoke a protest, he seated himself gravely.

"All right, Miss Brat," he said; "we'll commence the apology."

"That won't do at all!" she cried. "I am either Brat or Miss Selwyn."

"Are you offering me my choice?"

Miss Selwyn did not deign to answer. Instead, her beautiful brows became two supercilious semi-circles. Dan retreated in good order.

"I am either Dan or Mr. Burbank," he said with admirable *sang froid*.

"Offering me my choice?" laughed Brat.

"Naturally, Miss Selwyn," he said with a little bow.

"You *are* nice, Mr. Burbank," conceded Brat graciously. "We'll get on splendidly. But please don't sit there with that owl expression on your face wondering if I know whether or not this whole proceeding is improper and unladylike. If it weren't I wouldn't be participating! It's hell to be a lady—that is, all the time," she added with the air of a child who has done something particularly naughty and glories in the fact.

"It's not necessary to be a lady if you know how to be one," said Dan sententiously; "but if you don't know how to act like one it automatically becomes imperative for you to be one. Involved but indubitably true."

Brat clapped her hands with delight. "My sentiments exactly!" she applauded. "I never heard any explanation more beautifully lucid in my life!"

"Which all tends to make it easier for me to apologize for my awkwardness," continued Dan. "You see, I know very well that in polite circles it is considered not—well—not quite gentlemanly to hit a lady in the eye with a cigarette stub. Can you find it in your heart to forgive me?"

"It didn't come anywhere near me," admitted Brat contritely. "It was just my horrid temper! I couldn't very well dash out and reprimand you for being idiotically happy and whistling while I was in the dumps. The cigarette gave me a wonderful excuse! Now, am I not frank? I think my frankness offsets my rotten temper. Don't you?"

"More than offsets it," declared Dan stoutly. "Moreover, I don't dislike a bit of temper. It's far better than sulks or surly unreasonableness—I'm positive that you're not addicted to either!"

"Thanks! That's really decent of you!"

Dan hitched his chair a little closer and smiled engagingly. Brat was such a fairylike little creature that it

was difficult to associate her with being miserable. Just at the moment she looked quite the reverse. She sat with one tiny foot curled up under her and one slender white arm pillowing her fair head. Her large, dark eyes were amazingly wide-awake for all the indolence of her graceful pose. To the boy she seemed a very part of the glorious night—a creature of moonlight and summer-scented breezes.

"And why were you in the dumps?" he asked a trifle huskily.

"Just lonely—that's all! You see, I'm not used to it. I'm a very spoiled young person. Dad and mother went motoring, and I thought I'd stay at home and read. But the night turned out—well—like this!" She waved her hand slowly toward the moonlight and the whispering trees. "Of course, reading was out of the question, so I just came out here by myself and became achingly lonely. And nobody happened to call to-night." She broke off with a laugh. "Don't you think I'm a perfect baby?"

"I'd better not tell you just what I think about you—yet," murmured Dan.

"If you think it would be indiscreet, don't," said Brat, smiling up at him. "And now tell me what made you so happy to-night. Did someone leave you a fortune?"

"You mercenary-minded young person!" laughed Dan. "To speak of fortunes on a night like this! No, it wasn't that. Money wouldn't have made me happy because I don't happen to be in need of any more."

"Then what was it?" teased Brat.

"A woman!"

A frown crossed Brat's face so quickly, it was gone in such a brief twinkling that it might easily have been mistaken for a trick of the moonlight and shadows. The brightest of bright smiles appeared in its stead.

"How very nice and interesting!" she exclaimed with just a shade too much enthusiasm. "A woman," she mused. "I wonder that you can find

time to dally with me—a mere girl. A woman is so much more interesting!"

Dan merely smiled.

"I'd like to know how to make people so happy that they leave me whistling *The End of a Perfect Day*," said Brat with an expression that held as much mischievousness as wistfulness. "Just what did she do?"

"It wasn't what she did; it was what she said."

"How did she happen to strike just the right note?"

"That didn't take any great degree of perspicacity," laughed Dan. "You see, I asked her a question and she merely answered it."

"Just as you wanted her to?" asked Brat with a slight edge to her voice.

"Just exactly! Her answer lifted me to the seventh heaven—or so I thought until I met you. Then I realized that it was only the sixth—the seventh is still to be attained. I'm on my way, however!"

This time the puzzled frown remained on Brat's face. She looked at the boy with troubled eyes.

"That's very cryptic," she said slowly. "I don't understand—and I hate things that I don't understand."

Dan was on the part of assaying a partial explanation when the sound of hurried footsteps caught his ear. Looking up he saw an elderly manservant scuttling down the gravel path from the house. The man shuffled across the lawn and stopped breathlessly before his young mistress.

"Miss Dorothy," he panted; "there's something wrong in the house! Oh, Miss, I wish the marster was home! So I do! There's something wrong, Miss—and Henry's a younger man than me, Miss; but he's out in the car just now with the marster and missus!"

Brat sat suddenly erect, her eyes snapping.

"For goodness' sake, Barker," she cried; "you talk like a baby! Get yourself together and tell me what's the trouble!"

"The—the door from the hall into the dining-room is locked, Miss!"

"Terrible catastrophe!" scoffed Brat. "Try the door through the butler's pantry."

"I darn't, Miss! There's some one moving about in the dining-room!"

"Pshaw!"

"And what's more, Miss Dorothy, I tried to telephone but the wire's cut!"

Dan sprang to his feet.

"Here, come with me, Barker," he said, starting for the house. After a couple of hurried paces he stopped and said sharply over his shoulder: "Miss Selwyn, please go as quickly as you can to the house across the street and stay there until I call for you. Probably there's nothing wrong; but it is just possible that there might be some unpleasantness."

Then, without looking behind him again, Dan ran up the path and took the front steps two at a time, the elderly Barker lagging far behind. The lower part of the house was brightly lighted. The boy cast a hurried glance through the open door at his right and found that it led to the huge drawing-room. On his left was a closed door, evidently the one in question. Very cautiously he turned the heavy bronze knob. The door was locked from the inside as Barker had asserted. Listening at the heavy panel he thought he could detect a slight scraping sound. It was so faint, however, that he could not be certain.

He hurried down to the end of the hall, his footsteps absolutely soundless on the thick carpet. A narrow passageway led off to the left, evidently in the rear of the dining-room. He opened a door at the end of the passage and found himself in the butler's pantry, which was in semi-darkness, the only light being the radiance which shone through the high window from the brightness out of doors. There was only a swing door between him and the dining-room. This was swaying slightly to and fro in the draft that came through an open window in the room beyond.

Dan's heart beat furiously with excitement as he placed his ear to the chink of the swing door. This time there was no uncertainty. He plainly heard some one moving about with a slow, careful step. There was something sinister, ominous in the stealthy movement. Very gently he pressed his knee against the door, widening the crack bit by bit. When it was open a bare half-inch he was able to see the open window which gave on a verandah on the side of the house opposite the spot where he and Brat had been sitting.

Suddenly the lower part of the window was eclipsed by the bulk of a man's thick body. Dan held his breath. He saw the thief strain at a large canvas sack to raise it clear of the sill. Throwing open the swing door he launched himself at the intruder, his strong young arms wrapping themselves tightly about his captive's neck. The surprise forced a hoarse cry from the burglar. With an oath he tore at the strangling arms about his throat. Dan freed his right arm and struck savagely beneath the ear once, twice—and again. The thug collapsed like a broken thing and lay sprawled out, his huge bulk partly covering his loot.

Dan leaned over to search the fallen man's pockets for a weapon. He was struggling to turn over the heavy body when suddenly he felt a bewildering, numbing pain above his temple for an infinitesimal fraction of a second—then a void, black, unfathomable.

When Dan regained consciousness he was sitting almost upright, his head pillowed on something deliciously soft and yielding. The room was flooded with light. There on the floor before him lay two men neatly corded up with clothesline. Beside them stood Barker on guard, a heavy automatic in his hand and an ecstatic smile on his inane old face.

"Goo' job, Barker!" said Dan groggily. "Guess save' m' life. Many thanks!" He closed his eyes again wearily.

"It wasn't me, sir!" disclaimed Barker quickly. "It was Miss Dorothy. I tell you, our young lady done herself proud! She followed you right in. When you were in the pantry she got the marster's gun from his room. She held up this feller here just as he was going to crack you the second time. Then I came in and tied 'em up!"

Dan's eyes popped open.

"Brat!" he exclaimed. "Brat did that? Where is she?"

"Here," said a soft voice close to his ear.

Dan turned his head slightly and his cheek brushed hers. The deliciously soft and yielding pillow proved to be Brat's shoulder.

"Oh, Mr. Burbank," cried Brat; "are you badly hurt?"

Dan closed his eyes again hurriedly.

"I've left the sixth heaven far behind," he murmured.

Quick anxiety filled Brat's eyes. She touched his forehead lightly.

"Oh, tell me! Are you badly hurt?" she asked again.

Dan carefully felt his head, his fingers encountering hers on the way.

"Aside from a decided lump on my bean I seem to be all right," he declared.

Reluctantly he raised his head from its resting-place and rose shakily to

his feet. He held out both hands to Brat and drew her up beside him.

"You wonder!" he exclaimed in hushed tones. "You wonder! I didn't know they made girls as brave as you!"

"It was nothing," said Brat simply. "I was armed." Then she gave him his reward with a glance of her eyes, admiring, trusting. "But you weren't! It's you who were brave!"

Dan blushed and gripped her hands still more tightly.

"Brat," he said huskily—"Brat, we can't go back after—after this. We must go on. Are you willing to go on wherever our fate may lead us?"

She nodded. Then her eyes clouded suddenly.

"I forgot," she whispered. "The woman?"

Dan laughed.

"Don't let that worry you," he said.

"But—but you asked her something?"

"To marry me."

"Oh!" breathed Brat. "And she answered——"

"No!"

"Oh!" said Brat. She dropped her eyes, then raised them bravely to his. The warm colour flowed up to her white brow. "Oh!" she said again, this time with a wondering, happy inflection.



THE GENIUS LOCI IN CANADIAN VERSE

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all.

—Kipling.



WHATEVER muse, whatever Egeria, may be the special inspiration of the Canadian poet, we may be sure that the *genius loci* has its share in the kindling and awakening influence. So vast and so new a country as Canada must for many a year have adorable regions still unsung, innumerable valleys, heights, and rivers with no place in literature, waiting peacefully for the word that shall give them a definite niche in the hearts of men. Yet, though it may be long before our Canadian place-names shall wield a magic influence wherever the English tongue is known—as do “Yarrow”, for instance, and “Killarney”, “Loch Katrine”, “Sweet Afton”, and others far too numerous to name—yet they are beginning to find their bards, and in our hearts they wake a passionate emotion that no other names can stir.

The great West of Canada, with its immensities of mountain and valley, its wild rivers, jewel-like lakes, and grain-rich prairie, offers an almost inexhaustible field for “songs of place”. But it is not, I think, size that is really inspiring. Size is relative. The tiniest land may awaken the deepest devotion. Canada is so large that, although we do truly think of it as a whole and love it as a whole, it is for

(comparatively) small regions of Canada that the flame of most intense affection burns. This does not interfere in the least with the wider patriotism. The Englishman does not love his country less, but more, for his idealization of individual counties. So Kipling sings of Sussex:

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's trade;
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

And the same is profoundly true of Canadian writers. We each have our best-loved country, in and part of Canada, and no one need apologize for his preferences. It is only through this individual feeling that our provinces, our rivers and our towns will ever have their place on the map of that inner world of ideas which is the world that endures, defying “the wrecked siege of battering days”.

Among our earlier poets, Charles Mair wrote much thoughtful and distinguished nature verse. He was born and educated in Ontario, but spent much of his life in the West, and his descriptions of

“The prairie realm—vast ocean's paraphrase—
Rich in wild grasses numberless, and
flowers
Unnamed save in mute nature's inventory,”
are vivid and memorable.

Helena Coleman—one of our truest artists in language, as well as a genuine student and thinker—gives us something of the prairie atmosphere in "On the Trail":

Oh, there's nothing like the prairie
When the wind is in your face
And a thunderstorm is brewing
And night comes down apace,
'Tis then you feel the wonder
And immensity of space.

And in another poem she says:

I love all things that God has made
In earth or sea or heavens bright,
But most I love the prairie winds
That blow at night.

Arthur Stringer's "Morning in the Northwest" has the spirit of hope and refreshment that is associated in our minds with the great unexplored lands:

O the splendour of this Autumn dawn—
This passes not away! This dew-drenched
Range,
This infinite great width of open space,
This cool, keen wind that blows like God's
own breath
On life's own drowsy coal, and thrills the
blood,
This brooding sea of sun-washed solitude,
This virginal vast dome of opal air,—
These, these endure, and greater are than
grief!

But "the prairie" is perhaps too vast a term to haunt the heart with a definite affection, and the poets who celebrate it sing not so much of any part thereof as of the general sweep and breadth, the gold grain and the shimmering grasses, and the great stretch of skies above. The Great West is certainly producing its share of poets, but the wonders and beauties of that part of our country have not yet been brought very intimately home to men's minds. It is a land of boundless possibilities for author and artist.

Naturally, the more settled Provinces provide us with more songs of place. Historic Quebec is fortunate in place-names which are almost poems in themselves, as well as in annals and legends which furnish abundant material for literature. The

"verbal magic" of a name is often more suggestive of a poem than any historic facts, however important and full of significance, and the French names are exceedingly musical. The "Habitant's" strong attachment to the place of his birth is familiar to us all through Drummond's inimitable dialect verse:

De place I get born, me, is up on de river
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval
Blanc;
Beeg mountain behin' it so high you can't
climb it,
An' whole place she's maybe two hundred
arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Me grandfader, too, and bees fader also;
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't
fonny.
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you must
know.

All de same dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ry-
boddy,—
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee
can't geeve;
So I'm working away dere, an' happy for
stay dere,
On farm by de reever, so long I was leeve.

Archibald Lampman's name is unalterably associated with the scenery of the Ottawa district and the country around Rice Lake. But his descriptions of meadow-land and wood are essentially Canadian, and one need not be familiar with Ontario to thrill to such pictures as this:

Over the fields where the cool winds sweep,
Black with the mould and brown with the
loam,
Where the thin green spears of the wheat
are appearing
And the high-ho shouts from the smoky
clearing,
Over the widths where the cloud-shadows
creep,
Over the fields and the fallows we come.

Or this:

In upland pastures, sown with gold, and
sweet
With the keen perfume of the ripening
grass,
Where wings of birds and filmy shadows
pass,
Spread thick as stars with shining mar-
garite,—
To haunt old fences overgrown with brier,

Muffled in vines and hawthorns and wild
cherries,
Rank poisonous ivies, red-bunched elder-
berries,

And vivid blossoms to the heart's desire,
Grey mullein towering into yellow bloom,
Pink-tasseled milkweed breathing dense
perfume,
And swarthy vervain tipped with yellow
fire.

Lampman loved and wrote of almost
every phase of the country within
reach of his exploring feet. He tells
us how

"A furnace over field and mead,
The rounding noon hangs hard and white;
Into the gathering heats recede
The hollows of the Chelsea height;
But under all to one quiet tune,
A spirit in cool depth withdrawn,
With logs and dust and wrack bestrewn,
The stately river journeys on",

and how he sees

"...the swinging currents go
Far down to where, enclosed and piled,
The logs crowd, and the Gattineau
Comes rushing from the Northern wild".

He gives us the atmosphere of "Morn-
ing on the Lièvres":

"...the crystal deep
Of the silence of the morn,
Of the forest yet asleep,
And the river reaches borne
In a mirror purple-grey,
Sheer away
To a misty line of light,
Where the forest and the stream
In the shadow meet and plight
Like a dream".

Lampman made himself one with
nature; it became part of his mental
substance from long and loving ob-
servation. His "Winter-Store"—a
wonderful poem both for its dream-
like beauty and its cry of passionate
sympathy for suffering humanity—is
full of vivid and enchanting pictures
of the country that he loved. Truly
the *genius loci* led him by the hand.

This part of Canada has set its
mark on the writings of many others
—among them Duncan Campbell
Scott (whose highly individual and
imaginative genius gives him a lead-
ing place among our poets); Ethelwyn
Wetherald, our nearest approach to a

Dryad; and Isabella Valancy Craw-
ford, whose brilliantly-coloured and
vigorous work did not bring recogni-
tion in her life-time, though it was of
the kind which might have been ex-
pected to win speedy popularity.

With the Great Lake region of Can-
ada, and especially with Lake Huron,
William Wilfred Campbell's name is
inseparably connected. (In my opin-
ion, his best work was in those early
poems of the lakes.) The Spirit of
the Place has surely inspired him,
here, with a genuine love, and the re-
sult is lyric after lyric of rhythmical
beauty and lovely colour. With the
Prelude of his "Lake Lyrics" one en-
ters the magic region:

Domed with the azure of heaven,
Floored with a pavement of pearl,
Clothed all about with a brightness
Soft as the eyes of a girl,

Girt with a magical girdle,
Rimmed with a vapour of rest,
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the West.

In another poem we see how

Red in the mists of the morning,
Angry, coloured with fire,
Beats the great lake in its beauty,
Rocks the wild lake in its ire,

Tossing from headland to headland,
Tipped with the glories of dawn,
With gleaming wide reaches of beaches
That stretch out far, wind-swept and wan.

Another vivid memory is in the poem
beginning:

A lurid flush of sunset sky,
An angry sketch of gleaming lake;
I will remember till I die
The sound of pines that sob and sigh,
Of waves upon the beach that break.

In "By Huron's Shore" he sang:

Oh, to stand by Huron's beaches,
By those glorious sun-bathed reaches,
In that dream of light and mist
Earth-embraced and heaven-kissed;
Just to stand by Huron's shore,—

The note of sincere feeling is in these
lyrics, the real longing for the country
of his affection.

Charles G. D. Roberts has brought
this poignancy and intensity of emo-

tion to his treatment of many Canadian themes, but particularly of the Tantramar Marshes and the country around Chignecto, New Brunswick. "Tantramar Revisited" is full of exquisite pictures; for anyone who has once loved that fascinating region it lives again, unique and heart-compelling, as one reads:

Skirting the sunbright uplands stretches a
riband of meadow
Shorn of the labouring grass, bulwarked well
from the sea,
Fenced on its seaward border with long clay
dykes from the turbid
Surge and flow of the tides vexing the West-
moreland shore,
Yonder, toward the left, lie broad the West-
moreland marshes,—
Miles on miles they extend, level and grassy
and dim,
Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the
sky in the distance,
Save for the out-lying heights, green-ram-
pired Cumberland Point.

* * * * *

Near about sunset the crane will journey
homeward above them.
Round them, under the moon, all the calm
night long,
Winnowing soft grey wings of marsh-owls
wander and wander,
Now to the broad lit marsh, now to the dusk
of the dyke.

In "The Tide on Tantramar" we feel the shadow of human sorrow over the breadth of the bright wonderland:

Tantramar! Tantramar!
I see thy cool green plains afar,
Thy dykes where grey sea-grasses are,
Mine eyes behold them yet,
But not the gladness breathed of old
Thy bordering blue hill-hollows hold;
Thy wind-blown leagues of green unrolled,
Thy flats the red floods fret,

Thy steady-streaming winds—no more
These work the rapture wrought of yore
When all thy wide bright strength out-bore
My soul from fleshly bar.

A darkness as of drifted rain
Is over tide, and dyke, and plain.
The shadow-pall of human pain
Is fallen on Tantramar.

In "Ave" he gives expression to the influence of the great marshes on his poetic development:

. . . . ever your long reaches lured me on,
And ever o'er my feet your grasses foamed

And in my eyes your far horizons shone.
But sometimes would you (as a stillness fell
And on my pulses laid a soothing palm)
Instruct my ears in your most secret spell;
And sometimes in the calm
Initiate my young and wondering eyes
Until my spirit grew more still and wise.

Purged with high thoughts and infinite
desire,
I entered fearless the most holy place,
Received between my lips the secret fire,
The breath of inspiration on my face.
But not for long these rare illumined hours,
The deep surprise and rapture not for
long;
Again I saw the common, kindly flowers,
Again I heard the song
Of the glad bobolink, whose lyric throat
Pealed like a tangle of small bells afloat.
And now once more, O marshes, back to you,
From whatsoever wanderings, near or far,
To you I turn with joy forever new,
To you, O sovereign vasts of Tantramar.

Bliss Carman's muse has led him far from Canadian woods and streams, but his earlier inspiration came from New Brunswick and Nova Scotian sources. In "The Ships of St. John" the inescapable tie of the native land is plain, as he apostrophizes:

Canada, great nurse and mother
Of the young sea-roving clan.
Always your bright face above me
Through the dreams of boyhood shone;
Now far alien countries call me
With the ships of gray St. John.

Loyalists, my father., builded
This gray port of the gray sea,
When the duty to ideals
Could not let well-being be.
When the breadth of scarlet bunting
Puts the wreath of maple on,
I must cheer, too,—slip my moorings
With the ships of gray St. John.

Peerless-hearted port of heroes,
Be a word to lift the world
Till the many see the signal
Of the few once more unfurled.

Past the lighthouse, past the nunbuoy,
Past the crimson rising sun,
There are dreams go down the harbour
With the tall ships of St. John.

In "The Wraith of The Red Swan" we have the atmosphere of the St. John River (of which the Nashwaak is a lovely tributary) and of its magic shores:

The cherries were flowering white
And the Nashwan Islands flooded
When the long Red Swan took flight.

On a wind she scudded
With her gunwale buried from sight,
Till her sail drew down out of sight.

The stream-bends hidden and shy
With their harvest of lilies are strewn;
The gravel bars are all dry
And warm in the noon
Where the rapids go swirling by,
Go singing and rippling by.

* * * * *

Look! Burnished and blue, what a sweep
Of river outwinds in the sun;
What miles of shimmering deep
Where the hills grow one
With their shadow of Summer and Sleep.

The St. John River and its shores
and islands live in many a song—and
call for "more poets yet". In "A
Dream Fulfilled", Barry Straton has
given us some hint of their restful
loveliness:

A blue league to the verdant west
Sleep on the St. John's placid breast,
Like second Edens kindly leant,
The bosky Islands of Content.

* * * * *

I saw the grape-vine spreading o'er
The tangled thickets by the shore,
Where ferns and milk-weed, cherry spray,
And fronded sumachs cooled the day.

I heard the buzzing sea-like hush
Of wild bees in the willow bush,
And through the honeysuckle stirred
The sleep-song of the humming-bird.

Nova Scotia is a land of apple-
orchards, of ideal seaside nooks and
fairylike sheltered harbours, where, as
M. J. Katzmann Lawson has described
it,

"Blomidon's blue crest looks down upon the
valley land

And the great waves of Fundy lap the grey
stones on the strand;

* * * * *

Where sunny Gaspereau sweeps on amid
the apple-trees

And the blue waves of Minas chant a
requiem to the breeze".

Nova Scotia is a name to conjure
with! The Maritime Provinces are
dear indeed to their children and
their children's children, no matter
how far they roam or where they bide.
And to the genuine New Brunswicker
—well, of course, that Province re-
mains the spot "beloved of all".
Country of spruce-forests and shining
river-reaches, of elm-shaded interval
and island, wind-swept marsh, and
willow-bordered bay; to some of us
there is no place that rivals you for
charm and promise and possibility!

I have not dreamt, in this brief
sketch, of attempting any comprehen-
sive listing or mention of place poems.
Probably whoever reads it will recall
some favourite quotation which shows
this spirit, or some author who is led
by it. If my deficiencies and omis-
sions in the matter—but, remember, I
am only trying to suggest, not to sum
up—should set even one or two read-
ers hunting through their stock of
Canadian poetry for instances of the
influence of the *genius loci*, so much
the better for them; they will find
many things worth finding, along that
and other lines.

But let us remember that place-
rhymes are not all poems of the spirit
of place. No mere guide-book work
comes under this heading. To write
the genuine place poem, one cannot
say, "I will sit down and make verse
about Niagara, or Lake Louise, or
Blomidon". The poet must first
establish his kinship with the shy and
subtle genius of his chosen locality;
then the remotest hillside or the loneli-
est pasture may take on a loveliness
as enduring for men's minds as that
of the Parthenon or the Taj Mahal.



A HOUSING POLICY FOR ONTARIO

BY PROFESSOR C. B. SISSONS



WHY should the State bother with housing? Why not leave houses to be provided through the ordinary channels? In the long run would it not be wiser to trust the good old law of supply and demand? Is the State so successful in what it has undertaken to warrant its interference in what is essentially a matter of private enterprise?

Such questions are asked not only by those whose business is intimately affected by State intervention. They are presented with conviction by surviving adherents of the *laissez-faire* doctrine and with incredulity by those who have been rendered sceptical by the wasteful ways of party and patronage. Over against these objectors stand many thousands of citizens who through no fault of their own find themselves unable to provide decent shelter for their families and who ask the State whether a man who works or fights does not deserve a home?

In Canada, under our federal system, we always have the difficulty of determining who is the State, whether the responsibility lies with the federal, the provincial or the municipal authorities. In this case representations were made to Sir William Hearst, the Prime Minister of Ontario, by members of four organizations—the Great War Veterans' Association, the Toronto Board of Trade, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and Organized Labour. The Prime Minister did not seek to evade

the issue. On June 7th, 1918, the Ontario Housing Committee was appointed "to inquire into and report upon the housing situation and to make such suggestions and recommendations as the circumstances may admit and the said committee may deem proper".

The Veterans had been the first to move in the matter. While overseas many of them had left their families with relatives. On their return they wished to find homes for themselves, but were unable to do so. Venus and Mars are traditionally friendly. In Toronto in 1916 and 1917 the number of marriages was 10,945, while only 1,551 new dwellings were erected. Overseas marriages were being contracted at the rate of a thousand a month. The wastage in houses—those becoming uninhabitable through old age—was not being met by fresh building. The Veterans, in difficulties themselves, foresaw grave troubles facing their comrades on demobilization. Besides, they had all seen something of the attractive developments built by State aid or company or co-operative enterprise at Hampstead, or Letchworth, or Bournville, or some other of the scores of English garden suburbs or villages, and they were asking why Canada could not show something of a similar nature.

Employers and employees were also coming to realize the effect on industry of lack of proper housing accommodation situated conveniently to factory and shop. During the war econ-

omy of energy became a matter of more general and serious concern. France and Great Britain and the United States were all engaged in war housing. They had not considered it sufficient to build factories or shipyards; they were acting on the principle that it was equally important that the workers should be supplied with houses. Canada had done nothing, at least through its Government, to provide houses for war workers. In Toronto, travelling northward on a Yonge Street car of an evening, one jostled strapholders, who had transferred from branch lines and who were again to transfer to the train at the North Toronto station, wearily journeying to their night's work at Leaside. There was plenty of land about Leaside, and good prospect of after-war industry, but workmen were compelled to find shelter in a city already overcrowded and to spend a considerable part of their leisure time in travelling to and from work. Something of the conditions under which they were living may be inferred from the results of an investigation conducted during the summer of 1918. The investigation disclosed the fact that in war-time Toronto had ceased to be a city of homes. A survey of 13,574 houses in fourteen representative districts revealed the fact that only 4,835, or thirty-six per cent., were occupied by single families without lodgers; thirty-six per cent. contained two or more families, with or without lodgers, while twenty-six per cent. contained lodgers in addition to the family occupying the house. All these houses had been built to accommodate single families. 1,538 were described as dilapidated and unfit for habitation. Quite apart from their social bearing, such conditions clearly stood in the way of industrial efficiency.

On July 17th, the Prime Minister made his first announcement of policy. Without seeking to determine whether the responsibility was federal, provincial or municipal, but believing that the difficulty was largely finan-

cial, he offered to lend to the municipalities \$2,000,000 at five per cent. interest, for approved houses of an inexpensive type. The letter in which the announcement was made will stand as the first public document in Canada in which a Government definitely committed itself to constructive measures in respect of housing as distinct from merely restrictive legislation.

On December 3rd the Federal Government took action. The generous sum of \$25,000,000 was made available for housing loans to the Provinces, and in turn through the Provincial Governments to the municipalities. The interest charged was to be five per cent. Certain requirements and recommendations were framed to govern the expenditure of the loan. The services of Mr. Thomas Adams, of the Commission of Conservation, well-known as a housing and town-planning expert in Europe and America, were secured by the Housing Committee of the Cabinet.

In Ontario, Mr. J. A. Ellis, of Ottawa, formerly in turn city treasurer, mayor and member in the Provincial Parliament, was given the responsible work of drafting and administering the provincial housing legislation. The bill was given its first reading on February 26th, and, with some slight amendments, passed its third reading on March 17th, 1919. It is formally known as an Act to provide for the Erection of Dwelling Houses.

Certain features of this pioneer legislation merit attention. The Act seeks to improve the character of building in small houses. The plans of the houses and the plotting of the houses on the land must be approved. The standards as to size of rooms, materials used in construction, light, ventilation and sanitary conveniences, which were worked out by the Ontario Housing Committee, assisted by a committee of architects and representative women, have been accepted as setting the minimum requirements of health, comfort and convenience. With proper supervision it should be pos-

sible thus to avoid the saddling of workmen with houses whose maintenance after a few years becomes a source of continual expense and whose appearance adds depressing home surroundings to the monotony of the factory.

Emphasis is laid on purchase rather than rental. The houses are to be sold on a monthly payment plan. The limit for the return of the loan is twenty years, and in that time a \$3,000 house is purchasable with a payment for principal and interest of about \$20 a month, exclusive of taxes and insurance. The low rate of interest and the sale of the houses at cost contribute to make the terms of purchase bear hardly more heavily on the occupant than does rental in ordinary circumstances. The Act in this way implies that first consideration should be given to those who are prepared to assume the obligations of ownership, who are ready to take stock in the community.

The Act encourages large developments. While individual lot owners may secure loans with which to build approved houses on their property, the provisions of the Act make it probable that the greater part of the building will be carried on directly by municipal commissions or by housing companies. Their policy naturally would be to acquire a considerable area and build a large number of houses. In this way it is possible to secure considerable economies in building and the best results in the planning and general attractiveness of the development. There can be no reason for denying to the humblest city worker of the future the charms of Rosedale, without its inconveniences. So many of our soldiers have seen this sort of thing actually accomplished abroad that they will no longer be satisfied with the old methods of building which showed so little regard for the amenities.

The housing problem is intimately connected with the land problem. One of the clauses of the Act presents municipal commissions or housing

companies with a barbed weapon for use against holders of idle land. With the approval of the provincial authority they may expropriate land for housing. A privilege hitherto granted to railway companies or to municipalities for securing right-of-way is thus made available for the building of homes for the people. The application of the power of expropriation is summary enough. An arbitrator or board of arbitrators appointed by the Provincial Government determines the compensation after a hearing, of which seven days' notice is given to those interested in the land. The price paid for the land is to be its fair market value. No amount is to be added by reason of the fact that the land is needed for house construction or that the commission or company contemplates improving the means of transportation to the property. This drastic provision undoubtedly will prove useful where a municipality finds it impossible to secure sufficient land at reasonable prices. Its application will probably be quite exceptional; in fact, its presence in the statutes may serve to make its application unnecessary. It may be interesting to note by way of comparison the method adopted by the United States Housing Corporation in securing land for houses needed for war workers. An appraiser went about to the various places where houses were required for war industries. After inspection of available land, the most desirable site was selected. A fair price was offered, and generally was accepted. In case the owner was dissatisfied and unwilling to come to terms the property was taken over, seventy-five per cent. of the price offered was paid the owner, and he was given the privilege of suing for any amount in excess.

Fundamental to the Ontario Act is the principle that municipalities have a large or even a main interest and responsibility in housing. The Government advances funds, in return for which it exercises a certain supervision; but the municipality, through the powers delegated by its council

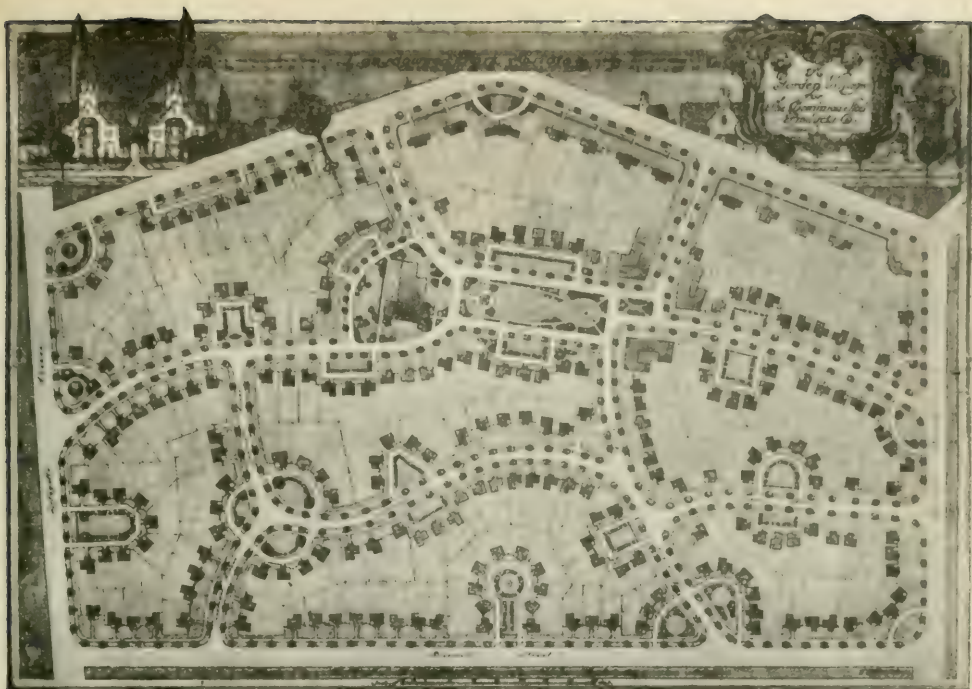
to the commission, selects the land, builds the houses, sells them, collects payments on account of principal and interest and sanctions any transfer of property. Even housing companies with limited dividends, as constituted under the Housing Accommodation Act of 1913, must approach the Government for financial aid through the municipal commissions. In England loans may be made by the Local Government Board direct to public utility societies, which correspond to housing companies in Ontario; but so firmly is the principle of municipal control observed in the Ontario Act that an exception is not made even for these companies which have representatives of the municipal council on their management and whose books are open to municipal inspection. All urban housing is subject to the control of municipal commissions. The sole exception to municipal control is made in the case of houses for farm help or for farmers' sons. Here the Government may lend direct to the farmer, the explanation being that township councils would not care to be bothered with appointing commissions to supervise occasional loans and that the Province can easily determine the necessity and security for the loan.

The main features of the Dwelling House Act have been described. It is an advanced piece of legislation, an attempt to apply principles which have been worked out in other countries to the peculiar needs of a society confronted with a severe shortage of houses resulting from war conditions. It does not pretend to deal with all phases of the complicated problem of housing. Much has been accomplished; not a little remains for further legislation.

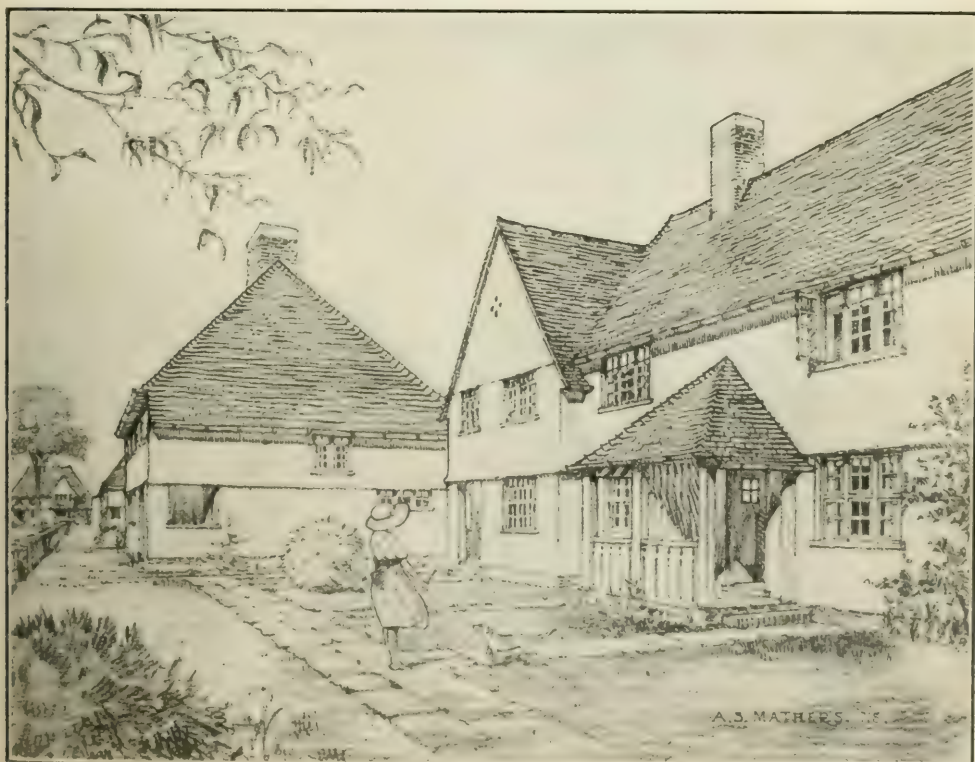
Take, for example, what may be termed the pathological aspect of housing. What is to be done with our slums? What with the jerry-built houses of boom days which, if allowed free course, rapidly sink into slums and become a menace to the health and well-being of the community? At

present the law permits the closing of houses which the health officer may condemn as insanitary or unfit for habitation. When there is an acute shortage of houses, when the choice is between a bad house and the street, officers of health naturally hesitate to close houses. Even when they do so the houses stand an offence to the eye at least. Meanwhile the owner may be content to fold his arms and await his reward in the appreciation of land values, for slums frequently occur where property values are tending upwards. If our cities are to be saved from breeding-grounds of disease and crime it is necessary to insist that houses be properly constructed to begin with; that they be kept in good repair; that when they are no longer kept in good repair—for every house has its day—that they shall not simply be closed, but shall be demolished, and at the expense of the owner. Only thus can a city be a place fit for the rearing of citizens. Recent statistics which show that in London, England, only thirty-six per cent. of the men examined were physically fit for combatant service, and the infant mortality figures for 1917 which show the rate in Letchworth to have been thirty-six to the thousand, while that in ninety-six large urban centres was 104 to the thousand, serve to indicate in a measure the preventable waste attendant on bad housing. Clearly the State has a duty here.

In the case of slums, as of most evils, prevention is easier and less expensive than remedial measures. But in Canadian cities bad living conditions are not always confined to congested down-town districts. Evidences of squalour are all too common on the outskirts of our cities, and are usually to be traced to the fact that we have been more concerned with the profits than with the use of land. Land has been withdrawn from cultivation years before it is needed for building, subdivided into the greatest possible number of lots and provided with streets of uniform direction and width, regardless of grade or require-



The Garden Village of the Dominion Steel Products Company at Brantford, Ontario



A six-family group and semi-detached house



A British scheme of "War Housing", Roe Green



British "War Housing", near Bristol



A semi-detached inexpensive house

ments of traffic. The occupant of the house ultimately built is likely to pay a price for the land greatly in excess of the agricultural value of the land, plus the cost of development, an excess consisting either of successive profits to speculators or of interest charges accumulated while the land is being held out of use. As we are able to reduce this excess to a minimum the housing problem will be simplified. Relatively heavier taxes on land have been advocated, and undoubtedly a surtax on the unearned increment of land could be used as a means to check wasteful speculation; but whatever improvement is made in methods of assessment or taxation, an obvious remedy is offered in the simple plan of refusing to register land for subdivision into lots before such provision of transportation and

public services has been made as will justify the subdivision and before it can be demonstrated that there is need of the land for actual building. Only as applications for subdivision are carefully reviewed by municipal and provincial authorities, and as streets are planned and public services installed with a view to future needs rather than anticipated profits can our cities be made attractive, convenient and inexpensive places for homes.

One kind of housing which does not come within the scope of the present Act is that designed for unmarried workers. In all large cities the need for such accommodation, particularly in the case of women, is at the present time urgent. Various philanthropic organizations are doing something to meet the need. The Toronto Housing

Company, operating under the Act of 1913, in its Bain Avenue development conducts a successful club for housing better-paid women workers. In the interests of the future home life of the nation it is imperative that adequate provision be made for the housing of girls employed in shops and factories who are separated from their families. There does not appear to be any good reason why the financial assistance provided by the present Act should not be extended to include enterprises which aim at proper accommodation for unmarried workers.

In this case it would be necessary to make rental less exceptional than it is under the Act. And there is some reason for doing so. As cities increase in size the demand for rental increases. In English cities and in large American cities purchase is the exception, rental the rule. In newer countries, such as Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, where the spirit of individualism is strong, many workmen prefer to own their homes, and housing legislation very properly encourages this tendency. On the other hand, houses for rental are

necessary not only for those whose residence in any locality is temporary, but also for the considerable class whose savings are not sufficient to enable them to purchase. In these last the State has a peculiar interest. They form the class which, in default of community care, fills our hospitals and penal institutions. A comprehensive housing policy will avoid consigning them to tenements, recognizing the fact that family life and privacy are inseparable. The Royal Commission on Housing for Scotland in its recent exhaustive report has declared its preference for the cottage or the duplex house, and this in a land devoted to economy and the tenement.

For good or ill, certainly with sufficient precedent, Ontario has decided to intervene on behalf of those for whom private enterprise has failed to provide proper shelter. The Dwellings Act of 1919, following the Housing Accommodation Act of 1913 has committed the Province to an advanced policy. Evidently it was needed. Already some seventy municipalities have availed themselves of its terms.



"The Lindens" (Toronto Housing Company), showing the community playground



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

A LADY OF GRACE

IN these days of turbulence and social revolution, Canada has seen fit to record her disapproval of titles—especially those of the hereditary class. There is one order, however, that of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, which has an interesting appeal, since its foundation in the eleventh century, inasmuch as its members were devoted to deeds of mercy and healing. There has been bestowed on a number of Canadian women, during the last decade, the decoration of Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem—and to none of them did it more fittingly belong than to Marion Elizabeth Crerar, whose death at her beautiful home, “Dunedin”, Hamilton, on May 20th, closed a career in which remarkable gifts had been used for highest ends.

Mrs. P. D. Crerar, a daughter of the late John Stinson and Emma (Counsell) Stinson, was born in Hamilton in 1859, and was educated in her native city and in England. The Stinson family was Irish, the Counsells came from England, and Mrs. Crerar's paternal grandmother belonged to the well-known Zimmerman

family of United Empire Loyalist (Dutch) descent settled in the Grimsby district. When she was only eighteen years of age this young Canadian girl became the wife of an Englishman, Mr. Cuthbert J. Ottaway, of the Inner Temple, London, who died in 1878, less than a year after the marriage. Lillian, the child of this union, is the wife of Sir Adam Beck, of “Headleigh”, London, Ontario. In 1884, Marion Ottaway became the wife of Mr. Peter Duncan Crerar, a distinguished Hamilton barrister of Scottish birth, whose tragically sudden death in June, 1912, brought to an end a union of ideal comradeship. In literature, music and art there was the happiest communion of taste between these two, whose home was the scene of many a well-remembered gathering.

While she was yet a young matron, Mrs. Crerar showed that realization of the responsibilities of her gifts of person and inherent capacity for leadership which marked her in advance of the day. She threw her untiring energy into every undertaking for the civic good—an Art Fair to aid in the establishment of an Art School, a fête for the Wentworth Women's Historical Society, the Made-in-Canada Exhibitions of 1903 and 1906, the many activities which went to the establish-



Mrs. P. D. Crerar

ment of the Mountain Sanitarium for tubercular patients—these all knew the beneficent effect of her enthusiasm. The local “causes” which Mrs. Crerar had most at heart were the Hamilton Health Association and the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, of which she had been municipal regent since 1902.

Mrs. Crerar had a strong and abiding love for her city, her country and the Empire. In the best sense of that word, which has too frequently been “soiled by all ignoble use”, she was an Imperialist. When the war broke out the three sons of the household declared for military service. The eldest, Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Crerar, D.S.O., was with the “Fighting Eleventh” Battery; Lieutenant Alastan Crerar, M.C., was with the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and Flight-Lieutenant Malcolm Crerar, at the age of nineteen, was killed in action on the Gaza front in August, 1917. Many months before, Mrs. Crerar had transformed part of her residence, “Dunedin”, into a hospital for convalescent soldiers, where she herself acted as superintendent to the band of volunteer nurses. In November of 1917, feeling that, in spite of former political views, her way of duty was with the Union Government, she gave her

time and ability during the campaign, delivering speeches which were of eloquent appeal.

While Mrs. Crerar was progressive in her many interests, she was not in complete sympathy with the advanced feminists, and believed profoundly that the mother moulds the statesman and the legislator. Loyalty and courage, a sparkling wit, an unflinching kindness, a tact which turned obstacles into a way of triumph, were all hers. But greater than her endowments of intellect, finer than the grace which makes her memory fragrant, was the unfaltering belief in those great religious truths which are “the fountain-light of all our day”.

*

BRAVE DES BRAVES: A SON OF OLD “NEW FRANCE”

TWO or three weeks after the fight for Courcellette, when the 22nd Battalion of French Canadian troops “played a distinguished part in winning back some miles of French soil for their ancient motherland”, a young officer, Lieutenant John Brilliant, joined the unit. Born at Bic, in the Province of Quebec, on March 19th, 1890, he belonged, both on his father’s and on his mother’s side, to old French Canadian families estab-



Un Brave des Braves
Lieutenant John Brillant, M.C., V.C.

lished in Canada when it was still New France. Canon Raiche, who was one of the clergy present at the funeral of General Montcalm, was the brother of an ancestor of Lieutenant Brillant.

The boy began his education at home with private tutors and later attended the Holy Cross Fathers' College in New Brunswick, and Rimouski College. Unlike many of his fellow-Canadians, who have won the Victoria Cross, Brillant had "taken several military courses" before the war and had successfully passed the examinations for the grade of lieutenant, specializing in connection with these courses on the theory and practice of electricity and telegraphy. He was, indeed, still engaged with his military studies when the outbreak of war gave them a new value. He was one of the Canadian officers who were chosen to attend the coronation of King George.

He enlisted at Quebec, in the 186th Battalion, in February, 1916, and for a few months did recruiting service in the Rimouski and Matapedia districts, not going overseas till the following September. His stay in England was short, for the 186th was soon broken up and many of its members were drafted to fill vacancies in the 22nd Battalion.

As an officer, Brillant was free at this turn of affairs to go back home, if so minded. Nothing, however, was further from his desires. He crossed to France early in October, 1916, to join Company "B" of the battalion which had won its laurels at Courcelette, and there in the ancient homeland of his race he spent the short remainder of his life—one year and ten months.

In July, 1918, he won the Military Cross for very gallant work in assisting to destroy an enemy observation

post which had been established opposite the trenches of the 22nd. Men were asked to dislodge the Germans. Brillant was amongst those who volunteered, and in the hot hand-to-hand fighting, in which the position was carried, he was wounded in the face. He was awarded not only a decoration, but promotion to the rank of captain. Unfortunately the appointment did not come through till after his death.

● On August 8th and 9th, the first days of the great battle of Amiens, when the Canadian divisions went into action with the French on their right and the Australians on their left, Lieutenant Brillant distinguished himself not only "for valour", but for extraordinary endurance when severely wounded and for great ability in leading his company.

On the first day of the advance he "rushed and captured" a machine gun which was holding up his company's left flank. He was wounded, but carried on. A couple of hours later his company was again held up by fire from a machine gun nest, and the gallant lieutenant, after having recon-

noitered the situation, "organized a party and rushed straight for the machine gun nest". Brillant was again wounded, but fifteen machine guns and ten times as many Germans were captured. Later he led an attack on a field gun, which was "firing on his men over open sights", and then the end came. After a dash of six hundred yards he received a third wound, this time in the body. Still he held on his way for another two or three hundred yards, then, through exhaustion and loss of blood, fell unconscious, to die in hospital two days later.

Brillant's example "inspired the men with enthusiasm and dash and contributed largely to the success of the operations", the more readily perhaps because his masterful courage and contempt of danger was brightened by the happy, everyday quality of "constant good humour". He did not live to know that, as one of his superior officers put it, "*la plus glorieuse décoration anglaise—la Croix Victoria*", had been awarded to him, but his comrades rejoiced in this recognition of his gallantry.



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I



THE country expects a reorganization of the Cabinet. There are Ministers in places where they do not belong. There are Ministers between whom there is a serious conflict of opinion on vital questions of public policy. This is not to suggest that all members of a constitutional government must agree on every detail of legislation or upon all measures submitted to Parliament. But the cabinet system requires substantial agreement upon broad principles and a common conception of national policy and outlook. Otherwise there is uncertainty, indecision and confusion in the public councils. It is not necessary that there should be an equal number of Conservatives and Liberals in the Cabinet, even if the Unionists should be organized into a permanent party. Such a requirement compels the Prime Minister to consider old party affiliations rather than character and ability in choosing his colleagues. Nor is it necessary that each Province should be represented according to population. We have too many traditions and customs which exalt racial, religious and sectional considerations. The broad division of the Canadian people into French and English cannot be wisely ignored. It is peculiarly desirable that the French majority of Quebec should have responsible Cabinet representation in the House of Commons.

In the new era which peace has opened to Canada we can all afford to forget old quarrels and prejudices. There is clear national disadvantage in a situation which restricts the representation in Parliament of any of the chief Provinces to one party or the other. The Unionists cannot desire any permanent estrangement from Quebec, nor can Quebec wisely refuse representation in a Cabinet whose head has never shown hostility to the French Province or ever spoken a word in dispraise of its people. No government in which the French people are not fairly represented can express Canada, but beyond representation of East and West and the two chief racial elements of the population, sectional considerations should be less influential in the constitution of Canadian cabinets.

II

It is peculiarly vital that able and energetic Ministers should direct the Department of Trade and Commerce and the Department of Agriculture.

These offices rank with that of Prime Minister and Minister of Finance. The men who hold these places should have commanding influence in the Cabinet and in the country. It is not important that they should be orators or politicians. It is of high importance that they should have organizing genius and practical capacity. All the old conditions of trade have been revolutionized. Old markets have been closed. New markets must be found and held. For a time the ships which carry Canadian products across the seas may make strange journeys. If we sell to new countries we must buy from new countries, and the ships which carry goods taken in exchange for those of Canada may have to be marketed elsewhere than in the Dominion.

The weariness and exhaustion of the Old World makes opportunity for the New. Rising wages in Great Britain have significance for manufacturers and producers in Canada. Export trade requires scientific organization, standardization of products, convenient and adequate shipping facilities and an extension or adaptation of the banking system to new conditions. The enormous increase of the public obligations demands greater domestic production in field and factory, increasing home markets and reliable markets abroad. Hence the imperative necessity for capable Ministers in the Departments of Agriculture and Trade and Commerce, an effective organization for production and shipping and wise co-operation between the Government and the industrial and agricultural interests.

To a far greater degree than ever before the trade of Canada will have an international character, and vision and courage in the public departments will be necessary if the best results are to be attained. In short, in the reorganization of the Cabinet it is primarily essential to consider the new obligations and opportunities of Canada and to find Ministers with the training and qualifications which the new situation demands. It is not suggested that the Government should be more paternal. It needs to be more practical and less political. There is urgent necessity for a closer co-operative partnership between the Government and the agricultural and industrial interests, and the partnership cannot be effective unless the Ministers who must maintain this relation have the character, courage and capacity which inspire confidence and have, too, the wisdom to counsel and the energy to direct and construct.

III

Disraeli said that England did not love coalitions. There is not much in the practice of free, constitutional government that Great Britain has not tested. If the judgment of the British people is against coalitions it is because the fruits are faction, irresponsibility, instability, sectionalism and parochialism. They know, because they have learned by experience. In Canada experience is teaching the same lesson. It was perhaps wise and necessary that in the desperate emergency of war all partisan considerations and interests should be set aside alike in the Mother Country and in Canada. This was not done in the United States, where as great unity of sentiment in support of all military and patriotic objects was developed and maintained as in other countries. But the constitution of the United States, designed to assure

popular sovereignty and guard against military despotism, lends itself to autoeracy and concentration of effort in war. In war George the Third was not so great an autoerat as was Woodrow the First. Nor do the experiences of the United States in the Civil War and in the Great War necessarily condemn the American constitution.

If coalitions are valuable in emergencies they do not ensure orderly and responsible government. At Ottawa we begin to have legislation by rhetoric or, as has been said, government by explosion. A score of extremists to the right of the Speaker, uniting with the Opposition, may impose any revolutionary measure or any empirical project upon the country. The Cabinet must submit, resign or order a dissolution of Parliament. The situation would be even less satisfactory if Mr. McKenzie, who leads the Opposition, did not display a considerable degree of common-sense and steadiness. Under the two-party system there is some assurance that the common sentiment of the country will be expressed in legislation. Under a coalition, sectionalism thrives and the national interest is subordinated to personal considerations and passing political exigencies. Ministers lie upon a bed of torment and a sense of insecurity pervades the country.

IV

It is not necessary that the old parties as constituted before the war should be restored. It is necessary that the Unionists should frankly appear as a national political organization, and adopt a platform which the country can understand. In August there will be a national Liberal Convention, at which a leader will be chosen and the attitude of the party towards social, national and Imperial problems disclosed. Probably the action of the Liberals will compel a definite organization and consolidation of the Unionist forces.

There are, perhaps, many reasons why a general election should follow, although there is no absolute obligation upon Ministers to appeal to the country. On the other hand, a Parliament which was chosen upon a single issue has no mandate to reverse traditional national policies without consulting the constituencies. For example, the Government could not fairly sanction any revolutionary increase of customs duties without injustice to that section of the people which wants low tariff, and it would be not less unjust to the industrial interests to effect any radical reduction of duties without going to the country. Upon the new issues of reconstruction Parliament may act freely, but there cannot be any radical reversal of settled public policy behind the backs of the people.

When Parliament is dissolved the country should know definitely the programme of the two parties and who may be Prime Minister and who Leader of the Opposition. We are all mouthing democracy with infinite ardour and enthusiasm. But government by democracy does not mean government by 235 members of Parliament bound by no pledges to the people, enacting vital measures upon which the people have not been consulted and interpreting national feeling as their individual interests and prejudices may dictate.

V

Sir Robert Borden has returned to Ottawa. There has been harsh criticism over his long absence at London and Paris. There would have been harsher criticism if he had refused to attend the Peace Conference and committed the great task of representing Canada in the negotiations to subordinates. It may be that it was not necessary that he should have been attended by so many of his colleagues, but possibly when he makes his defence in Parliament, if he should think any defence necessary, much of what has been said in criticism and attack will seem feeble, pitiful and unjust.

It is the fashion to whisper that Borden is weak and indecisive. It is said, and perhaps with truth, that he tolerates fools too gladly, and sometimes permits personal friendships to override public considerations. It is said that he submits to importunity and shows excessive regard for men who overestimate their qualifications for office. Gladstone said that it was one thing to get a man into a cabinet but a very different matter to get him out. The charge that is made against Borden was made as freely against Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and possibly with as much reason and justice. A common complaint is that the Prime Minister has "no magnetism". But "magnetism" may have great value for a party and absolutely no value for the country.

From the first Borden has been the victim of depreciation and detraction. But did ever a political leader in Canada have greater tasks to do and more difficult situations to handle? Whatever his weaknesses, has he not done the great things well? When he came into office he was flanked in Parliament by a group of Nationalists whose servant he never became. He has never been supported by Quebec, but he has uttered no reproach nor ever sought to punish the French Province. His naval programme was obstructed in the Commons and rejected in the Senate, but it cannot be suggested that he was unequal to the critical situation in Parliament which the debate developed. He committed Canada to the war with instant decision and courage. He bore himself throughout the long struggle with fortitude and dignity. From month to month and from year to year he sanctioned such measures as were necessary to maintain and reinforce the Canadian army. Mistakes were made in Canada as in every other country, for war creates so many and so diverse problems that wise and effective dealing with every situation is beyond human capacity. But in the ultimate judgment of history Canada will not be dishonoured, nor will the Prime Minister be defamed. He stood resolutely to his task with singular disregard of self and infinite patience and endurance.

VI

It may be that he should have dissolved Parliament and gone to the country when he did not, but he acted in accordance with public opinion and without consideration for personal or party interests. When a coalition seemed to be necessary he sought to secure the co-operation of the Liberal leader, not in any spirit of bargaining, but upon a basis of equal representation and equal justice to both political parties. Possibly there would have been earlier

approaches for a coalition if he had believed that the proposal would be accepted. If he had been less persistent and less single-minded no union would have been effected. In the organization of the Union Government he sought no advantage for himself or the Conservative party. It is believed that he has had the complete respect and confidence of his Liberal colleagues. There is no suggestion that at the Imperial Capital or at the Peace Conference he has misrepresented Canada or failed to guard Canadian interests.

From the day that he became Prime Minister he has had to deal with vexing situations and perplexing problems. There was a season of commercial depression, a great war, with its suffering and sacrifice, a railway question almost insoluble in its magnitude and complexity, and now an excess of sectional feeling and the industrial turmoil from which no country is exempt. Few men have carried heavier burdens through so long a period. A democracy has no pity and little gratitude. Danton said: "It is better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with the governing of men". But whatever his mistakes or his shortcomings, surely Sir Robert Borden has a clear title to the regard and good-will of his countrymen. It is no secret that he came into public life with reluctance. He did not aspire to be leader of the Conservative party. He has never tricked the country with the pretensions and artifices of a demagogue. But if we examine his career closely we will find that in the great things he found to do he seldom failed to confound his critics or to get a verdict from the people.

Borden has some of the quality of Lincoln, something of his intuition for the deeps of public opinion, something of his patience under misunderstanding and misrepresentation. Test after test he has met and survived when it was thought that he would go under. He comes home to meet new conditions and new problems as complex and disturbing as ever confronted any political leader in Canada, and chiefly because they are so complex and so difficult he will probably survive and triumph. For, as has been said, when there are great things to do he reveals all his courage and all his resource and that serene indifference to immediate personal or political consequences which distinguishes the statesman from the politician. It is the pretence of democracies that they despise politicians and want statesmen, but save in the very crises of a nation the people want politicians and find statesmen singularly uninteresting and unsatisfactory. It is true that the people like to be humbugged, and if Sir Robert Borden were more of a humbug he would excite greater popular enthusiasm.

VII

Someone said a year ago that possibly it was not so far from Russia to Canada. The revolt at Winnipeg suggests that the distance is less great than any of us believed. However the strike leaders at Winnipeg may protest, there was sheer Bolshevism in the methods which they adopted to give effect to their objects. Indeed, the temper of revolution was as clearly manifested in some of the literature issued by the Committee of Fifteen at Toronto. Suppression of newspapers, cancellation of public services, violation of contracts,

and denial of the common conveniences of civilization constitute a usurpation of civil authority and an attack upon free constitutional government.

The principle of the sympathetic strike as interpreted at Winnipeg cannot be recognized by any community which values self-government. The citizens of Winnipeg who have resisted the orders of a group of self-elected despots have fought the battle of freedom for all Canada. Nothing less than revolution was attempted, and the very life of the State required that the conspiracy should be defeated.

The organization of the One Big Union at Calgary was the first open intimation of a design to challenge the validity of the industrial system and the authority of government. There was a further manifestation of the Bolshevik spirit when certain Western leaders of Labour refused to appear before the Royal Commission, and frankly admitted that they were opposed to co-operation between employers and workers, since their ultimate object was seizure of the tools of industry. But probably not even in Winnipeg was there any general suspicion that the conflict was so imminent.

There is reason to believe that English Socialists rather than "foreign" agitators are greatly responsible for the disaffection in the Western Provinces. The foreign elements have been more or less submissive to their demands, but they have not been the chief fomentors of unrest. It may be suspected also, if it has not been established, that outside influences and agencies have had a very direct relation to the movement to paralyze industry and destroy constitutional government in Canada. It is essential that there should be thorough investigation into the genesis of the movement, the means by which the agitation was supported, and the extent of the organization throughout the Dominion.

It cannot be doubted that alien enemies in fear of deportation were easily mobilized into the army of revolt. This possibly was one reason why the struggle was precipitated by the revolutionists. The leaders believed that they could command the general sympathy of the foreign elements and thus had at hand the nucleus of a formidable body of support. Responsible Western newspapers insist that seditious Socialists, sullen Pacifists and disloyal aliens supplied alike the leadership and the mutinous battalions, and they should know what they are talking about. It is almost inconceivable that the leaders believed they could succeed. To strike at the press was malignant folly. To disrupt the public services was to arouse all the courage and energy of a spirited community. To undertake to determine by issue of licences what individuals should be permitted to pursue their regular business was a challenge to the elementary rights of citizenship.

VIII

It is vain in these days to deny the right of labour to organize and bargain with employers for wages and conditions of service. The right of bargaining, not only within a factory, but throughout an industry, must be admitted. But if a builders' union in contempt of agreements may throw down its tools because of a dispute in a metal trades union, or if firemen or police-

men may go out because differences in a factory cannot be adjusted, covenants with organized labour have no meaning, and a group of self-elected labour leaders may exercise sovereign authority over the community. No employer could afford to recognize a union or enter into an agreement with his workmen, because by the very fact of recognition he would weaken his own position and the agreement, however faithfully observed, would be subject to cancellation by outside agencies for causes over which neither he nor his employees could exercise any control. In short, the sympathetic strike, as attempted at Winnipeg and at Toronto, is a weapon of coercion by which a whole series of agreements may be broken, all the factories of a community closed, and all the public services interrupted by the contumacy of a single employer or the demand of a single labour union.

This fact was recognized as clearly by the heads of the international labour federations and the responsible leaders of labour in Canada as by the employers and the communities which were assailed. Honourable Gideon Robertson, Minister of Labour, took ground boldly and unequivocally against the Red leaders, and for the supremacy of law and order, for sanctity of contracts and the honour of organized labour. He was supported by the heads of the international federations and by associates in the Canadian Labour movement who have never submitted to the domination of Socialists and syndicalists. Indeed, the responsible leaders of labour in Canada were driven into a difficult position. They had to oppose strikers with many of whose demands they probably were in sympathy and virtually to assist the employers who were under attack. They faced disruption in order that contracts should be observed and that an arrogant and irresponsible Socialism should not be established as the creed of Labour in Canada.

IX

Employers are not relieved by the experiences of Toronto and Winnipeg from co-operation with workmen. One doubts, however, if there is any single sovereign remedy for industrial unrest. Many employers have problems only less disturbing and difficult than those which perplex workmen. Only by mutual confidence, conference and co-operation can the common interest be established and maintained. In conflict there is common loss, injury to the individual and disaster to the State. Face to face employers and workers consider all the conditions by which they are mutually affected. The family relationship so essential to industrial peace and stability is established. The employee discovers that his natural relation is with his employer. The employer learns that the fear of unemployment is the root of much human misery, and the very source and centre of industrial unrest. In all conferences between employers and employed it has been revealed that the great object of the workers is to secure guarantees of continuous employment. With this assured the whole outlook of the workers would be altered and the stability of the industrial fabric immensely strengthened.

It is, perhaps, a supreme problem, but can any civilization endure under which multitudes are forever anxious for daily bread for their wives and

children? Surely there must be a reorganization of industry which will provide subsistence for workers in times of depression and scarcity, not by the favour of the rich or the charity of the State, but by a system of partnership in which employers and employed will share fairly in the fruits of prosperity, and submit to common sacrifices in seasons of adversity. There is no higher problem to which men could set themselves. There is nothing which would bring so much of peace and rest to the world as a social system so ordered that none need go idle and none go hungry. It is the goal towards which we are moving, and one feels that there is enough divinity in man to bring the great thing to pass. But labour must be efficient, capital must have a legitimate return, and manual workers must unite with mental workers to maintain production, improve organization and hold markets. This is a practical world, and only by the sweat of brow or brain do individuals or enterprises prosper.

X

In the United States there is singular bitterness in Republican criticism of President Wilson. One rarely hears in hotels, clubs or trains a word of praise for what he has done or an expression of confidence in his sincerity or straightforwardness. Many causes explain the savagery of the attack to which he is subjected. His self-confidence is extreme. He is arbitrary, or at least he makes vital decisions without consultation with the interests affected. He has dislocated "American business" without advantage to the nation. The experiment in public operation of railways has been unhappy and unfortunate. No better results have attended public dealings with the telegraph and cable companies. There is a feeling that he interferes between labour and industry with the confidence of a theorist and the motive of a politician. There is indeed a suspicion that he is always a politician, that every word he speaks has a political object, and that every programme to which he commits himself has a direct relation to his personal or political fortunes.

One is often startled at the malignity of the attack and the strange faith of decent people in the complete political depravity of the President. It is impossible to think that he will stand so unfavourably in history, that his course in domestic or foreign affairs has brought any dishonour to his country, or that any motive lower than concern for mankind explains his devotion to the great conception of a League of Nations. But for the moment he seems to be in general disfavour and disrepute unless, as is sometimes suggested, there are millions of plain, common, silent people whose faith he holds and who are his friends because he has expressed the temper of the organized masses in legislation at Washington and their conscience in driving the country into a war for freedom and in struggling to bind the nations in a solemn and enduring League and Covenant of Peace for the future. An onlooker, however, is bound to believe that as feeling is now running the United States Senate will reject the League of Nations and that in 1920 a Republican president will be elected. He will come back from Paris to a country divided and a Congress beyond control.



A GREAT CANADIAN ORATOR

Thomas D'Arcy McGee



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GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY A. R. HASSARD

I.—D'ARCY MCGEE

IT is fifty years since the meteoric career of the distinguished Irish Canadian orator, statesman and poet, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, came to its sudden and tragic termination.

A cultured and captivating orator, a statesman of high, Chatham-like order, a writer versatile and scholarly, a poet touched with the true fires of divine genius, a politician who loved the sudden ebbs and flows in the great tides of party politics, a man without an enemy save those whom jealousy and bigotry had made, he came to Canada in early manhood, lured thither as countless others had been by the many bright prospects which were gaily beckoning on her shores. He at once won for himself a premier place in the new country's warm heart, and threw himself with an Irishman's ardour into the great struggle for Confederation which was asserting itself to be the true solution of the perplexing political pro-

blems then confronting the Canadian people. During that struggle he achieved a splendid reputation as a statesman, an orator, and a leader of men, and was trusted implicitly by all sections of the different races, creeds, sects and factions that for years had been creating strife and confusion in the land. While yet in the meridian of his glory, and after having tasted during a few short months the sweets of office, fame and power, his life of varied experiences and brilliant achievements came to an untimely close by an assassin's bullet; and the country to which he gave the very flower of his greatest days was cruelly impoverished by his early and his most untimely death.

D'Arcy McGee was born in Ireland on the thirteenth day of April, 1825. His boyhood was spent in that country, amid the suffering and distress which were making in those days one of their periodical visits to the Emerald Isle. He grew into young manhood during the political excitement

of the stirring years when the great O'Connell was at the pinnacle of his fame.

Very early in life McGee displayed a noticeable inclination towards books and learning, and by the time he had reached the age of seventeen years he had acquired an education which was peculiarly marked by its extent and also by its variety. In 1842 he left Ireland for the new world, having suddenly formed the intention of settling permanently in America. After crossing the Atlantic, he made his way to Boston, which even at that time was famed as one of the chief literary centres of the Western Hemisphere. From 1842 to 1845 he made his home in that city. During those years he continued his studies, and while he resided in Boston, books rather than amusements were his especial choice. His literary style was at this time beginning to assume that richly rhetorical and picturesquely poetical form into which it subsequently and superbly developed.

It is peculiarly difficult for an Irishman to banish forever the hopes of being restored to the green shores of his native country. So it was with McGee. In 1845 he returned to Ireland, and so precocious was his genius that, although he had not yet reached his twenty-first year, he received employment in so important a sphere as writing editorials for the great moulder of Irish opinion, the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. At the same time he became identified with the Young Ireland Revolutionary party, which had sprung into existence almost simultaneously with the appearance upon lovely Irish hills and vales of the ghastly spectre of the great and memorable famine. The famine received but little relief from the revolutionists; but revolution drew both life and nourishment from the imminence of starvation.

D'Arcy McGee remained prominently associated with the seditious activities of his fellow conspirators, until the later and ludicrous termination of the righteously ill-fated move-

ment. During these years he was indefatigable in his literary endeavours, and in addition to his other labours, he published two biographical works, which enjoyed a rather extensive circulation. Although the subjects of these biographies were characters so long since departed that they have dwelt chiefly in tradition, still the books, having been written by an Irishman, and evincing perhaps a little asperity towards England, were widely read by the Irish people, who no doubt sympathized to some extent with the treasonable expressions which were contained within them.

In 1848 the youthful conspirators of Dublin arose to the dignity of revolutionists, and led by officers, who had been recently lawyers, editors and clerks, attempted to emancipate Ireland from the control of the English government. That they ever could have hoped to create anything of greater dimensions than a mere local disturbance against a nation which had known the mighty victory of Waterloo seems impossible. Yet the ardent young Irish patriots entered the conflict with the burning zeal of men who already saw the trembling remains of British dominion swiftly crumbling into dust. As was natural, the contest was of exceedingly brief duration, as have been most Irish rebellions. A few hours of an engagement were found sufficient to end it all, except the undying hopes of its always unconquered leaders, and their flight into the welcome retreat of the Irish hills, or the certain refuge of the even safer seas. McGee, who had been active throughout it all, was one of those who were sufficiently fortunate to make his escape from the battlefields of his country's freedom, namely the streets and lanes of Dublin. In a few weeks after the green flag had been triumphantly unfurled by the courageous yet short-sighted conspirators, McGee was in New York, beneath the folds of a flag which was not green, but which nevertheless afforded the young rebel an ample protection against the pen-

alties of treason in Ireland. The not-too-serious story of the Irish rebellion of 1848 has been told a thousand times. Like all history, it teaches many lessons to those who are willing to learn them. To the Irishmen, however, who in that generation hated England, it lived as a calamity. To their biased minds it was merely another of the burning outrages which Fate or England—it mattered little which—had inflicted unjustly upon the weaker and already grievously offended island.

In New York McGee obtained employment as an editorial writer, and for nearly ten years he devoted his rich and varied talents to journalism in its thoroughly respectable phase; and untainted by sedition or treason. Besides writing, he read incessantly, and also spent much of his time in delivering lectures upon a wide range of literary and historical subjects. In those days a lecture meant something; it did not consist merely of a few disconnected comments upon a series of rapidly changing illustrations flashed upon a canvas. It was the vocal presentation of a theme, with which the audience was perhaps unfamiliar, in a manner that would paint pictures in the mind and plant inspiration in the heart. This high tradition of the lecturer's art McGee brilliantly and efficiently maintained.

In 1857 he quit New York, and crossed the border to the Province of Lower Canada, having been induced to migrate thither partly because of an invitation having been sent to him from a number of Irish residents of that Province, and partly because of his own restlessness and love of change and adventure. In Montreal he settled. There he founded a newspaper, "The New Era", and very speedily made it a power in the land. He bore the same relation to it that Prof. Goldwin Smith did in later years to the famous Canadian literary publication *The Week* of Toronto. Each in his own generation was the soul of the journal. Each of those journals perished when its founder's

pen was stilled. McGee also won the political affections of the people of Montreal soon after his arrival among them. The dwellers in that city were not searchers after political spoils, and therefore not particularly eager to lend an ear to those who had power and places to bestow. On the contrary they quickly perceived genius, and sought to honour themselves by honouring it. Within a year of McGee's arrival in Montreal he was selected for supreme distinction, and the faith which "the men of the northern zone" reposed in him then, he retained undiminished to the very last.

In 1858 he was elected to Parliament for the City of Montreal, and held that seat until his death. Early in his parliamentary career he became attracted to the famous statesman Sir John Macdonald, whose keen political ability was already impressing itself deeply upon both Upper and Lower Canada. The attraction was mutual; and no firmer friend had McGee during the remainder of his lifetime than the first Prime Minister of United Canada.

The emigrant from Irish soil became the silver-tongued orator of Confederation. It is easy, in the light of half a century of political prosperity, and the realization of hopes, fearfully entertained and timidly expressed, to declare that confederation was the national salvation of British North America. But it was an heroic proceeding, in 1865, to proclaim that history must be reversed, and a new system of government must be inaugurated in Canada, involving the union of provinces and interests which had long succeeded in maintaining themselves in independence. The task was stupendous. The situation was critical. Yet many a despairing doubter had his anxieties silenced and a splendid faith in the future of Canada grandly kindled in his soul by the countless persuasive and eloquent speeches which the Irish orator delivered in favour of a union in one vast confederation of all the pro-

vinces and territories lying between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and stretching from the southward, where the international boundary scales the mountains and fords the rivers, to the northward, where the midnight sunbeams glorify a world of changeless snow.

Before the Union, he had become a cabinet minister, and after Confederation he held a seat in the first administration formed by Sir John Macdonald. McGee was an inspiration to the great Premier, while his wise statesmanship was helpful to his adopted country. He was looked upon as a coming leader, as a man whose eloquence might be expected to resound throughout the new Dominion possibly even on until the sunset of the nineteenth century. He held several cabinet positions, among them the portfolios of Secretary of State, and of Minister of Agriculture. In both these high positions, particularly in the latter, he felt the great responsibilities which should justly rest upon a man who would mould successfully a large portion of the policy of his country. Cities and towns had not then begun to expand at the expense of the farms, and the problem of providing nourishment for increasing consumers by the efforts of decreasing producers had not commenced to throw its surprising shadow across the depleted acres of the country. At the same time he caught a vision of the future, and the poetic mind which had conceived the thought,

And the rills and rivers sing with pride
the anthems of the free,

must have been stirred with a realization of the vast necessities, as well as the vast capabilities which lay before the future inhabitants of the new Dominion. For the twenty years before the commencement of the Great European War in 1914, the favourite theme of orators was "The Resources of Canada", but in the days when McGee was in his prime the problem which stirred the country was "The

Resources of Canada's Statesmen". This problem he grasped in its fullest significance, and had he lived to assist in its solution, the needless jealousy which for more than a generation has existed between the manufacturers and artisans of the city and the tillers of broad acres in the country might have been obviated.

In office McGee was not the cypher which numbers of cabinet officers have been. Many Ministers of the Crown have acted merely as senior clerks in their departments or as dispensers of political patronage throughout the land. The higher functions of government, the science of ruling a few millions of people, and the art of contributing to making an enlightened population happy, prosperous, virtuous and contented, have altogether escaped them. Of course, with the erudite journalists of to-day, to whom the making and unmaking of administrations and policies is a trifling pastime, government seems almost superfluous. But half a century ago such was not the case. Wise and strong men were needed to carry on the affairs of the country. McGee gave not only weight to the whole administration, but he perfected the work of his department; and, although trained as a newspaper editor, and developed into an orator, by nature a poet and by experience a parliamentarian, he made the activities of the branch of the government over which he presided felt throughout the whole of Canada.

Scarcely, however, had his worth been seen in the counsels of his country than the bullet of the assassin laid him low. On the morning of the seventh of April, 1868, he was returning to his Ottawa dwelling from a late sitting of one of the sessions of the first Parliament of the new Dominion of Canada. A Fenian, named Whelan, tracked the unsuspecting statesman to his very door. The debt which he owed since 1848 to the seditious society of Fenians, whose views he had repudiated, was now about to

be paid. Just as he was about to enter the house, a shot broke the stillness of the night. A bleeding form fell dying to the earth. In a few minutes one of the greatest Irishmen who had ever mingled in the public life of Canada lay dead on the threshold of his dwelling. The stars of the night twinkled silently on in frozen splendour on the mighty tower which had gone crashing to the ground.

Followed by a procession numbering tens of thousands, and by the grief of many thousands more, McGee's remains were laid to rest in a grave just within the gates of the beautiful Roman Catholic cemetery of Montreal. Many of his fellow statesmen gathered around the tomb as the dust of the great man was being committed to the earth. Those statesmen all have passed away. Many of them served their country longer than did he. Many of them, too, are entirely forgotten. But although fifty years have elapsed since the tragedy of his assassination, he still survives in the land of his latest affection. For he is one of those men, whose years may be few, but who do not easily perish from the recollection of mankind.

Such, perhaps in imperfect words, is a faint outline of the brief but brilliant career of D'Arcy McGee. He was wayward, due perhaps in some degree to the fact that he had been cradled during his youth in Irish misfortune, and with that unsteady influence which usually accompanies misfortune, namely, the absence of a well-directed ambition. He was, if not the first, then among the very first, of the great orators of Canada. He had all the virtues and a few of the characteristic faults of his native country, Ireland. Landing in Boston when little more than a boy, his natural gifts of eloquence quickly won him fame. When, in later years, and after he had become a resident of Canada, the Quebec conference met to discuss Confederation, his talents easily fitted him for a seat in

that nation-making body. There were dark hours for Canada before the Union, even as there were fair hours afterwards; but the dark hours grew luminous with splendid hope and the future budded with a brightening promise, as McGee, with matchless eloquence, unfolded before the Canadian people glowing visions of the larger future which lay in store for the British race in North America, and the orator feasted his hearers on a lordly banquet of wit and passion and mirth and wisdom, and a wealth of picturesque oratory, which was both stately and sublime.

McGee was a poet as well as a statesman and an orator. For nearly fifty years his verses have been printed in the public school readers of this country, and have become familiar to millions of Canadians during the past half century. It cannot be said of his poetry as was said of the verses of Macaulay, that it was metrical oratory. Of McGee one might rather say that his speeches, as well as his verses, were poetry. Certainly there is true poetry in all his utterances. Metaphor, simile, rhythm, figures, phrases of Miltonian grandeur, sentences touched with a sweetness such as might have been imparted to them by the stormy genius of Shelley grace many of even his extemporaneous speeches. A volume of poems, which received a wide circulation, and an abundance of oratory, remains as a memorial of his intellectual triumphs among men. The poetry is sweet, majestic, patriotic, displaying a love of nature, and a love of Canada, and is in the highest sense worthy of a place beside the rich treasures of the minds of the deathless Canadian poets, Campbell, Scott, Lampman, Mair and Sangster. Passion deep as ever burst from the lines of Dante or Rossetti throbs in his stanzas:

My eye delighted not to look
On forest old or rapids grand;
The stranger's joy I scarce could brook;
My heart was in my own dear land.

Few Canadians are there who have not thrilled before the lines:

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound
and cold;
Nor seas nor pearl abounded, nor mines of
shining gold;

* * * *

He told them of the frozen scene, until they
thrill'd with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make
him better cheer.

But it was by virtue of his Irish disposition and his oratory that McGee grew to be loved by Canadians. He had all the qualities of the orator. He was poetic and artistic by temperament. He was widely and deeply read in the literature and the history of the world. His orations abound in literary and historical references. He had a commanding platform appearance. Of the many illustrious figures shown in the famous painting "The Fathers of Confederation" his leonine bearing makes almost the deepest impression upon the observer. Davin, who, during the course of his equally meteoric parliamentary career, inquired much about McGee, and perhaps as a young man may have heard him, pronounced him among the greatest orators of Canada. Sir Joseph Pope, who, for nearly a generation was the Secretary to Sir John Macdonald, and also a man who had been fascinated by the magnetic powers of the brilliant Irishman, gives him an exalted place as an orator. There have been greater debaters in Parliament, but no orator who approaches McGee. His voice was clear and silvery. His language was ornately picturesque. He had the thunder tones of Chatham, the sweet, appealing nature of Fox, the scholarship of Burke, the stately imagery of Grattan. For hours at a time the Canadian House of Commons surrendered itself to the spell which his wizard-like eloquence cast over its entranced members. A half century ago treasury benches, opposition ranks, speaker's dais, galleries and corridors unanimously awarded him the premier position among the orators of the new Dominion. He had been a stranger, who,

after many vicissitudes, came to us from afar; he became imbued with our ideals, and with his passionate and triumphant eloquence enshrined those ideals in the hearts of his newly found countrymen, there to live as long as Canada shall endure.

I am not sure that McGee is not the highest type of citizen. Many people do right by habit. He lifted his hand against England while yet he was a youth, but he turned away from that error as the years passed by, and a larger wisdom dawned upon his mind. He had lived for some time in the United States, where, in those years, the love for England was not strong. But the British bond within him withstood all strains of absence and of treason. With manhood's years he found once more British shores and British feelings. He who turns aside from truth and reverts to it again may be rightly accused of inconstancy, but surely there is merit in following virtue, not because of blind custom, but because of a conviction, based on a bitter experience in following the lights that have proved untrue.

Some years ago, when on a visit to Ottawa, my father pointed out to me the seat in the House of Commons which the martyred Cicero of Confederation occupied, and the desk by which he stood, as he thundered in eloquent tones so often, and never so potently and magnificently as he did in the early morning hours of that fatal day whose glorious sunrise he was destined never to see. Above my head were the darkened timbers, which framed the lofty glass ceiling, through which a subdued light was falling into the historic chamber. As I stood there, and strove to imagine the eloquent voice of the great orator ascending to the reverberating ceiling, and swelling through the spacious chamber, which, in his latest days, was new, I could see in pictured fancy Cartier leaning forward to catch the faintest accents of the high and bell-like voice; Brown, calm and passionless, warmed by the flame which

swept the halls of parliament; Mac-kenzie, cold and sphinx-like, moved by the burst of passion that was created by the orator; Sir John Macdonald, with smiling countenance, and ready ear, feeling a pride in the great Irish Canadian, who, towering lion-like and audacious by his side, was defending in a whirlwind of oratory the assailed policy of the powerful administration. The building in which these triumphs of oratory occurred was removed from its place on Parliament Hill, by a fire vastly different from that which McGee kindled so often in the hearts of the Canadian people. Upon the ruins of the old, a newer senate house is rising

fair and gleaming in the sunlight. Other orators will tread its marble corridors, and stand majestically within its pillared halls. A new history of oratory will be made within its spacious precincts. Canadians yet unborn will be thrilled by the Quintillian-like oratory of Canadian orators yet unknown. The past will grow dim and fade away. Great men, who once filled mighty places, will become framed in almost invisible places of that past. But in that past there will live as an oratorical inspiration for generations still to come the prince of Irish-Canadian parliamentarians, the orator, statesman and poet—D'Arcy McGee.

The next article in this series will describe the statesmanship and oratorical genius of Joseph Howe.

A TRIOLET

By HELEN FAIRBAIRN

AS homing bird, on weary wing,
 Straight to its leafy covert flies,
 My world-worn hand to yours I bring;
 As homing bird on weary wing
 Seeks haven from its wandering
 And finds the rest the world denies;
 As weary bird on folded wing
 Deep in its leafy covert lies!

THE SHAFT OF HATE

BY MADGE MACBETH

AUTHOR OF "KLEATH"

THE day Boyd Holden was elected President of the Grampion Light and Power Company was the bitterest day in Lois Challoner's life.

A less intense person would, of course, have suffered less acutely, but Mrs. Challoner's emotional nature was so highly developed that it provided an excellent channel through which an obsession of envy permeated her whole being.

She had known Boyd Holden for many years; indeed, as she herself expressed it, she had known him entirely too well to marry him.

"The dearest boy in the world," she frequently said, "but nothing more. No subtleties, no surprises, stupidly uncomplicated. He'll never get anywhere; be anything. Marrying him would be to me like proof-reading a book. There would be no zest for the finished story, whose every comma and semi-colon were anticipated. A husband should be like a stirring detective novel—complicated, unexpected, a continually unfolding puzzle."

There was nothing unexpected or complicated about Jim Challoner, but Lois married him and spent his money with a supercilious grace. She acquired a certain influence, a leadership in the town, which only whetted her desire for a broader realm to sway, a realm in which all of her subjects might be as wholly loyal as was Boyd Holden. For she held him in leash so completely that Grampion began to think the little triangle

would present nothing of novelty or interest.

The unexpected occurred with a sudden development of Holden's simple character. He slipped from his leash, became conscious of the existence of little Margie Copp, and married her.

There was nothing in the act to argue that it had been prompted by revenge or even the despair of a jilted lover. It was merely the natural result of following a Will-o'-the-wisp, then finding a real light at one's elbow.

Grampion was openly pleased. Margie, woman-like, was a little frightened and questioned her right to such happiness. Lois was staggered but recovered herself quickly and adopted an attitude of generous patronage toward the bride, very much like that of an older sister who praises the appearance of the younger one dressed in her cast-off clothing.

"Having no use for him, myself, you are welcome, dear girl," she seemed to say.

Margie knew no resentment. In years she was a child, in worldly experience, a baby. She was humbly sincere in her belief that Boyd's loss of Lois had forced him to accept something vastly inferior, and to model herself after the example of the older woman was, in a sense, the highest pitch of her ambitions.

She deferred to Lois in matters great and small, the more intimate the problem, the greater the deference.

"What would you do?" she would ask, searching Mrs. Challoner's face with her big childish eyes. "Of course, I can't be like you, but I can do what you tell me, if you will only have patience, and I am praying all the time, that I won't always be such a helpless, silly little thing."

Her first girl baby was named Lois and one of those most flattered by this attention was Jim Challoner, himself. His feelings toward Holden, never strongly tinged with jealousy, were now dominated by a sort of unctuous paternal pride, and he was not averse to being associated by so intimate a tie as a god-child to the man who was undeniably the coming citizen of Grampion.

For Holden had developed further unexpected intricacies of character during the five years since his marriage, the most amazing of which was a talent for town planning and general municipal management. From a straggling, ugly village, he had fashioned Grampion into a beautiful little town, and judging from its rapidly increased population, there could be no doubt that soon he would push it into the city class.

"Only needs to be the centre of something," said the citizens, "to rival the best of 'em. Who'd ever have thought that we would hit the town mark just because of a few model houses, an abattoir and decent roads? Bet Boyd's got something up his sleeve right this minute, and no matter how wild it sounds, I'm with him."

From moderate popularity, Holden had risen in general esteem to a point where he was placed on a pedestal to which many pairs of eyes were lifted in hero worship. And they did not belong to women or mawkish sentimentalists, either! There was a group of hard-headed business men over whom he cast, quite as easily, the spell of his optimistic personality and it should not detract from the fervour of their admiration to mention that self-interest was not entirely absent from it. Holden had given to Gram-

pion a tone of general prosperity; to several of its citizens, he had given tidy little fortunes through the disposal of municipal contracts, and it was not unnatural that they should look upon him with affection as a means whereby their wealth might be further augmented.

For himself, he had made nothing. The realization of his ability so long unsuspected by himself or any one else, the knowledge that he was almost indispensable to Grampion, repaid him for the work he performed so tirelessly. He wanted to be recognized as an altruist, and so sensitive did he become lest he should be suspected of using the town as a means toward his own aggrandizement, that he refused the legitimate profits accruing from his various transactions, and gloried in being a poor man.

None had benefitted from this Quixotic stand more than Challoner who was anything but thin-skinned, in accepting the business Holden threw in his way. It was Lois who fretted under their increasing load of obligation to Grampion's first citizen, unable to fix a satisfactory reason for his noticeable preference towards her husband.

She would like to have attributed it to motives of sentiment on Holden's part—that type of deathless, renunciatory passion which seeks only the happiness of her who has inspired it. But this reasoning was so obviously far-fetched as to be quite unsatisfactory. So she passed over Love's thin boundary and entered the realm of Hate, dwelling with a sort of morbid fascination upon the possibility that Holden was leading them into a trap, that all of his apparent friendliness was but part of a subtle plan for complete and adequate revenge. That a man should spend years of his life in unremitting toil for the accomplishment of a purpose, however ignoble, of which she was the inspiration, thrilled her. Yet, as an explanation, Lois cast it aside, being sufficiently logical herself, to see that it was quite illogical. The true reason never pre-

sented itself. It never occurred to her that Jim Challoner was a particularly good contractor and an extremely useful man in carrying out Holden's municipal enterprises.

A deep, fierce hatred of the man she had misjudged and flung away, the man who held their prosperity or their ruin in his hands, took possession of her. She hated him for his honesty and his popularity, for the almost servile affection he inspired in her husband; she hated him for his absorbing devotion to Margie, and his open, genial friendliness toward herself.

This hatred spread like an insidious blight over her life for years, poisoning all that was best in her nature, but it reached a pitch of exquisite frenzy, a definite desire to compass Holden's destruction, on the night Jim Challoner came home with his great piece of news.

"What do you think?" he cried excitedly. "Grampion's IT! We've put through a deal amalgamating our little hamlet and four other towns with the Union Light and Power Company, and whom do you suppose they've picked for the President?"

"Holden," answered Lois between her teeth.

"Right the first time! Not only President of Grampion, but first-Vice of the whole concern. Some forward stride for this rural retreat, eh, honey?"

He was too absorbed with his topic to notice that she made no answer.

"And considerable in the matter of laurels for our respected citizen, eh, what? I'm so tickled, I could tie two cats together by the tail!"

"Is there anything in it for us—for you?"

Into Lois's mind there flared a picture of Grampion transformed into a miniature Bar Harbour by an influx of Union Light and Power magnates, bringing with them foreign servants, class prejudices, social distinctions and urban snobbery. In the centre of the picture stood Boyd Holden—and beside him, Margie—an intimate,

an equal of these people. The knowledge that she might have stood in Margie's place, while the rest of Grampion fawned in the background, did not tend to alleviate her bitterness. Indeed the intensity of it turned her dizzy.

"Something in it for me?" echoed her husband, settling his bulging waistcoat a little self-consciously. "Well, I should say! Holden isn't the man to forget his old friends. Wouldn't surprise me at all if I pulled off several thousands, one way or another. . . ."

"Yes, you seem to have a distinct genius for pulling off thousands, Jim," returned his wife, but in a manner which stung rather than flattered.

Challoner took two of his chins between thumb and stubby forefinger and rasped the bristles there. He looked after his wife uneasily.

Every man cherishes a secret vanity; one because of his slim figure at sixty, another because of his amazing memory, still another because of his classical knowledge when he has never set foot inside a university. Jim Challoner's eyes surreptitiously sought a mirror and his huge gelatinous bulk trembled with pleasantly warm vibrations, every time he remembered that Lois had chosen him instead of Holden.

"But certainly, my dear chap," smiled his eyes fatuously, "you are something of a man!"

Now, his vanity wavered, and this caused him acute discomfort. What did he lack that Lois wished him to possess? Assuredly nothing which could not be acquired, for was he not the wealthiest citizen in Grampion?

He went slowly into the house and chose his evening's costume with particular care, deciding after a satisfied contemplation of himself in white flannels, that he would give his wife the finest car money could buy. After which he persuaded himself that his imagination had played him tricks.

He did not know, of course, that at that very moment, Lois was suffering

an ecstasy of hatred. She hated Boyd Holden for not declaring his latent powers long ago more than she hated her husband for not possessing them, more than she hated herself for not sensing them in the younger man. And she hated her husband for not realizing, resenting, the fact that his connection with these Light and Power magnates would be nothing other than hireling to master, that she would never acquire the degree of intimacy with the women already attained by Margie; that at best she would be only 'that good-looking woman, wife of the contractor person.'

"Boyd commands and Jim obeys; Margie beckons and I attend," she said bitterly. "Oh, it's unfair—unfair! She is such a silly little thing. Why, in heaven's name do they like her?"

But with the cruel clarity of vision which often accompanies deep emotion, she could easily answer the question. She knew that Margie's winsome naïveté, her genuine unaffectedness was a novelty to those blasé natures from the City. The women made her their latest fad, finding her unlike anything they had ever met before. She had a pretty way of patronizing them because they were dependent upon her husband's genius and because they had no children and because they had so much to make them jaded and complaining. And they were delighted with her childish superiority and encouraged it.

But Lois's attempts to rank as an equal they resented, knowing her type too well—the small town woman with social aspirations. Her imitation of them, clever as it was, savoured of insolent mimicry and they banded with one accord to snub that 'contractor woman' whenever occasion presented.

"It is part of Boyd's revenge," Lois told herself. "Under the guise of friendship, he stuffs Jim's pockets full of money but takes away from us for himself the very thing that money can't buy. I wish to God that Jim would stop making money."

Her wish was granted. Jim Chaloner died.

She mourned him with a certain genuine sentimentality, newborn with death. Forgetting that his genial proletarianism had stood like a mountain in the path of her social progress, she remembered him only as a link between her and her ambitions, a link whose loss was irreparable despite the Holdens' effort to replace it.

Their kindness almost suffocated her. She used to wonder, why, under the strength of her enmity, they did not wither in her presence, but they were unaffected, attributing any noticeable strangeness in her manner to the natural result of her bereavement.

The summer raced by in a whirl of gaiety, gossip and civic improvement. The dull, bleak days of autumn came and reminded the City folk that they were tired of the simple life, so they closed their cottages on the Canal front and motored back to town. Grampion saw them depart with a sensation of mingled regret and relief, like that of a hostess after a trying but successful function; then it settled itself to discuss the next important step in the matter of its progress.

This centered around Margie, who had been urged into accepting a number of invitations which would take her into some of the most exclusive City homes. The President's wife, the General Manager's wife, the Treasurer's wife—none of them would listen to a refusal. Nor would Boyd.

"I am paralyzed with fright at the very idea of going," she confided to Lois more than once. "The thought of a supercilious maid unpacking my meagre little belongings, of a solemn, owl-eyed butler bowing me here and there, of the terrible ordeal at strange tables with stranger food and service, why, it actually makes me sick with terror. I simply couldn't face the thing at all, except that it is supposed to benefit Boyd, somehow. Now, if only you had been his wife, I can see how his plans might

have been furthered by your meeting people, but the only effect I am likely to have, will be the wrong kind. I know I shall disgrace him, I am such an ignorant, silly little thing."

She begged to be pitied and Lois complied silently, contemptuously, all the while some piece of mechanism muttered:

"Nonsense, Margie, you always do the proper thing. You must try to enjoy yourself."

6 On the day of their departure, the Holdens left half of Grampion on the platform of the station. It was as though some warrior of old were setting forth to conquer new worlds. But Lois stayed at home, and to her Margie telephoned a last affectionate message.

"Be good to Boyd, dear, when he comes back. It will be lonely for him without me and the children. And write me often. And if Boyd gets one of those awful colds, please telegraph at once . . . promise . . . I will wish for you all the time . . . your advice . . . Here comes the train . . . good-bye."

But it was Margie who developed a cold, to which was added an alarming cough, induced, Lois well knew, by over-fatigue and an unaccustomed wearing of evening gowns. She was ordered by the medical man then in vogue amongst the people she was visiting to fly south with the restless birds of Gotham. Of course she protested that she would recover immediately in her own home, but Holden and the others over-ruled her objections, so she and the children were bundled off to one of the most fashionable of the southern resorts.

"Isn't it lovely for Margie?" Grampion asked Lois. "Of course no one wants her to be ill, but if she has to be, isn't it nice that she can have the advantage of those delightful surroundings? Fancy her living in a bungalow right next to the President's wife and being the daily companion of all those famous people! Why, she will get to know them better in six weeks, there, than in ten years, here."

And in their simple enthusiasm, they hoped Margie would not recover too quickly.

In spite of her promise, Lois did not see much of Holden. She avoided him. His municipal brilliancies increased, but as a companion and conversationalist, she found him an insufferable bromide. His platitudes and banalities made her long to scream and his incessant references to Margie and her friends fanned her hatred, already glowing brightly, into a searing flame.

"Who ever could have foreseen this wonderful broadening of my dear little girl's horizon?" was his invariable question. "Yesterday, her vision was bounded by Grampion; to-day, the beauties of the tropics unfold before her. What may the morrow bring?"

His fatuous manner suggesting further delights and closer intimacy with the Light and Power people, sickened his listener and drove her to the limit of endurance.

If Margie's horizon had broadened Lois Challoner's had narrowed until her only point of vision lay at one end of a shaft of hate, which was focused upon Boyd Holden. She had built round herself a shell of bitterness so strong that the kindly thoughts and deeds of the neighbours were quite powerless to penetrate it. And unconscious of her isolation she lived for many weeks, coming suddenly to a realization of it through a letter from Margie.

"I wish for you every day," it read. "Although I adore the place and love the dear, kind people who are doing their best to spoil me and make me unfit for human companionship, I am horribly lonely. I feel the bigness of everything in a way impossible to describe; I feel as though I were swimming in space with no anchorage, no firm hand to which I can cling . . . and that frightens me. You know how weak and silly I am. Sometimes an icy hand clutches at my throat and I imagine things about Boyd. But he is all right, is he not?"

"This is the first time I have ever been away from him and then that idea of space bothers me. You, on the other hand, must feel that Gram-pion is a cage. I realize now what that look in your eye must have meant; you must be suffocating in that little place, you who are so big and fearless and strong. . . ."

A cage! That was it! She was imprisoned in a cage of Boyd Holden's making; she was suffocating, and Margie knew it and flung the taunt in her face!

Increasingly fantastic thoughts obsessed her as the consciousness of an invisible prison became more acute. She would frequently pass her hands in space before her endeavouring to contact those unseen fetters; she would deliberately fling her body against the wall hoping to shatter that obstruction which was like a fortification between her and the world. A terrifying silence accompanied this sense of physical detachment; sound became as remote as in a dream. Even the air felt dead and still, and her only relief was found in racing through the country in her huge car. The rush of air against her burning head, the flash of landscape on either side, the illusion of plunging into the great masses of gray cloud ahead, soothed her and sent her home to sleep.

But she had dreams, horrible dreams. One in particular. . . .

She saw herself racing along the familiar roads intent upon some purpose which was unrevealed at the moment; she felt the throb of the engine beneath her, the cold winter wind tearing at her hat, her hair, her clothing. It sucked the breath from her body. She saw the black, bare branches like withered fingers interlaced against a bleak, drab sky, and before her lay half a mile of narrow roadway bordered on either side by the icy waters of the canal.

It was a desolate spot. No living soul disputed her wild and thunderous passage, but a great white sign leapt up out of the dusk and flung

the word DANGER at her as she gathered speed and raced forward.

The road swayed. It rocked and creaked. It was only a temporary structure, hardly more than a trestle, built for Holden and his workmen while the Canal Driveway was undergoing many improvements. The ordinary citizen was forbidden to cross it, and had, as a matter of fact, no reason for doing so, as the summer homes on the far side were now all closed.

But this did not concern Lois. The wind roared in her ears and the air seemed full of laughing, screaming voices. As she had tried to escape from silence, so now she tried to escape from the horrible din, but without success. She bent low over the wheel and peered through the falling dusk at a faint red glow ahead. Then she made out the indefinite bulk of Boyd Holden's flimsy little car, and her purpose became startlingly clear.

The hand on her speedometer jumped to sixty-three; the distance between that flickering red gleam and her own car was suddenly blotted out, as with clenched teeth and every muscle rigid Lois drove hard into it. There was but a slight impact and yet the little car rose bodily in the air, turned over, and hurled itself into the canal. A soft explosion followed, a spurt of escaping steam and settling of tin and steel; and she had passed.

Lois felt no wonderment as to her ability to run; indeed, she was not surprised to find in the glare of a street lamp that her radiator was hardly damaged. She was conscious of but one sensation—freedom! It was as though that slight impact had shattered her imprisoning shell; she exulted in her power to feel, to hear, to breathe. A warm happiness possessed her. Boyd Holden was dead. . . . She awoke.

For a long time she lay quite still, calmly reviewing the dream in all its ghastly vividness of detail. She went even further, constructing a logical sequel, in which Margie was not only dropped by her fashionable friends,

but flung a pauper upon the charity of Grampion.

Neither the dream nor the sequel faded. They obtruded themselves between her and the trifling tasks she set herself as part of the day's routine, they floated, like a mirage, before her as she pounded through the fog of the dreary afternoons and they spread themselves over her walls as she sat in her home feebly trying to think of something else. Gradually, the dream became *less* of a vision and *more* of a purpose. This insidious change moved Lois neither to elation nor apprehension. She had lost the power to feel, to resist. She was merely a weak tool in the clutch of her own Frankenstein.

There were moments of astonishing confusion when she could not determine whether she was asleep or awake, when every distant light seemed to colour with a reddish gleam, when the smooth road beneath her wheels bumped and jarred her, and the frozen fields on either side became the icy waters of the canal. It was then that she would turn in a sort of panic and make for the heart of the town . . . wondering how near she had come to the fulfilment of her destiny.

The afternoon she actually turned her car toward the white sign which flung its warning at her was no different from the rest. A hurricane was blowing and the air was full of laughing, screaming voices. The cold, muddy water of the canal gathered itself in yellow, foam-crested waves and sprang angrily up the bank. Through the heavy dusk, a shower of sleet rattled on the top of the car and bit the grim face of its driver as she bore down upon a faint red light in the diminishing distance.

Fifty yards. . . Forty yards. . . Twenty-five . . . the flimsy roadway curved beneath her like the back of a giant snake. The jolting almost threw her from her seat, but she was not conscious of it. She grasped a lever and saw the hand of the speedometer jump to sixty-three. The car, like a horse stung by the lash, leaped under

her and shot into a dark, indefinite bulk ahead. Simultaneously, this phantom shape rose in the air, hovered an instant just in front of her, then turned on its side and plunged into the icy waters of the canal. There was a soft explosion, a spurt of escaping steam, a settling of tin and steel—and Lois had passed.

She was not surprised to find in the glare of a street lamp that her hood-cover was hardly bent, but the sudden numbness which crept through her body was very unexpected. She lost completely all control of her car, and crashed into the back of her garage, shattering her wind-shield and damaging her radiator beyond repair.

The news was brought to her in the morning.

"They found him in the water, buried under his car," said the messenger brokenly. "God knows what may have happened! Something may have gone wrong with the steering gear, or he may have caught in a rut and turned turtle. No one seems to have seen him; he was always the last to leave."

Lois sat perfectly still, frozen. . .

"That accursed road was never safe," the man continued, "but he wouldn't spend any money on it—wanted to put all the funds into the Driveway, where they would do Grampion the most good, and now look what's happened! My God, Mrs. Challoner, can you realize it—Boyd Holden was a martyr to his love for this town and for us?"

God knows what may have happened! In a maze of agonized conjecture, Lois echoed and re-echoed the words. How had Boyd Holden met his death? Had she been his murderess?

The thought struck her with horrible poignancy, and yet surely it was impossible. Or was there a possibility that she had actually driven across that stretch of narrow roadway and pushed his car into the canal? Every atom of her being revolted against the idea, but while such revolt argued

in favour of her sanity—which she had begun to doubt—it brought her no relief. And there was no proof to end the harrowing uncertainty. A heavy snow had fallen in the night, obliterating all tracks on the roadway, and the ultimate damage to her car made it impossible to ascertain whether or not she had struck anything before her accident in the garage.

"God knows what may have happened!" she said, and suffered the agony of one who shares the bitterest knowledge with Him.

The sense of physical detachment which had surrounded her like a protective shell was shattered. Gone, too, was the stimulation of her hatred. She found herself hypersensitive. It was as though she were more than naked—skinned and raw to the touch of careless, coarsened hands. She aged unbelievably in a few days and in her masses of black hair there showed broad streaks of white.

"Why, you'd think to look at her, that Lois Challoner loved Boyd Holden, after all," said Grampion, not reluctant to add a tinge of melancholy romance to its grim tragedy. "Let us hope that Margie won't take it quite so hard."

She did not. She did not 'take it' at all. She just sat mute, unheeding, and allowed people to pet her. But instinctively, she turned her big, pathetic eyes to Lois as though trying to read in her face an explanation of the cloud which had fallen over her life.

As might have been expected, Boyd Holden left nothing but a vast muddle of papers and plans for Grampion's greater glorification. The Directors of the Light and Power Company came down and overhauled them ruthlessly, confessing at the end of the examination that they could not make much out of them but that one must not expect system in a genius.

"Our main worry is that we will never replace him," they said. Then they paid a collective call of sympathy on Margie and went away.

Lois constituted herself the Hol-

den's steward and provided for the family lavishly. It was many weeks before Margie emerged from her apathy sufficiently to feel any sense of dependence and her protest fell before the argument which Lois made absolutely unanswerable.

"Why should you hesitate to accept what is really yours?" she demanded. "Boyd made it and gave it to Jim instead of keeping it, as he should, for you and the children. Is that not true?"

She took Margie's passivity as an affirmation and continued,

"There are many others who feel that they are living on money which should be yours. Would you like them to come forward and offer it to you? No? Very well, then, let us go on as we are and say no more about it. For if you don't, I will settle a definite sum on Lois, my own god-child, and that you will not be able to refuse."

She stilled Margie's objections, but the voice of an accusing conscience tortured her without cessation. Never had a slave a more relentless taskmaster. She spent her days in carrying out the generous plans devised during the long watches of the night and whose object was to benefit Margie without her realization of it. She took interest in, and gave thought to nothing else. Just as the desire to see Holden's wife crushed and broken had at one time obsessed Lois Challoner, now domination of a completely opposite character held her in thrall.

As time went on and Margie became more fully alive to the extent of her obligations, she added, unconsciously, to the bitterness in Lois's cup by her demonstrative gratitude.

Slowly she responded to unabated thought and care. Now and again, a wistful little smile would cross her face; she even showed a faint interest in the mauves and grays Lois forced upon her to replace the conventional black.

Then something happened.

A change came over her, as marked as it was subtle. Lois left her one

night playing almost happily with the children. She found her in the morning shrouded in impenetrable tragedy, with a look of horror set deep behind her eyes. "She has found out," thought the other, crushing, with difficulty, the impulse to ease her conscience of its intolerable burden by blurting out a full confession and imploring absolution in place of unmerited gratitude.

For a space the two women sat cowering from each other, dumb, afraid to trust themselves to speak.

But Lois soon became convinced that although Margie shrank from her, avoided her, there was nothing incriminatory in her attitude. On the contrary. She seemed to place Lois on a pedestal higher than ever, to feel her own unworthiness in a way so serious as to be grotesque.

The anniversary of Boyd Holden's death dawned bleak and cold. A prey to bitter memories, Lois paced restlessly about her home, feeling that she could not face Margie and the children. The events of that day a year past recurred to her as vividly as though they had happened yesterday and gave her no peace. She saw herself speeding along the country road, a blur of landscape racing past. She actually felt the throb and quiver of the big car, and there before her lay a stretch of temporary roadway in the centre of which bobbed a small red gleam. She clenched her teeth and rocked across the rough logs; they heaved and fell away beneath her. She could feel the bite of the fierce wind and smell the fog. Her head ached and swam with the noise of laughing demons, but her eye gauged the lessening distance between the two cars accurately. She put her foot on a pedal, the hand of the speedometer jumped to sixty-three; she held her breath. . . .

The door bell rang and Lois choked back a shrill scream. An instant later Margie rushed into her arms.

"Lois, oh, Lois," she sobbed, "I can't bear it! They have just sent me word that a Memorial Service is to

be held at Boyd's grave. . . . They would not do it, if they knew. . . . I never meant to tell you, but I am haunted with the fear that you may find out . . . Lois, I know something about Boyd's death . . ." she broke off, gasping.

Lois Challoner's lips grew dry. A slight moisture broke out upon her forehead and her hands.

"Tell me, Margie, dear," she whispered. "Surely, you can tell me."

"Yes, I can tell you," said the other, presently, "I *must* tell you—after all, it was entirely my fault. I ought not to have gone south—but I am such a silly little thing! Only now, I can't let you be good to me—I don't deserve it—no woman ever had such a friend as you, and I have imposed on your love and goodness, even after I found out. Oh, I am ashamed—ashamed," she cried wildly. "Forgive me, for the sake of the children!"

"Margie," said Lois sternly, "tell me instantly. What is it?"

"I found a letter—half written—from Boyd to me. I can't understand, but I *think* there was some money missing—and he couldn't find it before the Directors came down. For God's sake, don't blame him, Lois! It was my fault, for staying away so long, and being such an expense. . . . But I think he was—er—he was prepared for an accident of some kind—Oh, my boy! My poor boy!"

Lois listened to Margie's incoherent utterances without comprehension until the very end. Then, suddenly, Truth revealed itself to her, not awful and pitiless as Margie saw it, but shining—lighting up the darkness of her despair, infusing her with higher resolves and renewed courage. Boyd Holden had been a suicide. . . .

A prayer rose in her heart; a prayer so deep, so fervent that the words "Thank God" escaped her lips without her realization of it. But when she tried to take Margie's broken little body in her arms, the girl shrank away from her in horror, as from one suddenly gone mad.



A ROCKY COAST

From the Painting by Robert F. Gagen. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists

RUPERT'S HOUSE

THE OLDEST BRITISH SETTLEMENT IN CANADA

BY LEROY THORNE BOWES



T was a busy day at Rupert's House. Early in the morning the dogs had voiced their sorrows to the golden East, only to be beaten into silent submission by their Indian masters. Gradually stir after stir was noticed in the wigwams. It was six o'clock, and the little bell on the carpenter's shop summoned the servants to their various duties. Half-hearted, the Indian turns out to his work, for he hates it. He requires breakfast at eight, smoke hour at eleven, noon hour, smoke hour at four, and his day's work and labours end at six o'clock. The squaws do all the menial and household tasks.

But this morning the post life was more active. At the wharf, pulled out of reach of the tide, which was lapping its way up the sandy bank, were six giant bark canoes. Indian packers carrying a load of two to three hundred pounds by the aid of their tump-lines, were strewing the shore with bundles of clothing, sacks of flour and sides of bacon. Soon after the big canoes were placed in the water, and their crews of about twelve stalwart Indians each passed silently around the whole assemblage at the wharf and with a perfunctory and mechanical hand-shake of each person (and the whole settlement was present) they passed down, and stepping into the heavily-laden canoes pushed off from the shore. Without a wave of their paddle, a cheer or a good-bye from the crowd on the shore,

they headed up stream. Before they had disappeared around the bend in the river and the rhythmic music of their short, snappy strokes had died away, the people on shore had dispersed as quietly as they had gathered. Such are the customs of the people.

Before noon another stirring event took place. The coming of the Company's steamer *Inenew* or *Emelia* is always looked on as the chief event of the day. For days when the time of arrival is expected every native with every indescribable make of telescope will watch every cloud and puff of smoke. From the dock or roofs of the Post buildings every spare moment they gaze out into the bay and at the first positive sign they notify the Post manager, who raises the flag in welcome of the visiting officials and the ever welcome mail, which brings its message—and they are rare—from beyond the Line, from loved ones back in civilization.

Every man, woman and child, the sick, the halt and lame and blind flocked to the dock long before the little *Inenew* had reached its anchorage. A feverish excitement filled the air, the crowd was happy, but from their stolid faces you would never suspect it. Even the poor, down-trodden, abused and beaten husky dog joined in the celebration by howls directed heavenwards, battles innumerable or else marauding and looting the wigwams in the absence of their masters.

The afternoon was spent busily unloading the steamer. A miniature



Rupert's House, the "Oldest British Settlement"

railway is built on the dock and switchbacks and small cars on trucks soon relieved the steamer of its load. The work proceeded with system, and while there was no rushing and little shouting, the unloading was carried out expeditiously and well.

Later on in the afternoon a young couple rushed through the village shaking hands with everyone. The dignified tread of "Here comes the bride" was wholly missing, but by the determined and stolid look on the young buck's face and the careless bashful giggle of the young squaw their happiness was not lacking. Soon the bells of the little church summoned all the people to the ceremony. With the air of attending a funeral instead of a wedding, they filed into the little edifice and heard the Indian bestow on the blushing bride all his worldly goods, consisting of a birch canoe, a wigwam and cooking utensils, while in turn she promised to love, honour, obey, chop his wood, carry his water, cook his meals, paddle his canoe, fish his nets, portage part of his worldly goods and other work incident to the life of a loving and dutiful wife.

In the evening the floor of the carpenter shop was cleared and the natives danced until the wee small hours. To describe their dance is impossible, but it is evidently much enjoyed. The violin and a drum composed the orchestra. During the evening a home-brewed beer served as a beverage, and

a feast of half-roasted duck with enough feathers remaining to tickle the palate of the most fastidious taste was enjoyed.

About eight o'clock the sun sank behind the tree-tops, bathing the Post in a golden flood. The trees on the opposite shore stood out distinctly against the blue background, for the country is very flat. In the blue arch of heaven large woolly-shaped cumulus clouds went tumbling from east to west and were mirrored in the river flowing swiftly and silently out with the ebbing tide. The Post behind seemed robed in resplendent colours as the Night god nestled down over the settlement. As the evening passed more indistinctly the Post and the surrounding country faded away. Yes, faded, as it were, from the twentieth century to the seventeenth century. From the dock the buildings of the Company stretched back in the distance stately, ghostlike and indefinable. Along the river bank lights showed dimly from the wigwams, and all was silent save for a snatch of a crooning song, a baby's cry or the hacking cough of some unfortunate consumptive.

Again one could picture the stockade with its bastions and cannon. Was that a canoe in the shadow, floating in towards shore? Did it contain voyageurs under a d'Iberville to wreck and raze? Ah, no—foolish fancy! It was only a log carried down by the current of the river. What a history



Rupert's House, from the Mission Church

that river has, breathing mystery, majesty and mightiness, flowing impellingly on to sea, coming from forest depths of an illimitable and incomparable wilderness of wilderness, from mysterious depths of trees, of silence, of solitude, of roaring foamy rapids, of water-falls and placid reaches! Here the English had established their first settlement in Canada. Around this very spot had been waged bitter struggles for the supremacy of Hudson Bay.

But now the dusk had changed to a brighter light. The northern night is short. Myriads of stars twinkled and a meteor shot across the sky, leaving a trail of fire in its wake. The northern lights in a mysterious beauty dashed and raced across the heavens, mingling their spangles and arches with the scintillant stars. In the woods opposite wolves howled and foxes barked. Along the Post shore husky dogs raised their muzzles and voiced in loud, mournful wails their troubles to the moon, which was gradually pushing its way above the tree-tops. In the clearer light the Post became less spectral, and the shadows faded. With a gentle lapping on the shore the tide began to come in again from the bay. It was a strange combination this battle of swiftly-racing current and flooding tide—and the tide conquered.

With the clearer light as the Post lost its spectral appearance one could see farther afield. Here we were en-

deavouring to locate a harbour for a railway.

Perhaps at some not far distant date the iron-horse would connect Rupert's House with civilization, dredges would win a harbour from the tortuous channel, and stately ships would ride at anchor in the stream, bobbing complacently in the gentle rippling water as the current strove to tear them from their moorings. Mills would rear tall chimneys to the sky and houses would line the banks. Rupert's House the outpost would become a city. From the southern limits of our Dominion the bounds of settlement must extend, for undoubtedly the Northland contains a vast area suitable for settlement and development, a region rich and varied in its resources. Already the eyes of Canada are being directed to its northern storehouse.

The destiny of this earliest British settlement in Canada may best be described in the words of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, uttered in the House of Commons, April 3rd, 1906:

"It is not enough for us to confine our views to Canada that is now settled. We must look ahead, we must push northward as far as colonization can go. I have great confidence that before many years are past we shall see towns and villages on the shores of Hudson Bay, as we see on the shores of Norway, where people will be prosperously engaged in the lumbering business, the pulp industry, the fishing industry, the mining industry, and others. This is what I hope Canadians will see ere long."



The "Limited" of the Northland

The history of the Hudson's Bay Company is truly a remarkable one. For more than two centuries of its existence it has enjoyed great privileges in the exercise of which it has not only controlled great areas and attained great commercial renown, but after its long career is able on a whole to present an honourable record. Primarily founded for the sole purpose of trading in furs with the Indians, it has not only consolidated its position, overcoming strenuous opposition, but its hardy and adventurous pioneers under its own auspices conducted explorations, flinging back its Posts to the limits of our Canadian hinterland.

In the early days the fur trade, directly or indirectly, furnished occupation to nearly all the inhabitants. The principal business of the Hudson's Bay Company, in common with its French rivals, was to purchase furs in exchange for firearms, clothing, axes and other commodities imported from the European countries. In the West, North and Northwest the Great Company grew in power. Its prosperity depended on its good relations with the Indians, and inheriting the wonderful colonizing power

of the British race it soon created a mutual trust with the natives that gave it great prestige. This congeniality has always been maintained and the Indians were taught to respect the red standard with its "H.B.C." as a coat-of-arms. Until Confederation the history of Canada in the West and North must include the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, for they are interchangeable. But as the Company's interests were largely in consolidating and managing little more than a colony, too lightly are we apt to push those stirring events into the background. The power, respect and trust that the natives bore for the great company undoubtedly paved the way for their harmonious incorporation into the Confederation. While several serious rebellions occurred, there was no open warfare against the Indians and half-breed inhabitants. And now having passed through the colony stage and emerged as a young nation in the galaxy of countries constituting the British Empire, we find the Hudson's Bay Company has still progressed in its work. Shorn of its governing power, it has become in the Canadian West a purely commercial enterprise. But in the



An Indian family temporarily encamped at Rupert's House

northern areas, where the eyes of Canada are turning, where a boundless storehouse of wealth is treasured, and where the national expansion is ever reaching closer, we find the Hudson's Bay Company there trading and teaching in its posts, already forming a nucleus of the villages, towns and cities which will spring up in this northward movement. And when that illimitable wilderness is absorbed into the Dominion of Canada we must not forget the work of the hardy pioneers who, with pluck and fortitude, braving a rigorous climate, hardships innumerable, isolation from friends and civilization, have carved homes from this northland and prepared it for a great future after its absorption in the greater Dominion.

The history of Hudson Bay really started in 1666, when Jean Talon, Intendant of the French settlement at Quebec, rejected the proposals of expansion in the West and explorations in Hudson Bay, as suggested by two adventurous bush-rangers, Medard Chouart Groseilliers and Pierre Radisson. Those two explorers had penetrated far into the Canadian West and from Indian tribes had learned of wonderful advantages Hudson Bay and James Bay possessed for trading.

Unfortunately for France their expeditions were not followed up. Their explorations instead of bringing them honour and encouragement, called down the wrath of a rapacious Intendant, who fined them heavily because they engaged in illicit trading, the expedition not having been authorized by that official. All attempts by the explorers to arouse interest either in Quebec or Paris proved fruitless. To the French King Canada was "a few arpents of snow", and to the officials at Quebec expansion meant more trouble—they already had enough—the building of forts and a large outlay of money.

But Groseilliers and Radisson were not content to allow the northern fur trade to pass unnoticed. Having also by marriage and nature many things in common with the English, they decided to turn their back on France and interest English capital and enterprise in New England. At the instance of Sir George Cataret, a Royal Commissioner of Charles II., who was in the New World settling disputes in New England, the French adventurers were induced to lay their plans before the English King. In spite of flattering overtures from Dutch interests, Groseilliers and Radisson adher-



The "Inenew", a Hudson's Bay Company Steamship, docking at Rupert's House

ed to their original scheme, which was hampered by war and indifference.

At last in 1668 the King's cousin, the gallant Prince Rupert, became interested in the adventure and enterprise. So in 1668 two little vessels, the *Eaglet* and the *Nonsuch*, the latter a ketch of fifty tons, sailed for the far North. Captain Stainard of the *Eaglet*, crossed the stormy Atlantic, but approaching Hudson Straits the expedition seemed so impossible he sailed back again over the ocean. But the little *Nonsuch*, under the command of Captain Gillam, pushed on. The narrow channels and the mountainous icebergs could not daunt the courage of these adventurous spirits. The uncharted coast, abounding with dangers of shoals and storms, was safely passed. In September, 1668, the *Nonsuch* entered a river at the southeast corner of Hudson Bay.

Here the party landed, parleyed with the Indians, secured permission to occupy a part of the territory and immediately started to erect a stone fort, which was called Fort Charles

in honour of Charles II. The mighty river rushing from the forest depths of an interminable wilderness and emptying into the bay they called Rupert's River, after their illustrious patron. So in 1668, two years before the famous Royal Charter granting to the Hudson's Bay Company—"The Governor and Company of Gentlemen Adventurers of England, trading in Hudson Bay"—the monopoly of the trade and territory of the Hudson Bay region, Fort Charles was founded.

In 1670 Fort Charles was renamed Rupert's House by Charles Bailey, who had been sent out by the Hudson's Bay Company to establish a trading-post at that place.

From the establishment of Fort Charles in 1668 the history of James Bay becomes the history of the Hudson's Bay Company. Gradually, in spite of numerous successful and destructive rebuffs from their rivals the French, the Hudson's Bay Company became more firmly established. As time passed and the Company increas-



The "Emelia", a Steamship of Revillon Frères on James Bay

ed in power and were left undisturbed, the posts or forts became substantial establishments.

In the period following the establishment of the fort at Rupert's River warfare was unceasingly waged between the rival companies of French and English origin. Cargoes of supply ships were captured, forts taken and retaken, with massacres and bloodshed, while the unfortunate prisoners-of-war were often turned out in the woods to perish.

In these raids Rupert's House changed hands frequently. In 1685, when war broke out between England and France, Governor Denonville assisted the Northern Company to attack Hudson Bay by an overland expedition which started from Quebec. The raid was directed by Chevalier de Troyes, who was ably assisted by La Chesnaye and the LeMoynes brothers. Of all perhaps Le Moynes d'Iberville was the most courageous and energetic. After razing Moose Fort, the expedition captured and destroyed Rupert's House.

Using Rupert's House as a base, the voyageurs pushed forward and captured Albany, the strongest Hudson's Bay Company fort in James Bay.

After the capture by the French in 1693 Rupert House again fell into the hands of the English when two ships of the navy recaptured the fort. In 1697 the Treaty of Ryswick capitulated the fort—all the other forts in James Bay except Albany were included—to the French. Until the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, all this region was held by the French, only the conditions of that agreement ceding all the French rights in James and Hudson Bay to the English. From that date martial strife has ceased and the Hudson's Bay Company has engaged in trading only, although perhaps more than the Government they have governed this region. In the strenuous winter season the inhabitants of James Bay engage wholly in hunting and trading, while during the rough and pleasant summer season the country has been explored by numerous government and private

scientific and commercial enterprises. About twelve years ago Revillon Frères, of Paris, established posts at various points, and the competition between the rival firms is very keen.

The old stone fort at Rupert's House, with its bastions and cannon, has disappeared. Approaching it by Rupert Bay, one can see the steeple of the little church of the Anglican mission rearing its small but distinctive height against the blue background. Along the shores you see the wreck of several old Hudson Bay ships which were unable to stand the severe ice conditions of the spring break-ups. The shallow and tortuous channel is marked by home-made beacons, which consist of poles with bushy tops of branches. Each Company has its own buoys, not trusting to the integrity of the other, for by misplacing the buoys a wreck might be the inevitable result. The houses of the Hudson's Bay Company stretch back from the trestle wharf. Between the storehouses and Factor's dwelling to the mission are scattered the wigwams of the Indians and the houses of the Company's servants. Farther along the bank is the trading-post of Revillon Frères. Roughly their area is composed of about twenty-five acres. Part of this has been carved from the forest which borders it and part evidently encroaches on the old Hudson's Bay Company's fort, for digging down one can find the ruins of brick houses and what was evidently the walls of an enclosure.

Across the river the banks are tree-fringed and fade away in the distance towards Mount Sherriek, the only real hill to relieve the monotony of the characteristic flatness.

The life at Rupert's House is much changed from the former days when the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company were the governing and controlling power of the Bay district. The ancient and honourable Company still holds the better of the commercial struggle, but a new power has crept in and is gradually absorbing the inhabitants. It is the Government of

the Dominion of Canada. True, the old Company paved the way for it, as they did in the West; true, they have created a trust and dependence in the Indians which has made this intrusion a matter of course; true they have made it easy to remove the "H. B. C." from the lower right-hand corner and replace it with the coat-of-arms of the Dominion.

Revillon Frères are very keen commercial rivals, and bringing as they do more up-to-date methods they have gathered a following of the hunters around them. One improvement in travel must be noted. Besides the large canoes and dog-trains to carry the supplies to the inland posts, the French company have established winter trails and imported nearly twenty splendid horses to travel them. They are thereby enabled to transport larger loads and move them far more expeditiously. It has been found impossible to train the Indians to care for the horses, and consequently a number of French Canadian teamsters are brought from the Province of Quebec and form a part of the personnel of the staff of Revillon Frères.

The Hudson's Bay Company, however, have not been vanquished by the French invasion. Undoubtedly they still control the respect and the trust of the stolid, implacable Indian. The manager of the Post is their magistrate, their counsellor, their governor. To him they come with their troubles, their tooth ache, their sorrow, their joys. He can mingle with them, yet his word is law, just as much as it was back in the eighteenth century. In the winter-time he details them on their long dog-train trips for mail; he sends out help to the sick or hungry hunter whom fortune is not smiling upon; he is the first to receive them on their return. In the spring he greets the returning hunters and he barterers for their fur. He details the supplies to the inland posts; he visits the posts under his jurisdiction; he sends out expeditions of explorations; he employs the servants at agri-



Making Hay near James Bay

culture, shipbuilding and canoe-making; in fact, being Chief Factor of Rupert's House is more than a hum-drum existence of commercial trafficking and adventure. At the present time the Hudson's Bay Company entrust the management of this Post to Mr. Alan Nicholson, and when Rupert's House has passed from the post stage to a town and eventually a city, we will undoubtedly be indebted to him for the splendid service he is doing in one of our hinterland outposts.

The soil at Rupert's House and in the neighbouring country is very fertile. Near the Post there is a fringe of fine timber along the river banks. Farther inland the timber diminishes in size and is replaced by a stunted growth of tamarack. The Revillon Frères, Hudson's Bay Company and the Mission people carry on agriculture, and in the short season splendid results are attained. In July and August hay is brought in from the

marshes and dried for use in the winter-time. At times it reaches an abnormal price, and there is one record where the Hudson's Bay Company in order to feed their starving cattle paid Revillon Frères at the rate of ninety-six dollars a ton. All vegetables are grown—lettuce, radishes, rhubarb, turnips and potatoes. In 1901, for instance, on the 28th of May the Hudson's Bay Company planted twenty bushels of potatoes, which yielded three hundred and sixteen bushels when dug on the 27th of September. That date of planting was unusually early, as the crops are generally not sown until the middle of June. Potatoes have formed the chief crop at Rupert's House, but the soil, which is a light sandy loam, under careful cultivation will yield rich supplies. Cold days are not uncommon in midsummer, but as a rule very hot weather is experienced, the temperature on the average ranging well above ninety degrees.



Gorge Bridge and Park, Victoria, British Columbia

VICTORIA

A BIT OF ENGLAND THAT IS NOT ENGLAND

BY CHARLES W. STOKES



HE trouble with all these western cities is that they will insist on giving you folders—not sending them to you before you go, which seems the logical way to open the subject, but handing them to you after you arrive. It seems a rather defective system of distribution, but the idea is apparently that you should carry them away and store them in your family archives. This being understood, they would give you a bushel of folders if you would let them; you could exhaust their whole edition by appearing deliberately complaisant, and pre-

cipitate an emergency meeting of the Board of Trade to vote the money for printing some more.

As to exactly how far these publicity folders depart from the truth—which is putting it rather crudely, but you know what I mean, especially if you have ever written them, as I have—I would prefer not to say. In fact, for a magazine writer to accept one at all is fatal. He either uses too much of it, and draws down his editor's recrimination of being subsidized, or he uses too little and gets in bad with the local publicity commissioner, who sees his (the publicity commissioner's) time, conversation,



British Columbia's Government Buildings, at Victoria

automobile hire and expense account absolutely wasted.

Another annoying thing about these insidious pamphlets is that they persist in "slogans". Now a slogan can be brilliant, but the average city booster's slogan seldom rises above the level of the price ticket, "Was \$40—Take me Home for \$2.98".

Victoria, British Columbia, is the very deuce for giving out folders. It has more kinds of them and apparently more of each than any other place in existence. They (the folders) and it (Victoria) have one highly-stressed slogan, to wit, "A Little Bit of Old England by the Shores of the Pacific". It does not strike one, in passing, as a very snappy slogan, to judge by the crisp technique of some others, nor as a very apt one, for it should more accurately be "A Little Bit of One Part of Old England by the Shores of the Pacific", or alternatively, "A Little Bit of Japan, China and Hin-

dustan by the *et cetera, et cetera*". But having used it, the Victorian is supposed to have enunciated, and having heard it the visitor is supposed to have comprehended, all Victoria from A to Z.

Victoria, says the most popular folder, is full of retired Englishmen, especially retired military Englishmen. One pictures these English majors—queer how a retired military Englishman is never anything but a major!—with red faces, spats and violent check suits complete, so numerous as to outnumber the remaining population and form a political identity like the Western Liberal-Unionists. One conceives whole streets of retired majors, stepping briskly along for their morning constitutionals, with the "tradespeople" running to the shop fronts continually to pull their forelocks in respectful salute. One imagines, as the daily ship from the mainland warps up



The Inner Harbour at Victoria, British Columbia

alongside, the whole wharf pre-empted by retired majors discussing, say, the state of their livers.

But so far as you and I are concerned, being ordinary visitors lacking the open sesame, we could probably range all day in Victoria without getting a crack at a single major. The hotels are full of tourists and wealthy wheat farmers from Saskatchewan, the streets are full of government officials and Orientals. Where are the retired majors? Perhaps, of course, they are at their clubs, selfishly monopolizing *The London Times*, growling at the man who dares to speak, and tossing off countless whiskies and sodas. (For I trust that the Victoria clubs have a means of circumventing the hated law that would deprive a retired major of his highball). This supposition being feasible, the majors would still be there; they would have to be turned out of their clubs some fine time or other, so that there is still

a chance of beholding one by waiting long enough. As a matter of fact, I trailed a suspect who had all the symbols of a major but who subsequently turned out to be a taxidermist. The only remaining solution is that they are hiding behind the high walls for which Victoria is famous.

If there is one thing which your true Victorian theoretically loathes it is what we lowbrow chaps call a rubber-neck wagon. It represents to him that rush and restlessness which he despises as "American". Little 'vails it to him that these despised tourists ("trippers" he would call them, if he were English) bring to Victoria probably the greatest part of its revenue, or that the high dudgeon into which he retires at their presence only adds to Victoria's unfortunate reputation as a land of Lotos Eaters. But there is a strange inconsistency about him. He abhors the rubber-neck wagon because it



Victoria Harbour, showing on the the left Empress hotel;
farther on, the Parliament Buildings

vulgarizes the atmosphere, but he is grateful to it for its affording him the opportunity of preaching a sermon. Hence the word "theoretically" as already used.

Some of the pioneers of Victoria, homesick for that England that they so faithfully served on the shores of the Pacific, tried in numerous ways to recreate there their beloved motherland. Amongst others, they surrounded their houses with high brick walls, surmounted, doubtless (not having a schoolboy handy to climb them, I could not check this) by broken glass. This charming custom the modern Victorian of independent household endeavours as far as in him lies to perpetuate and imitate, although one notes with regret that there is a recent schism that favours merely shrub hedges. But you can quite understand the procedure. A rubber-neck wagon of vulgarians drives by—people that one really

doesn't know, don't you know. The megaphone artist directs their attention to a typical high wall, apparently not to be looked over, and the passengers all immediately look over. They see, therefore, by dint of effort what they may have been intended to see by effort—the refined, sacrosanct privacies of a retired English gentleman's home. No more effective method could have been conceived (in the latter's opinion) to impress them with the sharpness of class distinctions and the infeasibility of their ever being anything but vulgarians.

Victoria, in fact, crystallizes the supposition that an Englishman's house is his castle. Let it also truthfully and admiringly be added that in Victoria at least it is a castle and not a "lean to", emphasizing thereby that when the average Englishman builds anything, whether it is a house or a system, he builds something well and firmly, and not the fly-by-night



Swans in Beacon Hill Park, Victoria.

shack that so vividly envisages the prevalent Canadian custom of grabbing all you can and putting up with any old thing over your head.

Victoria was founded and is still inhabited by people who from the beginning intended to live there, not merely to wring the utmost from it in defiance of posterity and get out before the boom slumped. It is therefore beautified to an extent seen in few Canadian cities, certainly in no western Canadian cities. A softer, balmier England it may be, where the sun always shines (so the folder says), the sky is always clear, and the rain seldom falls, where no smoke stacks belch out a black canopy, where there is no Wigan and no Whitechapel. A kind of sublimated England, with hydrangeas, roses, and cherry trees blossoming in front of lazy bungalows, one who knows the mother England might say. Very akin to southern California, he might add, except that Victoria has its oak trees, its honeysuckles, its ivy-clad walls, its swans, its lichen bridges,

its wonderful lawns, its hedges of box trimmed in fantastic shapes.

To be exact, therefore, one would not call Victoria the England of the Pacific so much as the Torquay of Canada, nor its people typical English as upper-class English of rather unimaginative and feudal calibre. In trying to maintain a complete English tradition, for instance, they have retained some customs more in stubbornness than for utility. Not that afternoon tea is an outworn custom, of course, or that traffic should not run on the left hand side of the street as it does in England; but one fears sometimes that the Victorian who nails from England would be rather amazed and pained were he to find himself in the new, impatient, efficient England that has developed since he left it.

Of individuality Victoria has much. It has this strong English atmosphere. It has a remarkable civic beauty of a sedate kind, a climate that all Canada envies, an idle rich (or at least idle) class larger in proportion to its size



Government House at Victoria.

than any other Canadian city's. It has a wonderful city park, the most refined hotel in America, a soft morning mist that ultimately instils affection, a petite harbour, one very good bathing beach and several poor ones, a seaside golf course, the most glorified real-estate subdivision in Canada, and a tremendous Oriental population. One of the most charming and incongruous sights that I witnessed in Victoria was a sleek-haired, silk-trousered, bareheaded Chinese woman listening rapturously to a street-corner Salvation Army band. As provincial capital, Victoria has the Parliament buildings, which are better architecturally than most of those of Canada and very picturesquely situated, for once, where everybody can see them. It was here that the late Sir Richard McBride, that great overshadowing figure who was once discussed as Canada's possible premier, had his habitat. In local politics Victoria is bitterly jealous of Van-

couver's growing dominance of everything that Victoria thinks it should control itself; and of late its mentality has been a little affected by the influx of retired prairie farmers who became rich upon \$2.24 wheat.

The picture that I would like to leave with you—one that may dissipate the foibles and soften the perverseness of the people of this far-away England, and suggest the steadfast, invincible spirit that they have copied from its great original—is Victoria on Sunday evening. On a particular Sunday evening, as will develop later. You must imagine a little church on a hill, a little church of wood dignified with the name of cathedral, commanding an exquisite panorama of bay, ocean, forest, lawn, moor and beach. For quite a spell before the service, the bell ringer has been amusing himself by playing hymn tunes on the bells—and you could hear the creaking of the old bells for blocks. You must imagine a great

white ensign suspended over the pulpit, and a choir composed apparently of old men and boys—until you hear them sing, when you find it is reinforced by young ladies who, entering privily into the back stalls, have not taken part in the procession up the aisle. You must further imagine a strong, calm voice intoning the beautiful Anglican evening service, stained glass windows, a wheezy old organ, white vestments dimming in the slight dusk, and the flower-scented air wafted in from the soft twilight outside.

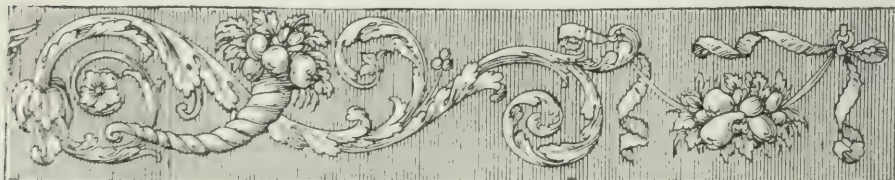
But look around the congregation—and there at last are your majors and your retired Englishmen! They stand stiffly upright, their suits, alas, a little shiny or frayed, for war-profiteering does not exist to any extent in this community. On the contrary, one feels that rather is the pinch of war poverty felt more acutely. When you retire on a military pension, no McAdoo Schedule increases it to meet the high cost of living, and under the stress of war so many of those gilt-edged securities that supported Victoria became rather tarnished at the edges! The fact that the congregation is composed exclusively of women children and old men, with here and there a uniformed young man with a wound stripe, is due to one fact that is not found in the folders—that out of a population of about 60,000 Victoria contributed in soldiers alone more than 14,000, to say nothing of nurses and war workers.

That is why you can forgive Vic-

toria many things, and why, when just before the benediction they rise to sing the National Anthem, and husky, quavering voices strengthen, stiff backs stiffen further as on parade at the salute—that is why you forget the narrow prejudices, the cholerie, somewhat out-of-date grievances. All you see is a church of brave old people "carrying on", with every vacant place representing a son gone.

But I said that this was a particular Sunday. So it was. It was a day upon which great victories were being celebrated—not yet the Armistice, but almost within hailing distance of the same. I could imagine New York or Toronto, say, that same night. Crash upon crash, roar upon roar, bands, parades, tanks, bells, "drives", sirens, enthusiasms, pep, zip, "punch"—all that such an event means to the vociferous. But here there was evident another conception, that it was more fitting to retire apart and give thanks in prayer than through a megaphone, that when the shouting and the tumult died there still remained the sacrifice of a humble and a contrite heart. And so the strong, calm voice intoned the prayers for the sick and wounded, "both our own and of the enemy", and the hymn they sang was that most unwarlike and pathetic "Soldiers of Christ, arise", and you might have thought they didn't claim enough credit for themselves in winning the war.

Somehow it seems to me that behind that quiet, bashful spirit there is the strength that really does win wars.





THE POTATO DIGGERS

From the Painting by

Anton Mauve.

In the Art Association Gallery.

Montreal

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER II



MYSTERIOUS as had seemed the entrance of David into the Widow Ridley's back garden, the hidden means employed to get there had been a very ordinary pair of stilts. All the boys were wearing stilts at that time, and David's had just been acquired and were a source of much boyish pride.

Nevertheless he did not swagger home upon their high eminence. He knew that he was late for supper and it occurred to him that he might as well be a little later. Perhaps if he were late enough Cousin Mattie would be so concerned about his starving condition that she would forget to remark upon the virtue of promptness at meals. And if Cousin Mattie let it pass, it was likely that his father would do so too, for Angus Greig, though excessively strict in large matters, seldom interfered in those which belonged by right to Miss Mattie's province.

Many things belonged to that province; for Cousin Mattie Greig had kept house for Angus all the years they had lived in Milhampton and no one knew for how many before that. Little indeed was known of their former history, but it was understood that Miss Mattie, when a girl, had been adopted by the mother of Angus and that the two had grown up as brother and sister. Whatever kindness she might have received from her dead relative Miss Mattie had repaid many times over by an unlimited de-

votion to Angus and the motherless boy. She was all the mother David had known and she had sufficed.

He had never suffered from being "an old maid's child". Miss Mattie was not old. For all her years, which must have been fifty, she had kept the eager heart of a girl. She hadn't meant to. If any one had remonstrated with her she would have agreed that at her age it was most unsuitable. But there it was. She had kept her youth just as she had kept her waist. Perhaps it was because she had kept her waist. These things are subtle. Cousin Mattie's hair was graying, but her eyes were clear and untroubled. Her mouth harboured no fretful lines. She was full of a hope which no to-morrow ever justified—or ever quenched. She laughed easily. For the rest, she was a small woman, upright as a dart, with a face which no one called beautiful but which every one loved.

The only thing about her which to David was not quite perfect was her habit of calling him "Davy dear". He didn't mind the "dear" but he hated the "Davy".

To-night, as he came home, he expected to find her engaged, somewhat reproachfully, upon her second cup of tea. But instead she was standing at the door waiting for him. He quickened his steps.

"You're late to-night, Davy dear," said she. Her voice was anxious rather than condemnatory. "Hurry now, like a good boy. Your father's

home this hour or more and he wants to see you in the sitting-room."

David forgot that he was a pirate. Suddenly and completely he forgot it! Under its generous layer of dirt his face grew slightly pale. He stood upon one foot and kicked the doorstep with the other. This was to show his careless bravery in face of adversity. The last time his father had wished to see him in the sitting-room had been upon an occasion which—but why bring up forgotten trifles?

"What's he want me for?" asked David with fine indifference.

"I don't know," said Cousin Mattie; adding with some point, "I thought you might."

"Well, I don't."

"Davy, dear, I hope you haven't been doing anything you shouldn't?"

David's face held all the just indignation of one who never by any chance does what he shouldn't.

Miss Mattie suppressed a smile. "Very well," she said, "only if I were you, I'd hurry."

David hurried. There was a slight delay owing to the necessity of washing (who ever heard of a clean pirate?). But he certainly hurried. This was due to a doubt of his father's patience which was not misplaced. Delay of any sort was abhorrent to Angus Greig. David in his boyish way understood this, and other things about his father, very well.

A stern, unbending man was Greig the carpenter. A silent, proud man, slow to anger but not at all plenteous in mercy. A man for the righteous to trust in and for the wicked to flee from. David knew this. He was proud of his father; but not in any intimate way. It was more as if he were being proud of a fellow townsman or a hero in a book. Other fellows' fathers were easy going, every day persons capable of being called "Dad". David felt that this was pleasant, but that it lacked dignity.

Of his father's feeling for him he was not sure. With ordinary fathers one could tell, but with his one couldn't. There was a reserve. Never,

in all his memories, had David got past that reserve, nor had he ever tried to. From his father he had always had justice and kindness. Miss Mattie had supplied his other needs.

His mother David had never known nor did Angus ever refer to her in any way. Miss Mattie was inclined to be more communicative but even she had little to say.

"But you knew my mother, didn't you?" David would question.

"Yes," Miss Mattie had known his mother—in a way. Not that they had ever been intimate friends.

"Tell me about her."

"She was bonny," said Miss Mattie, who liked a good Scottish word.

David was dissatisfied with this. Of course she was bonny. He wanted to know other things. He wanted to know what she *looked* like. Did she look like him?

"Of course not," said Miss Mattie. "Didn't I just tell you she was bonny? And yet there is a kind of queer something in you that's like her. I notice it whiles. You have a light step, Davy dear, and she had a light step. She had the lightest step of any of us. When she danced we all seemed heavy and slow beside her. I mind seeing her dance once before——"

She checked herself and, being engaged in washing dishes at the time, somehow seemed to forget her sentence in the rattle of the plates. But David leaped upon it.

"Before what?" he demanded.

"Before she was married," finished Miss Mattie slowly.

"Didn't she dance after she was married?"

"I didn't just happen to see her dancing."

"Didn't you live with her?"

"No."

"I think it would have been nice if you had lived with her."

Miss Mattie smiled at that but it did not entice her into prolonging the conversation.

She had the gift of story-telling, this mother-by-proxy. Her romances were the delight of David's childhood

and had been the preparation which had enabled him not to laugh at Rosme and her Joan of Arc. He had breathed the enchanted air of make-believe and knew that, of all things, laughter breaks the spell most surely.

Sometimes the little boy fancied that Miss Mattie's stories were about his mother although she did not say so. It puzzled him, so that sometimes he grew confused between truth and fiction. Then he would say, "Is it truth or story — truth?" Always knowing that he could trust her answer. But more often he let it go by. It was always pleasant enough either way.

Out of it all he gathered a few vivid pictures of his mother which he was always to cherish. He saw her very young and gay — "An only daughter," Miss Mattie said, "who had more dresses in a year than I had in two. One muslin, I mind, had green sprigs in it and she wore a green ribbon in her hair. She looked like a bit of Spring and Angus didn't take his eyes off her all morning. In church it was too. He didn't even hear the text, for I asked him when we came out."

Another picture David liked to think of showed her dancing, all in white, "like a thistle-top in the wind". In a quieter one she was busy in his father's home, making butter, with her sleeves rolled up "to show the dimples in her elbows". He saw her in a sunbonnet playing at tossing hay in the field for she had been a farmer's daughter. But never did he see her with a baby in her arms. He hardly understood the ache in his heart, but he knew he would have loved to see her like that!

The last picture he had was the one which showed her as a bride. And it was very sketchy. "She looked as sweet as a flower and the gladdest thing I ever saw," was all Cousin Mattie would ever say.

"What did my father look like?" asked David.

There was a noticeable pause, and then—"Nobody was looking at your

father," said Miss Mattie. "Now go your ways for I'm busy this morning."

All this time we have been keeping Angus Greig waiting. But David didn't. A splash of water, in such places as it would do most good, the slam of a brush upon his rumpled hair, and the reformed pirate hurried into the sitting-room, outwardly shy and inclined to be sulky, inwardly on fire with curiosity and a little bit afraid.

The carpenter was standing by the window and turned at his entrance. David saw to his astonishment that he did not seem angry at all. There was not even impatience on his face. Instead it was kinder than the boy was accustomed to seeing it. But it bore a look for which he had no words; if he had been older he might have said that Angus looked shaken". It was very apparent that something had happened.

"It's you, David! Come away in. There's news you must know." His glance fell upon a strip of yellow paper he held in his hand.

David came in, sideways, and sat down gingerly on the very edge of a chair. There was a momentary flash from the eye of Angus.

"Sit properly upon your chair and answer when I speak to you."

"Yes sir," said David stolidly.

Angus sat down by the table and tapped its polished surface with the yellow paper. He seemed uncertain what to do next and to see his father at a loss was so amazing a spectacle that David's eyes grew grave and round. Words came hard to the silent Scottish carpenter. He dropped the paper and picked it up. He ruffled his gray hair with his large hand.

"You see, David lad," he began at last with an effort that was even physically apparent, "there's news that I must tell you. I've a telegram this afternoon. Your father's dead!"

"Yes, sir," said David. He didn't know that he said it. Had his father suddenly gone mad?

He didn't look mad. After making this foolish statement he drew a long breath and seemed unaccountably relieved. His gaze, turned now directly on the boy, grew momentarily kinder.

"I've told you too bluntly," he said, "but I'm a blunt man. Perhaps I should have left it to Mattie. But it seemed like shirking my duty."

He looked keenly at the boy's inexpressive face and went on.

"I'm maybe wrong but sometimes I've thought that you guessed that you and I — that I am not your father." David said nothing. He certainly had not guessed anything of the kind. His mind turned slowly from the contemplation of Angus as a mad father to the idea of him as no father at all. And suddenly, like a kind of miracle, it seemed that, although he hadn't guessed it, he had always *known* it. There was nothing new to him in the fact so briefly stated. And, with its realization, he too was conscious of an odd sense of relief.

"Did you guess it, or didn't you?" asked Angus.

David stammered "I—I d—on't know."

Angus nodded. He seemed to understand.

"Perhaps I should have told you long ago," he said meditatively, "we might have got a bit nearer if I had. The untold truth has been a barrier between us. But I didn't want you to know while—while he lived." He glanced at the telegram in his hand.

David's eyes followed his glance and silence fell. David was frightened of the silence. He was frightened of the sombre look on the carpenter's face. He was frightened most of all, though proud also, at being spoken to in this way, almost as man to man.

"My mother?" He ventured at last tentatively. How terrible it would be if he hadn't a mother either!

Angus roused himself with a great effort.

"Long dead," he said. "She died when you were born. She was to have

been my wife. But she married him. I never married. So," he added slowly, "though you are not my son you are all the son I'll ever have. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," said David. He did understand. The words were like a warm hand held out in the darkness.

Now that the essential explanation was out of the way Angus Greig began to speak more easily.

"You may feel like blaming me for keeping you from your real father, my lad," said he, "but you wouldn't if you knew. I must tell you the truth for both our sakes. And the truth is hard." He became more Scottish as he became more articulate. "Your father, David, was no father for a bairn. And he was no husband for a lass. He killed your mother, David—and she was the bonniest thing God ever made!"

The long ingrained reserve was breaking down a little, under stress. Boy though he was, David became conscious of the terrible restraint which alone enabled this man to speak as he tried to speak, simply and quietly, yet no amount of wild declamation could have been so impressive as this.

"He killed her," said Angus.

Then he took out his handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

David said nothing at all.

"I'll tell you the story—if I can. It's your right. Your mother and I were engaged. We were to be married soon. Then he came. She had given me her promise but she gave him her heart. I'm not blaming her. The God that permitted it knows why she loved him. He was younger than me by eight years and he was handsome. I was somewhat old for her — yes, somewhat old. He had the manners of one who holds himself above the common. Perhaps he was above the common in birth. I've naught against birth. But there's bad ones in all classes. And he was bad." Angus the carpenter brought his great fist

down upon the table with a crash. "So bad was he that no animal could abide him, no child would trust him, the fresh flowers faded and died in his rooms. And so did she, my lovely flower! May the devil claw his clatty soul!

At this frightful expression which could surely be nothing less than the most searing oath, David shivered and shrank in his chair. Never in his life had he heard Angus swear!

The level voice went on. "He was a kind of doctor, a scientist, he called himself. He did not heal the sick. He sought for knowledge. He wished to make his name a famous one. Perhaps he also craved knowledge for its own sake. I don't know. He was what is called a vivisectionist. Do you know what that is, David? It's a man who tortures dumb beasts to wrest the secrets of life from their agonies."

Here his ineradicable sense of justice halted him, he added sternly, "I'll not say that it's never justified. I'll not say that something of that sort is not necessary. But not in his ways and not by men like him. His heart was a stone. Terror he loved, and shrinking and cries in the night. I speak of what I know, my lad. There was no crueller devil in hell!

"She didn't know it. We none of us knew it then. And the outside of him was fair enough. He saw her and he craved her and he took her, in the only way he could have taken her, as his wedded wife."

The carpenter sat silent awhile, his fingers twining and untwining. Then—"She went into that house of horror a blooming girl. I saw her, only a few weeks after—and she was already stricken."

He paused again, a long pause this time.

"She hid herself away from us at first. She had no mother and her father was old. But when she got to the end and knew it was the end, she came to me—to me and Mattie.

"You are strong, Angus," she said, "you will keep my child from—that!"

I promised her. She stayed with us until she went away. Her husband made no trouble. He was busy on a new idea, and he was through with her.

"When she was dead, he threatened to take you, David, but—there was a way. He didn't take you. Soon after, Mattie and you and I came here to live."

"Why didn't he take me?" asked David. His wide gray eyes were fixed unwinkingly on Angus's face. His voice was almost a whisper.

"I'll not tell you that, I think."

"I want to know!"

"Well then—I am speaking to you as a man David—I paid him. He wanted money, always. He never had enough for his experiments, and his pleasures. I had some money. He took it and he let you go."

The boy's eyes shut suddenly, his strong, little hands clenched.

"He killed my mother and he sold me?"

Angus turned away. Had he been right after all in telling the boy so much?

"You know it all now, laddy. And he is dead, remember that. His name——"

A small, cold hand stopped the word upon his lips and two eyes cold as steel looked into his.

"I never want to know his name!" said David.

III

The agonies of childhood are poignant things. Perhaps they are the worst agonies of all. A child is so sure that the world was intended to be a happy place; he is so conscious of his birthright of joy, that pain and sorrow come as alien things, torturing, impossible to be borne. A child in trouble looks out upon the sunny day with dull and wondering eyes. In his heart has sprung the insistent question which life propounds but does not answer—"Why?"

A childish sorrow is forever. Since he has no perspective the child cannot see it getting smaller in the dist-

ance. He cannot glimpse a to-morrow where his sorrow may not be. He has not yet learned to say, "This too will pass".

When David came out of the sitting-room that evening he came out to a changed world—a world that had fear in it, a world that held dark mysteries, a world hiding unspeakable things behind a shallow smile. He saw his stilts leaning against the kitchen door. He saw the flush of sunset on the white door step. His cat came and rubbed herself against his legs. Was it possible that he had ever taken pleasure in these things? Roughly he pushed the cat away—and immediately a stab of fear which was like a physical pain turned his brown face pale. Perhaps his father had kicked cats—just like that! Oh how hateful life was, how hateful!

There was a delectable smell in the air; a smell, that is, which David recognized as having once been delectable. Cousin Mattie appeared in the doorway of the summer kitchen. She was smiling and smoothing down her waist.

"Pancakes!" said Miss Mattie, "and just ready this minute. Come along now and have them while they're hot." Then, catching sight of his face, "Why, Davy dear!"

But David in these first moments did not want sympathy. Neither did he want pancakes. He turned and fled: out through the afterglow of the sunset, criss-cross over the empty field on the corner, and down to the river where there were trees and twilight. There was a certain nook there where he could slip away and hide.

All his life after he remembered that night. The strong scent of sun-warmed grass under the dew, the quiet slip-slipping of the darkening water, the sudden note of a sleepy bird, the "plop" of a fat frog into the stream. After what might have been a few moments or a century, he stole home through the cool, velvet blackness of midnight, finding the back door on the catch for him and some milk and buttered scone upon the

table. The sight of these awoke no healthy hunger, he was too sick at heart yet. He stole past them on tip-toe and so up the stairs with infinite precaution lest he waken Cousin Mattie. Then came the safety of his own familiar room under the eaves and the endless, sleepless hours through which he grappled with this strange new world that had trouble in it.

It was all the worse because the fear and horror he felt were of something formless and vague. They were all mixed up with chance words he had heard of the curses of inheritance and texts and sermons he had listened to at times when he was not too sleepy. There was one about "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the childrens' teeth are set on edge". He remembered this particularly because he knew the shuddery, edgy feeling of sour grapes upon one's teeth. He had listened to the sermon on that account and had heard some rather horrible things. David hadn't minded them at the time. He had felt so sure in having Angus for a father.

But now it all came back!

There was another one, too, about "The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation". David knew that he was a generation, so his fate seemed fairly clear. God was not likely to consider the fact that he hadn't chosen his father. That was the trouble with God—you could not argue with Him. Neither could you "get round" Him. Neither could you hide. If He had said He would visit the sins of the father's, He would certainly do it—and no back talk!

"If it was a lion or a bear," thought David to himself—"If it was two lions and two bears, or if it was a burglar with a gun I wouldn't be afraid. Oh, if it was only something I could *fight*!"

Many things began to be plain to him as he lay and remembered. There was one day, a long time ago, the day he had tied a tin can to a dog's tail. He wanted to see what a dog did under such trying circumstances.

Fellows had told him that the results were very funny. He, too, had found them funny and he had been laughing heartily when Angus Greig had caught him doing it. Such a thrashing followed as David had never had before. David had always wondered about that thrashing. He had taken it philosophically for little unpleasantnesses of this kind happen to every boy, but he had been puzzled by the length and the strength of it. Angus had been furious, and it had seemed such a little thing to be furious about. Now—oh now, he saw the thing in a white light. He understood. And hiding his head he bit the pillow with his strong, young teeth.

Cousin Mattie, too! He remembered the day he had pulled a wing off a fly to see if a fly can fly with one wing? And, if so, if it would fly lopsided? It had seemed to him a perfectly legitimate investigation, but Cousin Mattie had seen him doing it. He could hear her horrified. "Oh Davy!" yet: She had been absurdly upset. She had said, "Don't you know that you *hurt* the fly?" David, with a swift vision of Cousin Mattie on the war-path with a fly-swatter, had retorted "What's an old fly? You kill hundreds of 'em every day yourself."

"I kill them" she had answered grimly, "because they are pests. They have to be killed. But I don't hurt them."

David had laughed at that. It was so like Cousin Mattie to say a girlish thing like that. But now he knew what that look of uneasy wonder in her eyes had meant. *Cousin Mattie had been remembering about his father.*

His brain whirled on. There was that day when Angus had had lumbago or sciatica and old Dr. Temple had been called in. He had patted David on the back and said he was a fine lad and Angus ought to be proud of him. Then he had shaken hands with him and had held his hand a moment, examining it curiously.

"A surgeon's hand," he had remarked, "a very fine hand. Shouldn't

wonder if that hand will do big things one day."

David had felt embarrassed but he thought it very nice of the doctor to say such things. He had stolen a glance at Angus' face hoping to see approval there and he had been much astonished and puzzled by what he did see. He was fury, pure and simple. This, too, was plain reading now. *He had a hand like his father!*

Was it possible that once he had been an ordinary little boy playing pirates with a red-headed little girl and bossing her around and being happy? He lifted his tousled head from his hot pillow with a gasping sigh.

"Davy, dear!——"

Cousin Mattie in white nightgown and kimona was standing in the doorway. In the dim light of the room with her unlined face and her hair down her back she looked so young that David was startled.

"You're not asleep?" asked Cousin Mattie.

David made no answer but she did not wait for any. Instead she came over to the bed and sat down on it. David felt a cool hand on his head.

"I've always told Angus that he has no tact," said Cousin Mattie in an annoyed voice.

This was so like an ordinary everyday remark that David was almost shocked. Cousin Mattie worshipped "tact". She considered that she herself had an uncommon amount of it and that few people had any at all. If they had, living would become a comparatively simple matter. People are sensitive and want of tact is so distressing. If people would only leave things to Miss Mattie she would show them what a little tact would do.

"Angus ought really to have allowed me to tell you," she said, as the fine fingers pressed away the frown on the boy's hot forehead. "Or he ought to have told you long ago, when you were smaller, in a tactful manner. Then there would have been no shock. And you and he would have got along much better. As it is you are feverish.

I have brought you some quinine to take."

This was very much indeed like ordinary life. David found that he was still able to hate quinine. Cousin Mattie went on:

"There is no use in a man pretending to be a father when he isn't. It takes an immense amount of tact and men simply haven't got it. I told Angus that. You and he would have been good friends years ago if he had told you the truth. Don't you feel it yourself?"

She didn't wait to hear whether David felt it or not but pursued her own thoughts.

"It was a strain on Angus—trying to be a father when he wasn't. It made him cross. Angus hates deceit like poison and he knew he was deceiving you. I advised him to take the minister's advice in the matter but he never would. You know, Davy dear, Angus is a very fine man, but hard to advise."

Then, with a sudden change to brisk decision, "Now look here, Davy, I want to know just what it is that you're fretting about. You won't mind telling an old lady like your Cousin Mattie (Mattie always found it a delicious joke to call herself old) and anyway I'm going to sit here till you do."

David felt sure he could never tell but somehow it was a comfort to have her there. He crept a little closer to her, and she, feeling the pressure of his young warm body, understood his need and loved him even as his own mother might have loved. But she knew better than to show it. Presently, very gently, she put her finger on the sore place.

"I expect Angus said a lot of things about your father?" she said. She felt the lad shiver.

"He wasn't a nice man," she continued reflectively. "There are lots of men who aren't nice. He didn't make your mother happy. Lots of men are quite horrid to their wives, so I've heard, although I always think that if a woman has enough tact——"

David had begun to cry convulsively.

Things were a little better after that. Miss Mattie draped a quilt over the kimona, for the early morning air was beginning to blow cool, and then when David had finished crying she talked to him and told him "things". Somehow her very talking of things seemed to make them less dreadful. Little by little, David found that he could talk too. He asked questions. He asked if Angus Greig had loved his mother very much.

"He loved her," said Cousin Mattie, "as every woman prays to be loved and as few ever are. He has never really loved any one else, unless it's you."

"He doesn't love me," said David with miserable certainty.

"Yes he does. You'll begin to feel it more now that you know the truth. It's been the sense of deceit that's kept him stiff with you. But I've seen him looking at you, when he did not know that I saw, and I know. You're all he has in the world. I wouldn't lie to you, my dear. While, indeed, I've envied you. It's not a small thing to be loved by Angus Greig."

David found some comfort in this. Cousin Mattie might be right. Perhaps Angus did love him and if he did there was hope. Angus Greig was not the man to love any one who was utterly bad and wicked. Then, in a burst, the heart of the trouble betrayed itself. Miss Mattie felt a hard little hand grasp hers.

"But," whispered David. "When I grow up. When all the sins are visited! Oh, if I could only fight, I wouldn't be afraid!"

Miss Mattie was shocked. And she was furious with Angus. What inexcusably tactless blunders he must have made to implant this ghastly fear in the mind of the sensitive child? She was an old-fashioned woman and she had never studied child psychology but she knew danger when she saw it. Something must be done to combat this idea at once.

Perhaps the child's guardian angel stooped near and whispered; perhaps it was pure instinct which taught Miss Mattie in this crisis; perhaps it was a simple understanding, the outgrowth of her own eternal youngness which suited her to his need. At any rate her answer was the right one and it came with authority.

"You can fight, Davy. That's exactly what you can do. You can fight things inside as well as out. It may be harder, but brave people don't mind hardness. If there were things in your father that you're afraid may be in you—fight them! Watch for them and turn them out. Be your own man."

"But you can't fight God."

"You're not fighting God. You're fighting evil. God likes fighters. Struggle makes men strong. That's why he let's us have things to fight. Who would ever have heard of St. George if it had not been for the dragon?"

David knew all about St. George and the dragon.

"Besides," she went on thoughtfully, "there's another part to that text about the sins of the fathers. It says that God shows mercy unto the thousandth generation of them that love Him—you mustn't forget your mother, Davy dear. She was sweet and good and pure, and you are her son."

A little of the dull weight on David's heart seemed to gather and roll away. It was true, he had forgotten that part, or else the minister hadn't mentioned it. There was room for a fight then. He wasn't all bad. And if one were a good fighter."

Miss Mattie heard the long-drawn sigh and knew that it meant a slackening of the strain. She judged that he wouldn't mind if she kissed him, once, upon the forehead. Then, if she left him, he might go to sleep.

But still David held her hand.

"Cousin Mattie," he whispered, "do you remember about—about the fly?"

Her puzzled, "What fly?" was balm to the boy.

"The fly I pulled the wing off."

"Did you?" she smiled understandingly. "Would you do it now?"

He shivered.

"Of course you wouldn't! And you wouldn't have done it then if you had thought that it would hurt the fly. I'll tell you this, Davy dear, I've watched you grow from a tiny baby and if I'm any judge at all you're as unlike your father as any child can well be. Don't get morbid and don't waste your strength in fighting windmills. You'll have your own sins to fight but they will not be his sins—your very horror of them proves that."

"But why does it happen to some sons and not to others?"

"Ah, now, that's a question no one can answer."

"But if I had a brother, might it happen to him?"

"It might, I suppose."

Miss Mattie was often sorry afterwards that she had admitted this because in days to come this mythical brother of David's was to lie heavily upon his mind. He became, because of much thinking, almost a real person and one about whose fate David was much exercised. "If my brother should do so-and-so," he would say, "it wouldn't be fair to blame him, would it?" Miss Mattie disliked this. She thought it almost uncanny; but her protests were of no avail. Only with growing years and many new interests did David's scapegoat brother fade into the mists from which he had emerged.

"You must go to sleep now," she added with kindly authority.

But David had not quite finished.

"Do I look like my—like him?" he asked anxiously.

Miss Mattie shook her head.

"No, not much. Sometimes there's a resemblance. I don't know just who you do look like. Your father, whatever his faults, was a very handsome man. You may be better looking when you grow up. At least, I mean, not like him of course," Miss Mattie stammered a little, clearly perceiving an error of tact, "more like

your mother. She was a lovely creature. I'd be proud to have a mother like her. Now you go to sleep and when you wake up in the morning everything will be all right again."

"Why?" asked David timidly.

"Because it always is," said Miss Mattie.

It was her philosophy of life.

IV

Joy does not always come in the morning, but, if it comes at all, it is likely to come then. The vital forces flow back refreshed by sleep; the spirit wakens strengthened by its mysterious travels; the darkness is over and gone, the birds sing; up comes the smiling, yellow sun. Grief must be bitter indeed which finds no touch of solace in a waking world.

David was out of bed with a bound and had one boot partly laced before he remembered how miserable he was. His troubles returned with a sudden sinking of the heart, followed by a bewildered anger that his heart could sink. He stopped lacing his boot and frowned. To feel that leaden weight at his heart while all the summer world was stirring with the joyous pulse of morning was an astonishment and grievance unbelievable. Why are boys born at all if they can't be happy? It's not a fair deal. David doubled up his small, hard fist and shook it in the face of a mis-managed universe.

But though his ordered, care-free world had vanished into chaos over night, things were not quite so bad, not quite so bad and hopeless, as they had been before Cousin Mattie had come to sit upon his bed. Bits of their midnight talk drifted back with reassuring effect. The very fact of their having talked at all was reassuring. It is the hidden, unspoken fear, the formless terror which shakes the heart. Clothe a fear in words and already you have it by the throat.

Rather to his surprise, David found that he was hungry. The thought of hot scone for breakfast left him not unmoved. The possibility of honey

tickled the senses. He laced up the other boot. It hardly needed Miss Mattie's cheery call to hurry him with the remainder of his somewhat sketchy toilet.

In the kitchen another surprise awaited him. Everything was just as it always had been. There was no outward and visible sign of the inward change. His father (he couldn't help thinking of Angus as his father) sat as usual at the head of the table with a plate of bacon before him. As David entered he looked up, greeted him casually, and went on with the serving of the breakfast as if nothing at all had happened to disturb their relations.

In an obscure way the boy began to realize that people do go on like that. He himself was going on. Life does not stop or change because the people who live it are troubled or disturbed. One's troubles are one's own troubles to be kept carefully out of other people's way. One just goes on. It is the compulsion of the race. David was young to be learning this essential lesson, but later on he found that he had learned it well.

Cousin Mattie, a little white and tired looking, had abated in no degree her usual manner. Neither had she accentuated it. She chattered as she always did about the neighborhood affairs, inexhaustibly interested if not always interesting. Just now she was finishing a tale to which her silent audience had paid but scant attention.

"And when the doctor, Dr. Holtby it was, told her she couldn't get better," said Miss Mattie, "she raised herself up in bed and she—won't you have two lumps this morning, Angus?"—she said, "You just see if I can't—Davy dear, 'tuck in your napkin—And she did. Of course she was safe in saying so because her grandmother who had the second sight——"

"Mattie!"

"Well, Angus, you needn't believe in second sight if you don't want to—Davy, you are getting honey on your cuffs—but I never can see why second

sight may not be right as well as wrong. Anyway her grandmother's was. For no one can deny that she did get better. The doctor was so angry."

Leaving a pleasing vagueness as to whether it had been the grandmother of the recovery which had annoyed the doctor, Miss Mattie hurried out for more hot toast.

David carefully sucked the honey off his cuff. It was not a method of removal approved of by Miss Mattie but it served. Between sucks he stole glances at the big silent man across the table. In some curious way, he seemed to be seeing him for the first time. Boys take fathers for granted, other men they observe. David was observing now and the result of his observations was a definite pang. Dimly, he felt that it would have meant much to be the son of Angus Greig.

He had always admired him. He admired him more than ever now. How fine he was, how strong, how dignified! David had known him to be hard, but never had he known him petty or mean. He was handsome, too, in his rugged way—broad of brow, with bristling eyebrows, large nose and firm, sensitive mouth. But it was in the eyes that the keynote of character lay. They were deep-set and steady, full of shadows and reserves; the eyes of an idealist and a dreamer.

David summed this all up under one comprehensive epithet—"Corking!" He murmured it under his breath. Yes, this hitherto father of his was very much a man.

With a sigh he applied himself to scone, wondering in his boyish way why so altogether beautiful and wise a person as his mother had not preferred this father to—to the other one.

"David, I want you in the workshop!"

A not unusual command in a perfectly usual tone. Yet David jumped and spilled more honey. He made a frantic effort to answer with his normal, brisk carelessness and succeeded

only in swallowing the wrong way with disastrous consequences. But for once no rebuke followed. Angus Greig seemed not to notice. The deep, blue eyes were absent, as if turned inward upon weightier matters.

"Finish your breakfast," added the carpenter kindly, as he left the room.

"Take a sip of water, Davy—quick!" Miss Mattie returning with fresh toast administered a smart slap between the shoulders, "whatever made you choke like that? You haven't got a sore throat, have you?" anxiously.

David examined that organ cautiously. "N—o, I don't think so. But maybe it's kind of scratchy."

"Take some more honey," advised Miss Mattie promptly. It was characteristic of her that in matters of health she never suspected any one of guile.

The extra honey proved efficacious. A good way to eat honey is to suck it slowly and let it taste all the way down. David did this. It took some time. When he had quite finished, he showed symptoms of wanting to feed the cat.

But Miss Mattie had heard the parting injunction of Angus.

"Best not dawdle, Davy," she warned. "The cat can wait till you get back."

David never got over wondering how Cousin Mattie saw through his most plausible pretexts, except in regard to sore throat, toothache and things. He rose from the breakfast-table with a sigh.

The workshop to which he had been summoned was built at the back of the large garden which surrounded the house. It was a pleasant place. It was here that Angus Greig planned and made the beautiful things for which he had more than a local reputation. He always called himself a carpenter, but he was in fact an artist using wood as a medium for the genius which inspired. His carving was both rare and beautiful, highly prized (and priced) by the few discerning ones who eagerly purchased everything he

made. Fame he might have had, had he cared for it. He might have called his workshop a "studio" and his masterpieces "creations". But Angus was too simple and sane to care for flippancy like that. His agents declared that he had no ambition, and, as he never contradicted them, it may have been true. Perhaps the driving force which men call ambition had died in him with the death of her who had been the better part of his life. As it was, he took grave pleasure in his work. His great hands loved the tools they used with such amazing lightness and skill. In the beauty he created he found a certain happiness and healing.

Yet there were some, who having known him as a young man, shook their heads in disappointment and whispered, "A wasted life".

David loved the workshop. It had dusty, sunny windows, littered benches and sharp knives very useful for whittling. That the knives were forbidden lent them a joy peculiarly their own. There was also the clean, keen smell of cut wood, turpentine and polishes. There were glorious piles of curly, wiggly shaving, yellow as the sun, and there was something else. David did not know how to define the something else. But it was there and it charmed him. Had the workshop been a studio it might have been called "atmosphere".

Delectable as the place was, David would have shunned it to-day if he dared. When he came in, the carpenter was busy upon an exquisite panel. He did not look up. David sat down and watched him. He knew better than to interrupt. Angus believed that the young should cultivate patience. But to-day David had not long to wait. Almost at once the carver laid down his tool. Then turning his straight unhurried glance upon the boy he began without preliminaries.

"Your Cousin Mattie tells me that I was too sudden with you yesterday, my lad. No doubt I was. I had a thing to say and I had to say it shortly

and as best I could. It's over. We'll speak no more of it. But there is another thing I've been considering. How would you like to go away to school, David?"

"It's Saturday!" said the boy in surprise.

"I'm not speaking of school here, I am speaking of a boy's school away from Milhampton altogether. It would be a complete change and would give you new interests. What I wish to know is, would you like it?"

David had been taught not to decide quickly. So, although he knew at once what he would say, he waited a moment and, as he waited, the magnitude of the proposition began to dawn upon him. To go away to school, to boarding school, like Jimmy Todd the minister's son? Was it likely any boy would hesitate in the face of such a glory? Yet his Scottish thrift stood appalled.

"It would be a great expense?" he ventured cautiously.

The carpenter permitted himself one of his infrequent smiles.

"That aspect of the case has been considered," he said dryly.

"Then I'd like to go. It would be—corking." It was unfortunate but David couldn't think of any more acceptable word.

Angus let it pass. "You see," he went on, "it's not so much an expense as an investment. You put in your time and your money and you take out—your future. Besides, there is that which justifies the expenditure. You have money of your own, David."

Fiery red flamed in the boy's cheek, his hands clenched themselves.

"No!" he said. It was at once a repudiation and an appeal.

For an instant the carpenter was puzzled. Then, meeting the reproach of the boy's look, his own grew very kind.

"Yes," he said. "It's your own money. It was your grandfather's before you. Honourable money, my lad, the fruit of the earth he tilled. You can be proud of your grandfather. When he died the farm was

sold and the proceeds invested for your use. If your wish is towards schooling there are ample means."

The boy nodded. After his outburst he was too shy to speak.

"That's settled then. I have made inquiry and have decided on a school in Toronto. Dr. Barton is the head of it. It is very well spoken of and the Doctor himself is a man I can trust. He is a good man and a gentleman. The course there will fit you for the university. I rather envy you the university, David. I never had the benefit of it myself. I hope" a trifle more sternly, "that you will appreciate its advantages."

"Yes, sir." David's tone had awe in it.

Angus Greig picked up his tool again. He had said all that was necessary. The interview was over. David was free to go. But he did not go. He sat and swung his legs although he had been told often enough that swinging the legs is a detestable habit.

"You will not be permitted to fidget like that at Dr. Barton's Academy," said Angus mildly.

David stopped fidgeting. He would have stopped anyway because his attention was arrested by something new in the other's manner. What was it? He could hardly say, but surely

there was a slackening somewhere, a note of wider freedom, of better understanding"—whatever it was it was grateful to the boy's overstrained nerves.

He jumped down from his bench and opened his lips to speak. But his Adam's apple wouldn't let him. It popped into his throat in a most annoying way. Yet he could not go until he had said something. There was a matter, a vital matter still unsettled between them.

At last he forced the Adam's apple down.

"I don't know," he stammered, "I—I want to know—what am I going to call you now?"

The thrill in the boyish voice went straight to the heart of Angus Greig as he bent over his panel. It lingered there, sweet and satisfying. Yet he did no more than raise his eyes to the shy, defiant eyes that questioned him. And he answered them as man to man.

"My lad, that is for you to say. But I know well what I'd like you to call me, David."

David knew, too. In that look, a veil was dropped from between them. They both understood.

"Thank you, father," said David.

Then, whistling, he ran away to feed the cat.

(To be continued).



QUEBEC IN OUR FIRST PARLIAMENT

BY AUSTIN MOSHER



It is safe to say that the members sent from the Province of Quebec to the House of Commons of Canada in the first Parliament of the Confederation were the ablest body of legislators ever sent to Ottawa from French Canada. At that time dual representation was in force, and many of the able men who were sent to the federal Capital from Quebec were likewise sitting in the local Legislature. At that time also Hon. Edward Blake and Hon. Alexander Mackenzie both held, for Ontario, double mandates, sitting at Toronto as well as at Ottawa.

A perusal of the list composing the Quebec deputation shows that every one of the sixty-five sitting in the first Parliament has passed over to the majority. Argenteuil sent Honourable J. J. C. Abbott, whose bitter contests in that constituency are well remembered and who became in due time Senator and Prime Minister of the Dominion. Bonaventure was represented by T. Robitaille, a decidedly courtly gentleman of the old French school, who in later years served a couple of terms at "Spencerwood" as Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. Christopher Dunkin went up from Brome. He became Minister of Agriculture and later on Judge of the Superior Court. He is known as the author of the Dunkin Act, a very important temperance measure in Quebec Province.

The first representative from Champlain was Honourable John J. Ross, who in time became a Legislative Councillor and Premier of Quebec just prior to the advent to power of the late Honourable Honoré Mercier.

Chateauguay sent Luther H. Holton, one of the most accomplished parliamentarians in the House of Commons, who had the rules of the House at his finger-tips and whose speeches on commercial and constitutional matters won the hearty encomiums of both parties. He was blamed at the time with concerting with George Brown and Luc Letellier de St. Just for the overthrow of the De Boucherville Government, but this has been positively denied by the leading actors in that historic political drama.

Hon. John Henry pope represented Compton county, and when Christopher Dunkin became judge the former was sworn in as Minister of Agriculture, and was for many years Sir John Macdonald's right-hand man, the accredited representative of English-speaking Quebec and one of the greatest political diplomats ever known in Canadian history. The first member to go to the Capital from Dorchester following Confederation was Hector Louis Langevin, who had been Mayor of Quebec and who subsequently played an all-important rôle as the senior French Canadian colleague of Sir John Macdonald. He was for a time all-powerful with the clergy of this Province, and as Minister of Public Works for many years was con-

sidered a powerful administrator. L. A. Senecal, as a Liberal, was Wilfrid Laurier's predecessor in the representation of Drummond and Arthabaska, but besides rallying to the Chapleau school, he was considered for a time a leading financier, belonged to the Senecal-Dansereau-Chapleau triumvirate and died a Senator of the Dominion.

A very popular man went to Ottawa from Gaspé in the person of Commandant Fortin, who was for years impregnable in his constituency, where he was as universally loved as in the House of Commons. Hon. Antoine Aime Dorion was the representative from the old county of Hochelaga, was defeated in Montreal East by Sir George Cartier, but elected in Napierville and became Mackenzie's first Minister of Justice, leaving Parliament to become Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals. A feature of Sir Antoine Aime Dorion's political and judicial career was his magnificent command of both tongues and his ability and honesty met with universal recognition. When a discussion was going on in Conservative circles relative to offering opposition to Alexander Mackenzie's new Ministers, Sir John put his foot down and said: "You must not oppose Dorion".

Huntingdon had the honour of being represented in the first Parliament by Hon. John Rose, who became Finance Minister, leaving the country later on to accept the leadership of a great banking house in the heart of the Empire. Kamouraska had a picturesque figure in that same Parliament in the person of C. A. P. Pelletier, popularly known as Pentillion Pelletier, who was described, when a Senator and Minister of Agriculture under Mackenzie, as the most courtly gentleman in all Canada, by Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. He also served a term at "Spencerwood" during the Laurier régime at Ottawa. Honourable Louis Archambault represented L'Assomption in great Confederation Parliament and was held to be a strong personal friend

of Cartier, and during the Riel troubles Senator Trudel alleged that Cartier had told Archambault to always be on his guard in dealing with Sir John Macdonald, as the old chieftain was not to be trusted, although close friends of Sir George at the time gave a strong denial to the accusation. Anyway, Louis Archambault abandoned the party over the Riel issue, and being a member of the Quebec Legislative Council he resigned to make way for his son, Sir Horace Archambault, who passed away not long ago. Laval county sent J. H. Bellrose, who will chiefly be remembered as a partizan of his colleague, Senator Trudel, and the group of Conservative Nationalists who broke away from Sir John and Chapleau and founding *L'Étendard*, they vigorously combatted the old party almost to the end of their days. Hon. J. G. Blanchet was sent up to Ottawa from the old county of Levis and later on was appointed Judge of the Court of Appeals. A very historic figure sat in that House from Lotbinière in the person of Henri Gustave Joly de Lotbinière, who had studied the classics in Paris with Waddington, and when Waddington was first Minister of France Joly was Premier of Quebec, both, however, being of Huegunot descent. Joly de Lotbinière led the Opposition in Quebec before Mercier's time and, after forming part of the Laurier Ministry he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia. Hon. George Irvine, a most able and strong lawyer, was the federal member for Megantic when the Confederation was consummated, but when dual representation was abolished he ran for the Legislature and was a strong opponent of the Conservative régimes at that time. He was counsel for *L'Électeur* in which appeared an article written by Laurier entitled "The den of forty thieves", and which was aimed at the Conservative leaders in the provincial capital. The trial was a real *cause célèbre* in Montreal and resulted in acquittal.

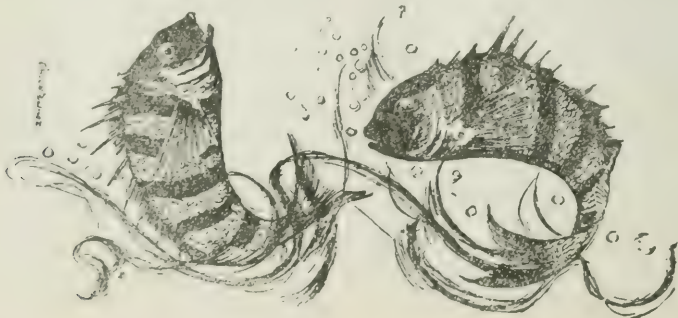
Montmorency, which has been re-

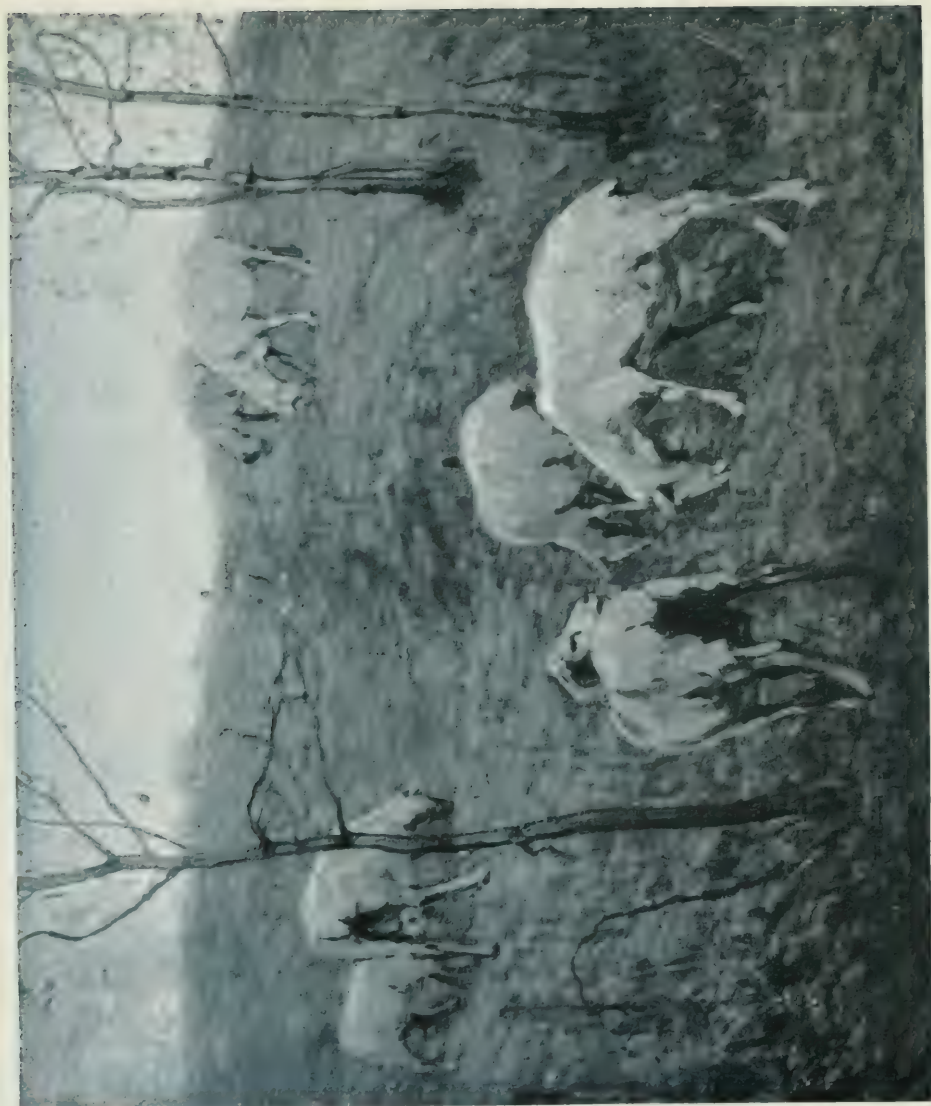
presented by such men as Angers, Tarte, Langelier, Desjardins, and other eminent parliamentarians, had as its first representative in the first House following the union, Hon. Joseph E. Cauchon, whose able writings in the Quebec press attracted a great deal of attention, and, in fact, when he left his party to espouse the Liberal cause, Sir Hector Langevin brought down from St. Lin, J. Israel Tarte, then a humble country notary, and the newspaper war which was waged by those two redoubtable journalists was the talk of the then journalistic community. It was considered a mistake when Mackenzie took Cauchon into his Ministry and there was a long sigh of relief when Mr. Cauchon was sent to Manitoba as Lieutenant-Governor, and replaced by the young and brilliant Wilfrid Laurier, who was then the idol of the French Rouges.

Montreal West, Centre and East, were represented respectively by Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Thomas Workman and George Etienne Cartier, the first dying by the ball of an assassin, the second becoming famous by giving in Parliament the opinion of his cook on the sugar duties, and the last but not the least, after being one of the chief builders of the Confederation, died in London of a broken heart caused by the ungrateful treatment, so he affirmed, of his compatriots.

Quebec West sent Thomas McGreevy, who was a prominent figure in Parliament during many years while the county of Quebec elected

Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau was one of the finest littérateurs French Canada ever produced, and being also sitting in a dual capacity he was the second Prime Minister of the Province after the Union. Alonzo Wright was also there from the county of Ottawa, and being one of the best and popular men in the House, he was called by every one "the King of the Gatineau". Mr. F. Bourassa sat for St. John's and possessed the distinction of never being known to make a speech which was considered by many at the time as a very redeeming quality in a public man. Shefford was represented by the eloquent Huntington, the man who first brought the Pacific Scandal charges before Parliament. He was one of the most eloquent men in the House of Commons, although he was indolent in the extreme, and yet the first ten minutes of his speeches on the hustings and in Parliament constituted the finest treat one could listen to. Sherbrooke had also a great man in Parliament in the splendid personality of Sir A. T. Galt, while Stanstead sent Charles Carill Colby, who became a Cabinet Minister some years after. Terrebonne had elected Louis Rodrique Masson, who later on, from 1874 to 1878, was an active opponent of the Mackenzie Ministry, and accepted office when the Liberals retired from office in October, 1878. Felix Geoffrion also sat for Verchères in the first House and he lived to hold office under Alexander Mackenzie. This was certainly a galaxy of men never repeated in any Parliament since Confederation.





THE SHEEP PASTURE

From the Painting by

Fred S. Haines.

Exhibited by the Ontario Society
of Artists

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

THE POLICE FORCE PENSION FUND



AS Police Magistrate I have always been a member of the Board of Police Commissioners; and the Board, which consists of the County Court Judge, the mayor, and myself, has had the absolute control of the organization and management of the force. As we have been free of popular control, we have been able to manage without any reference to political feeling, or secret society or other influence of that kind. I very fortunately never had been connected with any secret organization of any sort. I was not a Free Mason or Orangeman, and consequently have had a free hand in working only for the real benefit of the police administration. Being a member of the Canada First party, and indifferent to any political party, changing from one party to the other with the utmost freedom, if the interest of the idea of Canada First led me to one side or the other, I was not influenced by those strong political party prejudices which are often so injurious to the best interests of the country.

Shortly after I came upon the Board I found one very serious difficulty in the way of managing the force to the best advantage. There were several of the under officers who had done excellent work, who had risen to the most important places, who were drawing the highest salaries,

and who had, either through age or illness, become unfit for work, and were unable to attend to their duties properly. In some instances these men were given sick leave, and, being on full pay, were drawing salaries they were unable to earn. There were one or two such cases when I was first appointed. There was no pension fund, and if the men were discharged they might have been sick and penniless in their old age.

We then endeavoured to get up a pension fund, to be maintained by contributions from the men, and a scheme was prepared, and we applied to the Legislature to grant a charter to authorize this being carried out. About half or more of the older men at once agreed to this proposition, but many of the younger men, who thought they would never be ill, or grow old, objected strenuously, and a large deputation waited on the Premier, the late Sir Oliver Mowat, and prevailed upon him to forbid the establishment of the system.

When I heard of this I told the Board there were "other ways of getting over the difficulty, and that as there was a general law, which allowed benevolent organizations to establish benefit funds, that we could act under that law and establish a Benefit Fund Society for all the men who were willing to join it. This was arranged, with great care, and the rates of pensions, and all necessary rules made

out, and the men were asked to join. About two-thirds agreed to it, but about one-third refused.

As soon as we had it fairly started I suggested that we should have all the men in it, but we found that the dissatisfied men still held out. We asked them to send a deputation to discuss the matter with the Board. They came and were evidently influenced by the opinion of the Premier that it would have to be voluntary.

I then addressed them, and said that I understood their point of view, and that we did not want any of the men to join, except of their own free will, that it was quite voluntary, but that the Board had decided that after January 1st, they would only retain in the force those who had voluntarily joined the Benefit Fund, and we advised those not wishing to do this, to send in their resignations to take effect on that date, then some three or four months ahead. Not one man resigned, and when the New Year began, and we were preparing the estimates we raised the pay of all the men and officers, by an amount sufficient to cover the contribution to the Fund, and give them increased pay as well.

This satisfied everybody, and the Pension and Benefit Fund has been ever since the greatest comfort and blessing to the old men, and to the widows of those who have died in the force. Although I am not personally affected by the Pension System I look back to my dogged persistence in this matter with the greatest satisfaction. All about the city now are to be seen old men, formerly members of the force, who have done good service, and are receiving allowances to enable them to be comfortable. I see many of those who fought against the organization of the Benefit Fund now enjoying the benefits, and many of them have told me how much they felt indebted to me for my insistent support of the policy.

The police force of Toronto has a very high reputation all over America for honesty and efficiency. A gentleman from Seattle who travelled to a

number of large cities to inquire into the methods and efficiency of the various police forces, and who wrote an article upon the subject afterwards, put the Toronto force above them all. This was very gratifying to me, for I have been on the Board for forty years, while the other two members have changed frequently.

An important point in connection with the force was, that not many years after I was appointed, Maj. Draper, the Chief of Police, had to resign on account of ill health. I nominated as his successor Lt.-Col. Henry J. Grasett of the Royal Grenadiers, and although the other members of the Board had friends they favoured, the arguments in favour of Col. Grasett were so strong that he was unanimously appointed. This was more than thirty years ago, and we have worked together ever since in perfect accord.

Col. Grasett has been the Treasurer of the Police Benefit Fund ever since his appointment to the command of the force, and has exercised a very careful and able supervision over its management. The proof of this is shown by the fact that when he took charge in 1887, the Benefit Fund's cash assets were \$25,666. To-day they are well over \$800,000 and not one dollar has been lost in all that time; a most remarkable proof of the ability with which the Police Benefit Association, guided by the Chief, have managed their business.

In the appointing of new constables there have been no politics. The candidates are examined carefully by the Chief before they come before the Board. The standard of height is five feet, ten inches, and the men are carefully examined by the Doctor before appointment. The certificates of character are closely inquired into, and then the men are appointed on probation. They are trained under old constables for some months, and if there are any signs of weakness in health, or character, or energy, they are not retained. So that it is a survival of the fittest. We also have

many strict regulations to improve the tone of the force. No rewards are allowed to be given by anyone for the services of the men. Tips are absolutely forbidden. Men have been dismissed for accepting them. Rewards for the apprehension of criminals, if offered by citizens of Toronto, are refused by the police. If rewards are offered from outside, and the police earn them, the money goes to the Benefit Fund.

I always maintain this policy very rigidly, sometimes with difficulty. I will give an illustration of this. In the summer time it is customary for people going on vacation to the sea-side or elsewhere to lock up their houses and notify the police and leave their keys at the station. A number of policemen in plain clothes on bicycles visit these houses both night and day. When the citizens come back, sometimes, not knowing our rules, they offer the men five or ten dollars, which is invariably refused. Oftentimes a citizen encloses the money to the Chief, and asks him to give it to the constable. The Chief always returns the money to the sender, explaining that the rules of the force prohibit its acceptance.

We have had cases where after this, the citizen has asked the Board of Commissioners to allow the man to receive it. One persistent man sent twenty-five dollars as a present to the Benefit Fund. At first the other members were inclined to accept this, but I protested vigorously, and pointed out that if that was accepted it would get out among the men, and others would be giving money the same way, and the result might be that the men watching the houses would devote the most of their care to the houses of those who gave money to the Benefit Fund, while others would not have as good attention.

Another illustration I may mention: A prominent business man gave an entertainment at his place of business one night, and the constable on the beat assisted in regulating the carriages. When the people had all

gone the man, before shutting the door, offered the constable a two-dollar bill. The constable refused to take it, and said it was against the rules. The gentleman shoved the bill in the policeman's belt and slipped in and shut the door. The next morning he received a very polite note from the inspector of the division, saying that the constable had handed him the bill, which he returned in accordance with the rules. The gentleman was so struck with the whole story that he told me about it, and also told me that the inspector's letter was framed and hanging in a police station in New York as a curiosity.

I have often heard friends say that they had tried to give constables money, which had been refused, but I have only heard of but one case where the money had been accepted. One young constable thoughtlessly received a tip from someone, and mentioned it to his comrades. They were so indignant at his bringing discredit on the force that they reported him, and he was struck off the roll.

*

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NEGRO ELEMENT

There has been a remarkable change in the condition of affairs in Toronto since I was appointed Magistrate. The population in 1877 was under 70,000; it is now nearly 500,000. When first appointed I had only one clerk, who at times had temporary assistance. Now there are four police magistrates and six clerks.

Another remarkable change has been in the great increase of foreign population. There was formerly quite a large negro population in Toronto, now there are very few negroes. Most of them seem to have drifted southward. In 1877 nearly a third of the population was of Irish birth or descent, now the relative proportion is very much smaller.

The negroes, many of whom were escaped or freed slaves, were a source of amusement in the court because of their many peculiarities, and I can recall some amusing incidents relat-

ing to them. Thirty-five years ago the coloured people had a Baptist church on Queen Street, at the corner of Victoria Street, which had a rather large congregation.

One morning, going through my calendar, I came to a charge of assault against one Richard Lewis. When the name was called out, a burly negro, evidently a labourer, came up to the bar to stand his trial. I told him he was charged with having committed an assault upon one William Hopkins, and asked him whether he pleaded guilty or not guilty.

He replied in a very gruff voice:

"I pleads guilty, yo honah, but it was under succumstances of de very gravest provocation."

I turned to look at the complainant, who had stepped up into the witness box. He was a small, dandified, little negro, very black, wearing a high white collar and large white cuffs, and the whites of his eyes and his teeth seemed to be shining out. His business was that of peddling coffee, pies, and cakes to the clerks in the downtown business places. I administered the oath to him, and asked him to tell me his story.

With a grand air he began:

"Suttenly, yo honah. It was on the evening of Thursday last, at de coloured Baptist Church at de corner of Queen and Victoria Streets in dis city, de prisoner at de bah stepped up to me and said, 'Mr. Hopkins, what do you mean by calling Mrs. Brown by de Christian name of Harriett for?'"

"I told him that when I knew a lady intimately, I was sometimes in de habit of calling her by de Christian name.

"Take dat," said he, and he hit me a number of times."

"Did you strike him back?" I asked.

He drew himself up with an air of great dignity and said:

"Suttenly not, yo honah. Occupy-ing de position dat I do, as a Sunday School teacher in de Central Prison, and going about every day among de bankers and de principal business

men of de place, supplying dem wid hot coffee, do you think it would be right for *me* to enter into a pussonal altercation wid a man of *dat* class," pointing at the defendant with infinite contempt.

"It will be five dollars and costs or thirty days," said I.

*

A LITERARY SOCIETY

A few days after this, on leaving my office, I found outside of my door three negroes, evidently of the labouring class, dressed in their best, and with an air of importance which attracted my attention. One of them said:

"I beg yo pardon, yo worship, but we's a depitation, and would like to speak to yo honah just for a few minutes."

I saw some promise of humour about it and replied:

"Certainly, come in, gentlemen" and, asking them to take seats, I inquired as to their business. The spokesman began:

"We's a depitation from de Littery Society of de Coloured Baptist Church on the corner of Queen and Victoria Streets, and we want to get yo honah's advice as to dis man Hopkins, who was up here in de Court last week."

I asked what was the trouble.

"Well, yo honah, we have a Littery Society in our Church and Mr. Hopkins is one of de members, and at de meetings he just talk, talk, talk all de time. No one gets any chance to say anything. He was criticized by de chairman and requested to behave moh in conformity wid de succumstances of de case. He just set de chairman and de Society at defiance, and kept right on with his talk, talk, talk. De matter became so obnoxious dat de society called a meeting and expelled him from de society, and paid back to him all de monee he had paid in, his entrance fee, his monthly subscriptions, and some donations to de libery fund, and we told him he must not come to de meetings any moah. It did not make a pah-ticle of

difference, yo worship. He comes in jus de same, and he goes on talk, talk all de time, and de society don't know what ought to be done, for you know de gentleman is half a lawyer, and we's 'fraid of him, so de society appointed us, as a depitiation, to ask yo honah what you would advise us to do under de extraordinary pecculiarities of de case."

I asked if they had by-laws and rules, and they brought out a little manuscript book of rules, evidently copied from some other society, and I found that the society had the power, at a meeting called for the purpose, to expel a member for breaking the rules or refusing to obey the directions of the chairman. They had done everything regularly, and had told him about it. I advised them to write out two copies of the resolution expelling him, and also a notice warning him that if he intruded again he would be arrested for trespass, and to serve one copy on him and to have two men make the service so that there could be no question as to his being notified. This they did and had no further trouble.

Before they left, however, with a laudable desire to obtain further information about a learned society of the kind, I asked if they had refunded his payments. They replied:

"Yes, sah, we gib him back his entrance fee, his monthly subscriptions, and his donations to the libery fund."

Then I asked:

"How much did it all come to?"

"Altogether, yo worship, it come to ninety cents."

Still thirsting for knowledge I asked:

"How was it made up?"

The spokesman replied:

"Twenty-five cents was the entrance fee, and he had paid five monthly subscriptions of five cents each, and had given four donations of ten cents each to the libery fund."

It was an amusing exposition of the financial standing of one of the literary societies of Toronto.

HOPKINS IN THE POLICE COURT

In *The Evening Telegram* of the 27th January, 1881, appears the following report of the proceedings in my Court in reference to a charge against this man Hopkins. It is a good illustration of the humorous way in which the Police Court matters were dealt with by some of the newspapers and is quoted as it appeared:

WM. HOPKINS

Wm. H. Hopkins, the well-known coffee and sandwich purveyor, was charged with threatening to shoot Mr. Charles Page, an elderly gentleman, of very dark complexion and thick lips, a characteristic negro.

Hopkins addressed the court as follows:

"Yoah Wershup: De circumstances of de case am dese. De 'plainant and dis chile am bofe members of de Oddfellows Lodge, and de 'plainant forgettin dose brudderly feelings which am de stinguishin proofs of de Oddfellows Association, am jealous of dis chile. De 'plainant threatened to butt me, yoah Wershup, and for making use of such language he should be exonerated from de Club.

"What did he mean by butting you?" asked the Magistrate.

"What did he mean? Shuah yoah wershup knows what a butting match am. Ye see, Sah, dis am de way it's done. De rules and relations of de match forbid de butting in de face or in de stomach, but it must be de two heads meeting, and de man wid de tickest head am de best. Why, Sah, dat African in de box am de hardest butter in de city. He can split a cheese, or bend a piece of iron, and does de Court and de gentleman present tink dat I was going to let him butt me. Well Sah dat man wanted to hab me put out of de lodge, and I would like to know what for a man like dat is to exonerate me from de lodge? Yoah see, yoah Wershup, a great many things am said in de lodge what am not fit for de public, but if de witness want all de truf he can hab it.

"Dat man," said the witness, "brought de revolver and threatened to shoot me."

"What do you say to that prisoner?" asked the Magistrate.

"Yoah Wershup, dat man swore to walk hand in hand wid all de members of de lodge. He was de fust to perpose de brudderly lub wid de breddren and sistern of de membahs. It was him dat read de oath and de ceremonies, and guv de secrets to de oders. Dat was de man what smiled upon me when I rode de goat, and swore by de bones of de dead dat he would be de fadder

to de widdower, and de mudder to de fatherless. Dat was de man and now yoah Wership, he stole de monies of de lodge. He borrow money and cakes from myself, and never paid me back, and what kind of a man am him to seduce my kraeter afore dis court, and de leaders of de land. Such a man should be exonerated from de land."

"But what about that pistol that you threatened to shoot him with?"

"De pistol am it, yoah wership. Wen I heard dat African was gwine to butt me, I tuk de cylinder out ob de shooter and went to de lodge, and how could I shoot dat African wid a shooter widdout a cylinder?"

"But the witness says he is afraid of you."

"Yoah wership, dis am de crisis of ma life. Dat man got between me and my wife. He got up at de caucus meeting to turn me out of de lodge, because I was de smartest man in it. I knew dat man's head was hard and dat he could butt better dan me, so I scared him wid de pistol widdout de cylinder. What should be done wid such a coon as dat? I'm stonished at him. I tell you, yoah wership, if dat man's head ever comes in contact wid dis, I'se agoin to perfect my own. Dat man afraid ob me? De man dat goes into de house ob annudder, am not afraid. Dat man hab de heart of de lion, der nerves ob steel, and de head like iron. Dismiss de case, yoah wership."

Instead of dismissing the case, I placed both complainant and defendant under bonds to keep the peace to each other for the space of one year.

To finish my recollections of Hopkins: A short time after this episode, Hopkins had a quarrel with his brother, and in his temper fired a revolver at him, wounding him in the neck. The wounded man was in the hospital for a number of weeks, and then came to give evidence before me about the shooting. The wound was a most peculiar one; it had made a hole in the man's wind pipe through which the air escaped as he breathed with a most peculiar whistling and his evidence was accompanied by this uncanny sound. I never heard of a case like it. Hopkins was sent to the Kingston Penitentiary for some years, and I don't remember seeing him again.

Another remarkable negro who often appeared in court was George Wright, who made his living by sawing and splitting cordwood, then a very important business, employing

a number of men, but now with the disappearance of the woods, and the almost universal use of coal, a lost art.

What distinguished Wright over all the other habitués of the court was that, in my opinion, he was the most accomplished and able cross-examiner I ever knew. He was courteous and skilful in the highest degree. I remember once after a very careful and cunning cross-examination of a witness, he caught him in a distinct contradiction. He made the witness repeat his second statement and, recalling his previous one, he said to the witness:

"Now will you please explain to his worship dar, how you make dem two points harmonize?"

About fifteen years ago I was trying a negro for breaking into a house and stealing a number of articles which were at the moment on the table in front of the witness box. They were identified by the owner. The negro was defended by a barrister who was also an officer in the 48th Highlanders of the Toronto Militia. He made a vigorous defence of his client, but the case was clearly proved, and the negro was convicted. I sentenced him to a term, and Mr. Curry, the Crown Attorney, in the usual way applied for an order of restitution of the stolen articles to the owner. I made the order at once. Then the complainant stated that the negro was wearing his best Sunday trousers, which had also been stolen, and he wanted them back. The prisoner's counsel made some objection that the negro had no others. I said that the prisoner could wear them to the jail, and as soon as he got the prison clothing, the trousers were to be restored to the owner, and then, addressing the lawyer, I said: "When he has served his term, he can join the Kilties." I doubt if the Highland Officer appreciated the joke.

A good many years ago the manufacturers of pianos had succeeded in making pianos of an inferior type at very low prices, and this was followed by a general custom of selling them

to the poorer people on the instalment plan, by which they could be paid for by small monthly payments. This led to large numbers of pianos being purchased by people in quite humble positions. The fact of one of the lower classes having a piano in the house, gave the owner a social distinction among her associates, which could not be overlooked. A scrubbing woman at the City Hall bought one, a charwoman I knew of also had one, and I have no doubt that in their own circle it was a great mark of distinction.

In a small street in a humble section of the city there lived a number of negroes, mostly labourers or railway porters. One of these, more ambitious than the others, by close saving and hard work, had succeeded in buying a piano. The wife, as well as the husband, was anxious for social distinction, and they decided to give an evening party in order to show off the piano. They invited a coloured woman who, I think, gave lessons in music, to come and try the piano. They also invited a few of the more select of their acquaintances to come to the party. The coloured woman (the musician) was evidently of a higher social scale than the other guests. She was an ample personage, well dressed, and with an impressive manner.

The party had scarcely begun when the news of it spread through the street, among the other coloured people who had been formerly on the visiting lists of the hostess; and, finding they had not been invited to meet the distinguished musician, a feeling of deep resentment arose, then indignation, and then they gathered in front of the house and acted in a most disorderly manner. The police heard of it and came and arrested the principal offenders on the charge of disorderly conduct, and they appeared before me the next morning and were fined. It was an interesting and most amusing case, and gave me a great insight into the point of view of that particular stratum of society in Tor-

onto life. I did not grudge the time given to investigating it.

*

THEFT OF LACE, AND FORGERY

One day just as the Court was adjourned and I was leaving the Bench, the sergeant of detectives, Newhall, came in and asked me if I would wait for a minute, to remand a prisoner who had just been placed in the dock. The prisoner was a respectable looking young woman, a housemaid in a gentleman's family. Newhall had the charge prepared and swore to it, charging her with the theft from her mistress of a quantity of lace, and I arraigned the young woman, and asked her whether she pleaded guilty or not guilty.

"I am not guilty," she said very earnestly.

I was impressed at once with the feeling that she was innocent, and in a low voice I cross-questioned Newhall, who was standing close to me. I said:

"Have you got any evidence against that prisoner?"

"Yes," said Newhall. "It is a clear case."

"That is strange," I said, "for I do not think she is guilty," and I asked what the evidence was.

He replied: "I found some of the stolen lace in her trunk, and there is a witness who saw her coming from the room from which the lace was stolen."

"How much lace was stolen?" I asked.

"About one hundred dollars' worth."

"How much was found in her trunk?"

"About ten dollars' worth."

I then asked who saw her coming out of the room, and Newhall said a fellow servant, and he added, "She is here" and indicated to me where she was sitting at the side of the courtroom.

"I looked at the young woman and said, 'I believe that she is the one that stole the lace, for only a tenth part has been found.'" I then asked

him if he knew where her home was, and found that although living at the house where she was employed, she had an aunt living near, whose house was her home. I suggested that it would do no harm if he were to search the aunt's house as soon as possible, to see whether most of the lace was there or not.

The prisoner was remanded till the morning. I issued a search warrant to Newhall, to make the search, and in the morning I heard that the rest of the lace had been found in the aunt's house in the woman's trunk, and that she had been arrested on the charge of theft. She pleaded guilty, and admitted having placed a portion of the lace in her fellow servant's trunk, to create suspicion and relieve herself. She was sentenced, while the first prisoner was discharged. I was glad that I had paid attention to what was only an intuitive feeling, and that I had followed it up by active steps to endeavour to find out the truth.

* * *

I will mention another case where an intuitive feeling that a prisoner was innocent, in spite of strong evidence to the contrary, caused me to take drastic measures to get at the truth, although it is not supposed to be the business of a judge to interfere in the searching out of evidence.

In this case a young man named McEachren employed in a carpet shop on Yonge Street, had embezzled some thirty dollars of his employer's money, and absconded to the United States. Some weeks after he returned to Toronto, and gave himself up, and his friends repaid the money, and as he was only a lad of about seventeen years of age of previously good character, I gave him a short sentence of some seven or ten days.

When this was done the employer asked to lay a fresh charge of forgery, claiming that the prisoner had forged his name to a cheque for \$90.00 the day he left Toronto, and had got it cashed at the bank. I swore the employer to the information, and ar-

raigned the lad and asked him if he pleaded guilty or not guilty. He said "Not guilty" with such an honest air, that I at once doubted his guilt and I was so convinced, that I began making inquiries into the evidence. The cheque was there, and the employer declared positively that the cheque was filled up in the young man's handwriting, but that the signature was a fairly good imitation of his own. I also learned that the banker was able almost positively to identify the prisoner, as the lad who cashed the cheque. I left the Bench, and went into my private room, and sent for detective John Hodgins then on our staff.

I informed him of what had just occurred in the Court, and told him I believed that McEachren was innocent, and asked him to go to the carpet shop as if looking for evidence against the accused, and I suggested to him that he should interview all the employees, and see if there was a young fair-haired lad of the height and general appearance of the prisoner, and if there was, then to endeavour to find out whether he had been flush with money the day after McEachren had run away. Sending him off on this work, I returned to the Bench, and went on trying my cases.

In two or three hours I had finished my court, and was in my room when Detective Hodgins came in. He reported that there was a young lad named Bright, about the same age, height and complexion as the accused working in the shop, and that he had taken his address among the others, and had gone to his boarding-house, and made inquiries. He was told that some weeks before, he had received a letter with some money from an uncle in the country, that he had paid three weeks board which he owed, and three weeks ahead, and had bought himself a new suit of clothes. Hodgins asked the boarding-house keeper if he could look up his books, and fix the date on which the board was paid. It turned out to be just the day after McEachren had gone.

I then concluded that I had discovered the real forger, but still it was difficult to prove, and he might escape. I sent down to the cells and had the young prisoner brought up to my room. He had been remanded till the next day, to come up to be tried on the new charge of forgery. I told him that I did not believe the charge against him, that I thought he was innocent. He repeated his denial of all knowledge of the forgery. I told him who I thought had done it, and he seemed shocked to think, that his writing had been forged by a fellow clerk. I advised him to apply for a warrant for the arrest of Bright as a witness not likely to appear on a subpoena, in order that we might secure him. He agreed to this, and I issued the warrant for the arrest of Bright as a witness and gave it to Hodgins.

The next morning I found Hodgins waiting for me at my office. He told me that he had waited at the door of the boarding-house till Bright arrived in the evening, and, as he was entering, seized him by the collar.

"You are my prisoner in the Queen's name," he said.

The lad wilted and asked the reason.

"Oh," said Hodgins, "about the forgery of that cheque."

"My God! How did I get found out?"

"I know all about it," said Hodgins, and he took him to the station. Before starting he gave him the usual caution, that he was not bound to answer any questions or say anything, but that if he did, it could be used in evidence against him. Then as

they walked along Hodgins said:

"What possessed you to do that?"

He then told him that he knew McEachren had run away to the States, that he did not think he would come back, and so he wrote out a cheque imitating his handwriting, and forged the signature of his employer. He then went to the bank and cashed it, endorsing it with a good imitation of McEachren's signature.

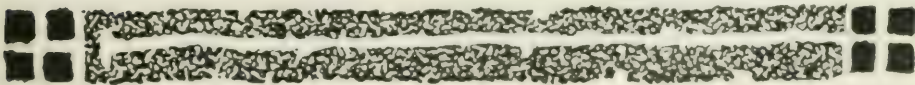
When Hodgins brought him into the Station, Deputy Chief Stuart was there, and Hodgins told him, in the young man's presence, that he had cautioned him and repeated the caution, and told the Deputy that the prisoner admitted that he had committed the forgery. The prisoner corroborated this.

Hodgins then prepared an information charging Bright with having committed the forgery. When McEachren was called to stand his trial, the Crown put in some evidence, and then Bright was called, and soon cleared the prisoner. Bright was then arraigned, and committed for trial.

When the assizes were opened shortly after, Chief Justice Sir John Hagarty was on the Bench, and I went to see him and told him the whole story, of how we had entrapped the young man to save an innocent party, but that he was only a lad, and I hoped he would be as lenient with him as he could. He said he would remember what I said and do the best he could for him. He only sent him to jail for two months.

This was another case, where I took irregular methods to do substantial justice.


(To be continued.)



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

CCORDING to a headline in *The Mail and Empire*, the "Reign of the Profiteer" has been "Ended by Parliament". This, it seems, has been accomplished by the decision of the Government to create a Commercial Tribunal for regulation of profits and prevention of combinations to maintain prices at extortionate levels to the injury of consumers. Not many Canadian newspapers discuss commercial and industrial problems with greater sanity or fuller knowledge than *The Mail and Empire*, and the headline, therefore, is not quoted to its discredit. But it will not be easy to extinguish the "profiteer", and generally public regulation of business has not produced very satisfactory results.

It is doubtful if the "cost of living" can be greatly affected by any legislation that Parliament can devise or any tribunal that Parliament can create. Two causes which go far to explain dear living are the increasing wages of labour and the higher cost of food products. It is certain that no Government which would undertake to fix prices for what the farmer has to market could live in Canada. Nor is the farmer a "profiteer" because he benefits by war conditions and world scarcity. He is not the beneficiary of any "combination". He has not conspired to plunder consumers. Indeed during the war he made actual sacrifices to maintain and increase production. In Canada, in the United States and in Great Britain prices of food products were fixed in order to guarantee and increase production, and there is no greater mistake than to imagine that the world's need has been relieved.

There are literally millions of starving people in Europe and neither Canada nor the United States can be deaf to the cry of hunger and famine. But in proportion as we respond to this appeal prices on this continent will be maintained. Moreover the experience of Australia has demonstrated that arbitrary regulation of food prices is economically and politically impracticable. Leaders of Labour in Australia have declared that unless the Governments undertook to dispossess the farmers and apply "public ownership" to agriculture production could not be maintained under any regulation designed to lower prices and even Australia cannot be persuaded that any such heroic proposal is practicable or that lower prices would result. There is salvation

only in greater production and clearly that result would not be achieved by lower prices in Canada than prevail in other countries.

II

So in manufacturing, as in agriculture, lower prices must come chiefly through greater production. Labour, too, must justify higher wages by greater efficiency. Those evangelical enthusiasts who suggest that considerations of profit should be eliminated from the conduct of industry have faith without knowledge. Capital can "strike" as effectively as Labour, and unless there is a fair prospect of return can do nothing else. No enterprise can exist unless it is solvent and without profit there cannot be solvency. If taxation of profits leaves no margin for expansion there cannot be expansion. An industry which cannot experiment or expand, which cannot seek new markets or maintain its position in old markets, can neither give higher wages nor employ additional labour.

A scale of taxation which a great industry with a huge output might survive would drive weaker concerns out of business. The milling companies and the packing houses have made profits not so much through high prices as through volume of output. In three years one company paid nearly \$1,000,000,000 in taxation. No amount extorted in taxation would justify illegal methods or extortionate prices but scientific organization for production and distribution gives no decent ground for suspicion and attack.

For deliberate calculated devices to create scarcity and raise prices there can be no toleration. For inflation of capital which secures dividends upon shares that represent neither actual investment nor accumulated losses there should be remedial and punitive legislation. Parliament cannot be expected to show leniency towards deliberate combination to plunder the public. But no Court of Commerce can apply regulations which check production and expansion without injury to labour, loss alike to producers and consumers and decrease of the public revenues. In the main Canadian industry in its treatment of Labour, its methods of manufacture, its system of organization and its prices to the public is decent in spirit and in practice and it would be unfortunate and unjust if a rapid, partial, unscientific inquiry by a parliamentary committee should leave any other impression upon the country.

III

Apparently Sir Lomer Gouin is invincible in the Province of Quebec. Nor is his ascendancy explained by dexterous cultivation of racial feeling or sectarian prejudices. Indeed he is somewhat contemptuous of the common artifices of politicians. He has a great reserve of common sense and the courage and wisdom to administer the affairs of the Province with economy and efficiency. With the blunt candor of Sir James Whitney he combines the cautious quality of Sir Oliver Mowat. Fortunately for the Province he has the confidence of the English-speaking people. His candidates poll as strongly

in the English as in the French-speaking communities and it is not suggested that he has ever been unjust to the Protestant minority.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago there was a common suspicion in the English provinces that Quebec was plunging towards bankruptcy and that sooner or later to avert repudiation its debts would have to be assumed or guaranteed by the Dominion. If there ever was any ground for such apprehension, which is doubtful, the prophets have been thoroughly discredited by events. For the restoration of its finances and the institution of prudent and efficient government the honour belongs chiefly to Mr. Marchand and Sir Lomer Gouin.

It is said that once the late George W. Stephens in a confidential conversation with Mr. Marchand took credit for long and faithful public service and congratulated himself that not a corrupt dollar had ever gone into his pocket. Mr. Marchand, whose modesty was as great as his integrity, answered quietly that he, too, had devoted himself with honest intention and some sacrifice to public affairs and with as scrupulous honesty as Mr. Stephens had displayed, "although", he added, "there never was a day in your life, Stephens, when you needed money, while there never has been a day in my life that I have not needed money". The Marchands are among a nation's choice possessions, but there should be gratitude also for rich men who do not evade public duties.

The general election in Quebec demonstrated that the Conservative or Unionist party is still feeble and disorganized. The leader of the Opposition, however, fought his battle with gallantry and energy. He should remember that for a generation the Liberal party held office in Ontario and possibly in Quebec as in this Province federal questions handicapped the Conservatives. There was, however, no general exploitation of alien issues in the recent contest in the French Province. Sir Lomer Gouin made his appeal upon provincial questions and triumphed through the attraction of his personality and the merits of his legislation and administration.

The other day Senator Foster was chosen as Batonnier of the Bar in Quebec. It is said that out of eleven hundred lawyers in the Province nine hundred are French. But although the Senator is English the vote was unanimous. Mr. Foster enjoys a remarkable personal popularity, but even when that is admitted the incident for other reasons is of happy significance. One is not comforted when one thinks of the long quarrel over the appropriation for Catholic huts in Toronto.

The truth is, that alike in Quebec and in Ontario the masses of the people are essentially tolerant, but racial and religious issues are a temptation to public men, and more than once the country has been bedevilled by attempts to pervert the Constitution and extort by political manoeuvring concessions and privileges which are not sanctioned by the compact of union. It is not true, as Quebec has often been led to believe, that Ontario has ever sought to deprive French or Catholic minorities of any constitutional right, while it is true in Ontario as elsewhere that extreme demands defeat the objects of those

by whom they are preferred. But let the dead past bury its dead and let all of us endeavour to recover the spirit in which the Confederation was established half a century ago.

IV

It was disclosed before a Parliamentary Committee that Mr. T. A. Crerar, who has just resigned the office of Minister of Agriculture, receives a salary of \$15,000 as President of the United Grain Growers' Company. As compared with the salaries which generally prevail in public companies the amount is not excessive. The Grain Growers have discovered, as commercial and financial enterprises discovered long ago, that for organizing and directing capacity there must be generous remuneration. Upon the man the success of most businesses depends and it is sheer economy to give decent value for his services.

No other agrarian organization in any country has achieved such remarkable success as that of Western Canada and unquestionably its operations have been of substantial advantage to Western producers. The secret of its success lies in the character of its leaders and in the fact that they have been wise enough to follow "big business" in payment of officials and methods of organization. Moreover whatever differences may exist between Western Grain Growers and the industrial interests of older Canada nothing could be more unjust or stupid than to impugn the integrity or patriotism of such men as Mr. Crerar, Mr. H. W. Wood, Mr. R. C. Henders, Mr John Reid and other responsible leaders in the Western agrarian movement. One believes that the differences between Eastern manufacturers and Western farmers are not so wide or so acute as often appears in the ardour of political controversy and the lesson of all Canadian history is that farmers have at least as much practical wisdom and as robust patriotism as any other element of the population.

But Mr. Crerar's salary suggests another consideration which reflects not upon Mr. Crerar but upon the Canadian people. The officials of these Western co-operative organizations actually receive larger salaries than the Prime Minister of Canada and his colleagues in the Cabinet. Yet upon ministers fall public obligations which they cannot evade, which do not fall in equal degree upon private citizens, and which involve continuous outlay and frequent drafts upon their private purses. No minister can give the country his best service if he is beset by financial worry and has to resort to shifts and devices to meet his obligations. No country can afford to have only rich men in Governments. It can as ill afford to have ministers who have "no visible means of support".

The truth is that the annual salary of the Prime Minister should be \$25,000, and those, of his colleagues at least \$15,000. So the sessional indemnity should be raised to \$3,500 or \$4,000. It is suggested that to increase the indemnity would fill Parliament with "professional politicians". But the man who adopts politics as a profession is not attracted chiefly by the indemnity but by other considerations, and if he is corrupt his dishonesty is likely to be in proportion to his dependence. Indeed the reasons generally

advanced against the increase of salaries for ministers and greater indemnities for members are seldom the true reasons. The objections arise from ignorance of the burden which public life entails, from sheer indisposition to pay "living wages", and from the temptation of demagogues in the press and on the platform and even in Parliament to draw cheers from the gallery by abuse of "politicians" and enjoy the fleeting popularity which follows cultivation of the economical instincts and latent prejudices of the people.

If we look backward we will not find that those members of legislatures and parliaments who have opposed decent salaries and indemnities were of exceptional virtue or were reconciled with difficulty to the higher emoluments when they had made their little play before the voters. There are those, adhering to the old British notion, who sincerely believe that members of Parliament should not receive payment. There are those, too, who honestly fear the "professional politician". But the first group of objectors, whether they know it not, are still living in the era of privilege while the second group cannot have any clear comprehension of the temptations to doubtful expedients which are inseparable from an inadequate indemnity. After all independence inside and outside Parliament gives the best assurance of honest and faithful discharge of duty.

V

It is doubtful if political leaders can be wisely chosen by popular conventions. In raising the question it is not intended to challenge the judgment of the convention which nominated Mr. Dewar for leader of the Liberal party in the Legislature. Nor is it intended to suggest that the Liberal Convention to be held at Ottawa in August will make an unsatisfactory nomination. It is true, however, that a popular figure may have meagre qualifications for parliamentary leadership. The qualities which are valuable on the platform or in the organization of political forces in the constituencies are not necessarily the qualities that are needed to control and direct a parliamentary body.

Parliament has its own tests and standards. A successful leader must have steadiness and resource, discretion and courage. He must have the confidence of supporters and the respect of opponents. If he is imposed upon a parliamentary party by outside influences and fails to possess any essential qualifications for the office, unity and cohesion cannot be maintained. No one would suggest that a popular convention could wisely nominate the members of a cabinet. Nor can a convention have such knowledge of the qualities necessary in a leader as those who have had actually parliamentary experience. Social, commercial and national organizations have discovered that a nominating committee assures a wiser selection of officers than any system of open and unorganized voting. The parliamentary party is the natural committee to choose a leader since he is the official mouthpiece of the party in Parliament and must command its loyalty and confidence.

It is easy to exaggerate the wisdom of unregulated democracy. Many influences which are comparatively impotent in Parliament affect popular

conventions while the candidate who is most expert and active in the appointment of delegates may give the convention a complexion which does not express the general sentiment of the party. It is true that candidates for the Presidency of the United States are chosen by popular conventions but they are not parliamentary leaders and have functions very different from those which are exercised by a Prime Minister or the leader of Opposition under the British system. There is all to be said for national and Provincial conventions for the consideration and formulation of political programmes but under the British system parliamentary parties can most advantageously select the leaders upon whom strength and cohesion depend. Indeed even in the United States the actual parliamentary leaders are chosen by the Senate and House of Representatives.

VI

This month there will be a national convention of the Liberal party. This recalls one of the remarkable impostures in Canadian history. Twenty-six years ago the impression was created by a curious and voluminous series of press despatches that a national Liberal convention had been held at Ottawa. There were those who insisted that Liberals had gathered from all over Canada, had actually sat in council and actually adopted with all appropriate ceremony and solemnity a platform of principles. One still meets old men who have never got rid of the delusion that they were there. They offer the hotel registers at Ottawa and the newspaper despatches as evidence that they are of sound health and right mind.

This convention, it is alleged, declared for reduction of debt and expenditure. It is said to have resolved to "eliminate the principle of protection from the tariff". The belief that this was done was so common, particularly in the West, that the Laurier Government found it difficult to maintain the National Policy which the forefathers had established. If the Ministers prevailed against this delusion it was because they were adroit, elusive and resolute. It is said that patronage was also marked for destruction and railway subsidies forever abolished. Even more remarkable was the impression widely entertained that the convention had firmly and irrevocably resolved to reform the Senate.

The truth is that the alleged platform of 1893 was a grave trouble to the Liberal leaders during a long period of office. But one still finds people who insist that the convention was held and the platform adopted. The ghosts of its delegates still march solemnly down the corridors of time, carrying banners with ancient devices and whispering "Laurier, Mowat and Victory". If a convention is now held adequate precautions must be taken to prevent such a conspiracy as was planned and executed at the expense of the Liberal fathers.

Seriously the old convention was of signal advantage to the Liberal party. One result was to abate sectional jealousies and differences. The national feeling of Liberals was greatly stimulated. A unity of senti-

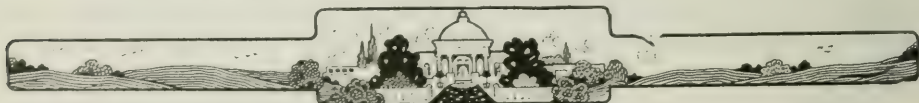
ment and interest was produced which was tremendously influential in the general election three years later. The country is safe with any party if its combined wisdom and patriotism can be expressed. Not only the future of the Liberal party but conceivably the future of Canada will be vitally affected by the convention which meets in August. The death of Laurier marks the end of an era in Canadian history, and aside from all other considerations it is wise to examine the ground and build for the future.

VII

Hon. W. S. Fielding has achieved a position of exceptional authority in Parliament. Throughout a long public career his integrity has never been seriously assailed. He is neither a courtier nor an autocrat. In debate he is always courteous, and he always maintains his personal dignity without effort. He was elected two years ago as a conscriptionist, notwithstanding his long personal allegiance to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. But there is no evidence that he gave any specific pledges of co-operation with the Unionists on any other issue. Upon the whole he has perhaps stood with the Opposition rather than with the Government, but in all his speeches there has been a flavour of candour and independence which is not common in the Canadian Parliament.

Mr. Fielding has not deliberately courted the favour of members to right or left of the Speaker or seemed greatly concerned to advance his personal fortunes. He has spoken generally with the moderation and wisdom of "the Elder Statesmen", anxious to guide Parliament to sound decisions but always with a suggestion of fidelity to old opinions and respect for the consistency of his own career. Mr. Fielding has always been an effective debater and probably he has had more of the confidence of the Liberal party for a score of years than any other man in its councils save Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

It is believed that he supported the Western Autonomy Bills of 1905 with reluctance, and the fact does not count in his favour with a certain unrelenting element. He did, however, support the measures as amended and it is certain that in the memorable bye-elections in London and North Oxford no man was so influential as Mr. Fielding in reconciling Liberals to the autonomy legislation. There is also an element in the Liberal party which resents his support of conscription or rather his separation from Laurier. But probably no member of the House of Commons more nearly expresses the average sentiment of the Liberal party or has more of the respect and confidence of his parliamentary associates.





A COURTYARD

From the Painting by Rosboom. In the Art Association Gallery, Montreal



The Cathedral at Ypres

RUINS

(YPRES, 1917)

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

RUINS of trees whose woeful arms
 Vainly invoke the sombre sky—
 Stripped, twisted boughs and tortured boles,
 Like lost souls—
 How green they grew on the little farms!

 Ruins of stricken wall and spire,
 Stretched mile on desolate mile along—
 Ghosts of a life of sweet intent,
 Riven and rent
 By frantic shell and searching fire.

 Ruins of soldiers torn and slain,
 English bodies broken for you:
 Burned in their hearts the battle-cry. . . .
 Forspent they lie,
 Clay crumbling slow to clay again.

A POLITICAL BAYARD

BY J. D. LOGAN

AUTHOR OF "DEMOCRACY AND THE NEW DISPENSATION", ETC.

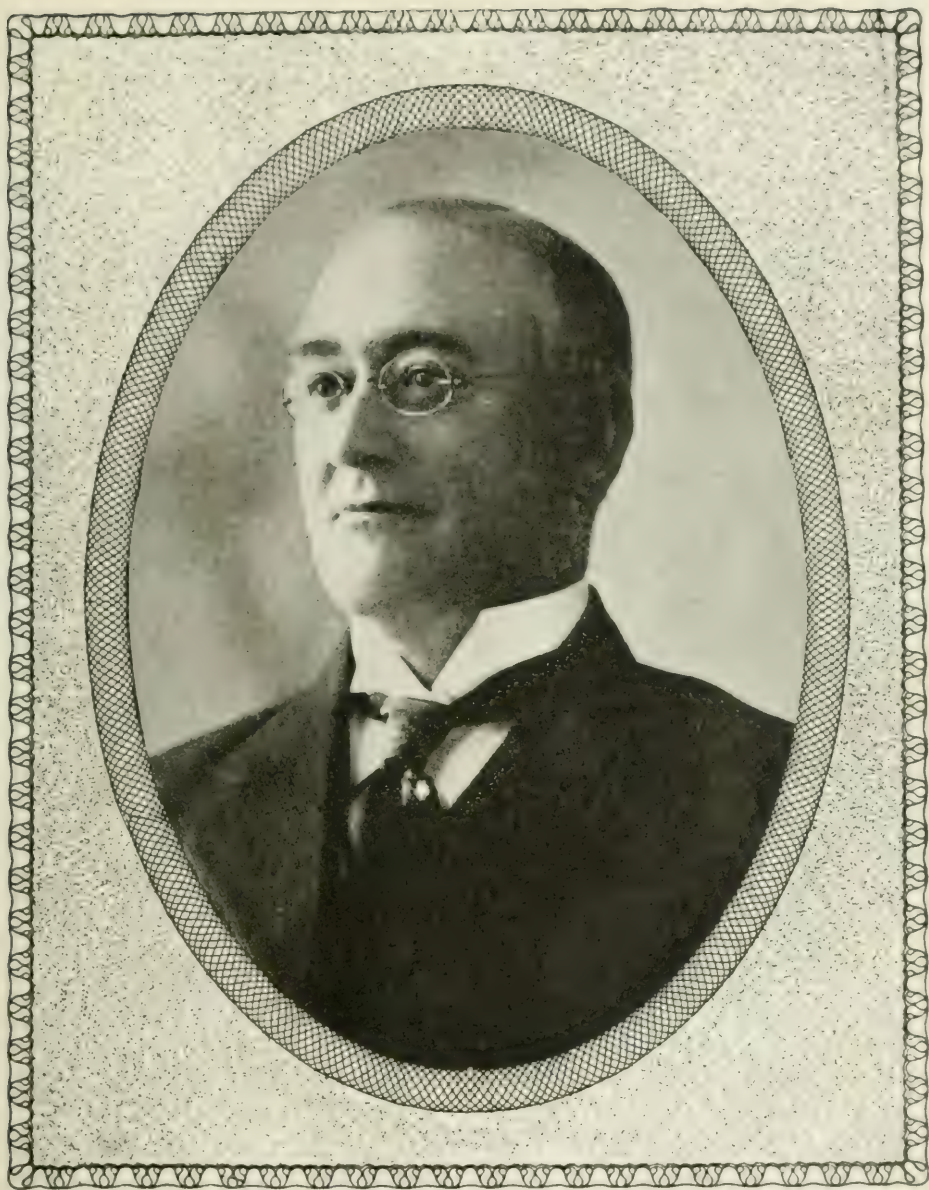


HE immortally immortal Robert Burns, supreme poet of social democracy, has a vicarious glory which he gained by interpolating into his verse the quotable moral maxims of other authors. The others originated the maxims; but Burns gets the credit. For instance, he is the reputed author of that dishonest versicle, "An honest man's the noblest work of God". Burns lived in scurried political times, and he would have been more truthful, original and apt if he had invented the maxim, "An honest politician (or statesman) is the noblest work of God".

Now, the proletariat will object, the latter maxim will, in the abstract, parse correctly, but the copula—"is"—predicates something that does not exist in fact. An honest politician or statesman *would be* the noblest work of God—if such a finite being really existed. This view, however, is a superstition; and possibly it was this superstition, obsessing the mind of Mr. Augustus Bridle, that prevented him from including Hon. George Henry Murray, premier of Nova Scotia, in his "Sons of Canada", a book which, according to the sub-title, comprises "studies of *Characteristic Canadians*"—and Hon. G. H. Murray, being really an honest statesman, was, *de facto*, an *un-characteristic Canadian*. But aside from that singular virtue, real or imputed, the fact that Premier Murray on the 17th day of July, 1919, completed twenty-three years of continuous service as

Prime Minister of Nova Scotia, a distinction which constitutes a record amongst living Prime Ministers, in the British Empire as well as in Canada, that he has been returned to power at five general elections, without a break in continuity of office, and by overwhelming majorities, that during a quarter of a century, less two years, while other governments, provincial and federal, have had their political scandals, the Murray government has remained even untainted by scandal and has proved impregnable against all partisan assaults, and that though he engaged in some of the bitterest and most rancorous political battles in the history of Canadian elections, Premier Murray was acknowledged, even by his enemies, to be a Bayard, a knightly warrior, and when opportunity arose was knightly in generosity, placing opponents in high positions that by all the conventions of political warfare should have gone to Liberal supporters—all these facts, and much more of inner personal qualities, signalize Hon. G. H. Murray as a Canadian who, if not genuinely great, is at least politically unique, and whose character and achievements are much worth sincere orientation and appreciation.

Premier Murray is the kind of man and political leader who is not subject to a quantitative estimate. He is too big in political genius and too acute in political acumen for that kind of estimate. On the other hand, he shows up well under a qualitative estimate. Such estimate, however, must not be objective—must not be a



HON. G. H. MURRAY

who for twenty-three years has been Prime Minister of Nova Scotia.

litany or a dithyramb: for Nova Scotia's First Minister is neither a political saint nor a golden-tongued spell-binder. A qualitative estimate of Premier Murray must be subjective—a short, summary sketch in descriptive psychology.

To-day, as the phrase goes, he is signalized as "the premier Premier". This is a recognition of one of his inevitable functions at Interprovincial conferences of Canadian premiers. Wherever, at Ottawa or elsewhere, these conferences are held, there will

be Hon. G. H. Murray. But he will not be just one amongst the others, with some other in the directing chair. His place always is, as it were, as the *mind* of these conferences—the Head at the head of the table, while the others sit round as members of the body. As the Head he is also the watchful Eye and the Directing Will. There must be harmony, in order that there shall be a converging of different temperaments and parochial minds and ideas towards one big inclusive mind and idea. He sits in his place, calm, looking neither to right nor to left. He does nothing and he may say nothing that on the face of it is startling; but just the same all others present know that he is there and watchful, that he has made up his mind what is the big thing to be done, and that, without trumpet or command, insensibly they will arrive at his point of view—and the right thing be accomplished. In other words, at these conferences, Hon. G. H. Murray *dominates*—and he does so, paradoxically, without trying, but solely by just “sitting in on the job”, which traditionally has been his ever since he became premier of his own province.

Hon. G. H. Murray is “the premier Premier”, not merely because he is the first or oldest, so far as length of service is concerned, among leaders of provincial governments, but also, and primarily, because all the others feel and recognize in him a hidden but silently dominating intellect and will, at their inter-provincial conferences. That is to say, he has positive genius for constructive politics, for genuine statesmanship. It was the recognition of this fine inner quality in him by Sir Wilfrid Laurier that won from him this incisively truthful estimate of the political genius of Premier Murray—a message specially sent to the secretary of the banquet given in honor of Nova Scotia’s Prime Minister, at Halifax, in February 1911:

“The man who is now in charge of the destinies of Nova Scotia does not belong to that Province alone. He is a National

figure and the pride all over the country of the Liberal Party; who, one and all recognize in him a pattern of quiet and patient courage, of wise and broad tolerance and far-seeing statesmanship.”

Precisely! Hon. G. H. Murray is “the premier Premier” because the others instinctively recognize in him their “pattern of quiet and patient courage, of wise and broad tolerance and far-seeing statesmanship”. His political opponents also recognize and acknowledge these same qualities in Premier Murray. If the late Sir Charles Tupper was noted for anything in electioneering it was for vitriolic, rancorous attacks on opponents. Yet when, in 1896, Sir Charles was opposed by George Murray, not yet premier, he made the impressive discovery that he was opposed by a quiet, confident young man who did not belong to the class of berating politicians, with parochial or rural ideas and methods, but by one who had “far-seeing statesmanship” and campaigned for election, not caring whether he was attacked by Sir Charles or not, or even met him in debate or not. Sir Charles recognized that he was opposed not by a politician but by a singular order of mind and will. Accordingly, having been profoundly impressed, he magnanimously expressed his sincere admiration of the young man who was his opponent in Cape Breton by giving a dinner in honour of Hon. G. H. Murray, when the latter, shortly after the campaign in Cape Breton, came to visit Ottawa. This was the cue for both parties. The implication from Sir Charles’s extraordinary compliment to the future Premier of Nova Scotia was: “There is amongst us a Bayard, a true Knight and Warrior in politics. I have seen him. I have met him. He will fight, but he will fight fair—and he will slay us.” Time proved repeatedly the truth of the implication.

If, then, I were asked to signalize in a phrase or two the prime or distinguishing quality of Premier Murray’s political genius, I should reply:

A clear, comprehensive intellectual vision of what is real and constructive in statesmanship, and a quiet but sturdy will to achieve, which, first, begets a restrained self-confidence and self-mastery, and, next, inspires respect for, and confidence in, the man on the part both of friends and opponents. From these elemental mental parts result the other virtues, personal and political, which are notable in Premier Murray. It remains for me, then, to submit the facts from which I make my induction, and to complete the verbal portrait of Hon. G. H. Murray as a man and a statesman.

Using the word political in its broad Aristotelian signification, I observe that early in young manhood—as early as his 25th year—Premier Murray brilliantly disclosed the political sagacity which, along with his quiet self-confidence, courage, energy, and his political honesty, proved to be the pre-eminent intellectual quality that ensured his inevitable rise to leadership and his perennial return to governmental control of the destinies of Nova Scotia during what will be shortly at least a quarter of a century. For as yet there is no taint of scandal connected with the Murray government, and it has two or three years yet to run, in which time, unless he relinquish voluntarily the reins of leadership, Premier Murray will surpass the late Sir Oliver Mowat in length of tenure of office, and thus establish a new record amongst premiers, living or dead, in the British Empire.

Premier Murray's political sagacity—an absolutely honest, not a time-serving, sagacity—was first noted in 1886, when he, a young man of twenty-five, contested for the Nova Scotia Local House. He believed in the future of Nova Scotia, and he regarded the union of Cape Breton with the peninsula, politically, as necessary to that future. Agitation by avaricious mine operators and political "copperhads", who could not by fair means realize their own selfish ends,

had been started to compel Premier Fielding to submit the "repeal" of the union to the people. The leader of the Cape Breton Liberals, himself a "repealer", was the late Newton L. MacKay. Young Murray, as an ardent Liberal, as a supporter of Fielding, and yet as a Cape Bretoner and supporter of MacKay and the Cape Breton Liberals, naturally would be in a dilemma. His vision, his political sagacity, together with his courage and honesty, saved him. He went against the repeal issue. That certainly required courage; but young Murray was far-visioned, even in his 25th year. Fortunately he was becoming admired by the younger Liberals. Meanwhile MacKay suddenly dropped dead. The old leader of the Cape Breton Liberals had passed. A new leader must be found. He was ready to hand—in young Murray. Though defeated in the election, the future premier's star was noted as shining and ascending. He lost an election, but he was already on the way to become the cynosure of the younger Liberals' eyes, and, partly, due to his political sagacity and courage in 1886 the union of Cape Breton Island and the peninsula of Nova Scotia is today intact and closer bound than ever.

Thrice successively, in 1887, 1891 and in 1896, G. H. Murray was defeated in elections for the Federal House. But such defeats meant nothing. Mr. Fielding had called him to the Legislative Council in 1889, where the much older and seemingly wiser heads felt the intellectual dominance of this new Knight in politics; and in 1891 he was reappointed to the Legislative Council, this time as member of the Executive, without portfolio, and the leader—which means the *mind*—of the government. In short, his political genius was clearly and early recognized, and, despite defeat in elections, G. H. Murray was fast becoming the idol of the Liberal party in Nova Scotia. His rise to relative political power, if not greatness, was inevitable. If, however, there were any doubt as to his politi-

cal sagacity or vision, and courage, such doubt was dispelled in 1896 when G. H. Murray opposed, against the wishes of his friend, colleague and chief (Mr. Fielding), that fiery war-horse of political battles, Sir Charles Tupper. Plato was inordinately, though justly proud of his pupil Aristotle, whom Plato called the Mind of the School—the Thinker. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was also very proud of his pupil and colleague in the Liberal Party—George Henry Murray. For Murray was the Mind of the Party in Nova Scotia—the Thinker. It was, then, as the Thinker, that this idol of the younger Liberals, in the campaign of 1896, showed unexampled political vision when he signalized the economic doctrine that the coal industry of Nova Scotia (including Cape Breton) is the basic resource of the province and that, therefore, the right economic way to develop Nova Scotia's coal industry would be by making it the chief agency for establishing and developing other great industries. In other words, establish in Nova Scotia great steel plants, and the coal industry will naturally develop itself—and Nova Scotia will soon take rank as a mighty centre of first-rate coal and steel industries.

Though defeated by Sir Charles, Mr. Murray, on Fielding's resigning to become a member of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's first cabinet, was called to the premiership of Nova Scotia: and from that day to this the policy of the internal development of Nova Scotia's coal and steel industries, and all other industries which are natural to the province, has been the consistent "working" policy of Premier Murray. But he is no economic or politico-economic "Sinn Feiner". He does believe in "Nova Scotia industries for Nova Scotians", but, in his political wisdom or sagacity, he also believes that the best way for Nova Scotia to prove itself an integral and constructive part of the Dominion is to cease promoting the idea of Nova Scotia being the "long wharf to Ontario" and to keep on, as he and his government

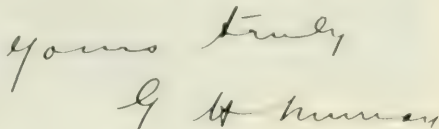
began and are still doing, in making Nova Scotia effectuate itself industrially, commercially, socially and intellectually.

Now, the people of Nova Scotia have, as just noted, freely "sized up" George Henry Murray as the one man who in a quarter of a century has had one consistent constructive policy, namely, to serve his own country and its people with the sanest political acumen and with the sincerest and most honest regard for the intellectual, social, industrial and commercial interests of the province. They know this, and because they know it and absolutely trust Premier Murray, they have, with profound confidence, returned him to power at five general elections, 1887, 1901, 1906, 1911, 1916, and with overwhelming majorities. But such implicit confidence on the part of the people of Nova Scotia, really without partisan bias in any appreciable degree, must have its obvious evidences, its concrete proofs.

Here are, in summary, some of the outstanding proofs. Nothing more specially need be said of Premier Murray's policy for the development of Nova Scotia's coal and steel industries. He has pursued a progressive policy with regard to the fishing and shipbuilding industries in the province, not quite on a par as yet with his mining and steel policy, but still constructive and effective. In technical education he has achieved progress that is a monument to himself. The Agricultural College at Truro and the Technical College at Halifax are, in their kind, excellent institutions. Both colleges are thoroughly democratic, inasmuch as the whole system of instruction in scientific farming and in all branches of engineering are open to the poorest at nominal fees, and the system itself is maintained and paid for by the province. In short, the Nova Scotia system of technical education is "free" education precisely in the same sense that the public school system is "free". Premier Murray has also established by legislation a system of Workmen's

Compensation which, it is confidently asserted, is in advance of similar humanitarian schemes in the other provinces of the Dominion. He has been wise in encouraging immigration. During the war he gave the province distinction by making it the first to undertake systematic Belgian relief; and all the while, and since, he has increased the usefulness of the Technical College in having its equipment and courses adjusted to fitting disabled returned soldiers for independence of the State by technical knowledge which assures them the ability to fill positions in commercial offices, in factories and industrial plants, and on the farm, and wherever special technical knowledge is required. What the people clearly recognize is that Premier Murray has made it the cardinal principle of his policy always to promote the interests of the whole proletariat and to safeguard the rights of the masses from encroachments by special interests or by the classes. To this end, with superb political sagacity and fine courage, he scorned to be partisan in his appointments in cases where the people's cause demanded "the right man in the right place". He did not hesitate to appoint Dr. A. H. MacKay, a Conservative, as Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia. He appointed Dr. Melville Cumming, a Conservative, Principal of the Agricultural College and Secretary of Agriculture for the province. Not to be forgotten was his selecting of Maj. W. E. Thompson, (who during the war rose to the rank of Colonel and D.O.C. of Military District No. 6), to restore harmony and reach an amicable settlement amongst the miners in the Springhill strike a decade ago. Col. Thompson, a Conservative, achieved the work for a provincial Liberal premier. Let such instances of progressive democratic policy suffice as proof that Premier Murray has the confidence of the Nova Scotia proletariat because they know, having seen for themselves, that he has always been the people's tribune.

Together with Rev. H. T. Roe, I submit a graphological reading of Premier Murray's handwriting, not as a curiosity, but as a novel revelation of the inner mentality of Nova Scotia's First Minister:



The image shows a handwritten signature in dark ink. The first line reads "Yours truly" in a cursive script. The second line reads "G. H. Murray" in a similar cursive script. Below the signature is a short horizontal line.

The ensemble shows a free, orderly mind. The running, fluid, mounting style denotes the "forward view" and ready delivery of thought in speech. The long tails of the y's disclose magnanimity: there is nothing small or petty in his thinking. The upward stroke to his t's shows that he is optimistic and progressive, that he does not live by way of revery and reflection on past performances, but that he is always ready to entertain a new idea, to think over the right thing to do. His attention to punctuation denotes caution. The firmness of his down strokes indicates strength of will; the wide spacing denotes clearness of thought, ampleness of mind; and the liaison between the middle initial and the surname signifies constructive, inclusive thought. The short horizontal stroke below the signature is characteristic of one who loves completed work.

Political sagacity, quiet courage, absolute honesty of purpose and methods, justice and magnanimity—these are the outstanding qualities of the political genius of Premier Murray. He is said to be a modest man. He is modest in the sense that he understands what are real spiritual values. He loves the goodwill and sincere regard of the plain people. He would want, I know, no nobler epitaph, when he passes, than this: "He kept faith with his people". Meantime he appears as Canada's political Bayard, a true Knight and Warrior in politics—"sans peur et sans reproche".



A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

MRS. WILLOUGHBY CUMMINGS AND HER WORK

IT would be difficult to find a woman who has led a life of more continuous and varied service to her country than Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, daughter of Rev. Jonathan Shortt, D.D., who was for more than thirty years rector of Port Hope. Emily Ann McCausland Shortt (to give her her maiden name) was educated at private schools in Port Hope and Montreal. In 1871 she married Mr. Willoughby Cummings, a barrister, who died in 1892, and since her marriage has lived in Toronto.

She began to write early in life and is one of Canada's pioneer press women. Her work often appeared above the *nom-de-plume* of "Sama", the Japanese word for "lady". In 1893 she attended the World's Fair in Chicago as special correspondent for *The Manitoba Free Press* and the *Toronto Globe*, and for ten years was a member of the editorial staff of the last-named newspaper. In 1900 she became the editor of a department in *The Canadian Magazine*, called "Woman's Sphere", in which she passes from biographical sketches and notes on the work of women's societies to questions of technical training and protests against giving to girls what she calls "amateurish teaching".

It is told that when as a small child she first began to attend the church

services, she noticed that her father had a habit of addressing his sermons almost entirely to the men of his congregation, and, in her quaint child's fashion, she protested, "Why do you always say, 'Dear brethren', father, and never 'Dear sistren'?"

The incident was characteristic and, in a measure, prophetic, for, all her life, Mrs. Cummings has thought it worth strenuous labour to help women to discover their duties and their powers and to give effect to these discoveries by co-operation in many forms of service. She took a prominent part in the foundation of several associations of Canadian women which have become nation-wide in their activities.

Mrs. Cummings was one of the seven women who met at Ottawa in April, 1886, and founded the "Woman's Auxiliary" to the recently organized Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Church of England in Canada. The new association had at first a severe struggle for existence, but in the thirty-three years since its inception it has become a power throughout the whole Dominion, with considerably more than 2,100 branches in the twenty-five dioceses, and a membership of something like 50,000. It is represented overseas and within the Dominion by fifty missionaries, besides Bible women. It is interesting that in 1886 the feeble, scarcely-organized "Auxiliary" of Toronto Diocese was set upon its feet by the request from a missionary that it



Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

should undertake the support of a woman missionary on the Blackfoot reserve. The thirty members of the branch gallantly undertook the task and that first "pledge" has been honoured ever since.

It was at this time that Mrs. Cummings became corresponding secretary of the Toronto Diocesan Woman's Auxiliary, an office which she held for nineteen years, and in 1903 she was appointed editor of the *Letter Leaflet*, which is always packed full of missionary information. Throughout its history the "W. A." has been especially helpful to the Indian missions of the Dominion, and in comparatively early days Mrs. Cummings made a tour to visit the Indian reserves in the West, afterwards writing an account of her trip for *The Church Magazine*, and also a series of articles on "Our Indian Wards" for the *Toronto Empire*.

Another great interest of Mrs. Cummings's strenuous life is bound up

with an association of women, international in its scope, yet so organized that it touches social life and service at innumerable points. On May 22nd, 1893, following the closing of "the wonderful Congress of Women", held at Chicago in connection with the World's Fair, representative women of twenty nations decided to form the International Council of Women, that federation of federations banded together for "the good of the family and the State—to further the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom and law".

Canada's "National Council", which was organized the same year, has done much work for the benefit of women and children in particular and of society in general. Forming a common meeting-ground for women of different localities, creeds and political opinions, it has been a force making for the firmer union of our Dominion, as the "W. A." has been in knitting together East and West.

For nineteen years, with a break when she was engaged to do educational work for the Government Annuities Scheme, Mrs. Cummings held in this organization also the exacting but most influential post of corresponding secretary. Now she is a vice-president of the National Council and as assistant editor of the Missionary Society of the Anglican Church is devoting the chief part of her time and energies to the furtherance of missionary work.

When on August 20th, 1914, Toronto organized the first of the Women's Patriotic Leagues of the Dominion, Mrs. Cummings took the heavy responsibility of chairmanship. Quite recently she has been elected honorary president of the Toronto Women's Patriotic League.

In 1910 King's College University, in Nova Scotia, conferred upon her the honorary degree of D.C.L. It was the first time that any woman, with the exception of Queen Mary (when Duchess of York) and the Countess of Aberdeen had been so distinguished by a Canadian university.

*

THE LADY OF THE MANOR

WHO," I asked the Person-whought-to-know," is the most interesting woman in Fort William?"

"Mabel Hannah," was the unhesitating answer.

"And who," I persisted, "is Mabel Hannah?"

"Why, she is——" and words failed, for the moment, "she is a girl who has entered aggressively into the social life of the city, is President of the Women's Canadian Club, and was recently elected by acclamation to the Board of Education; she is known as 'The Lady of the Manor,' and she is the Spirit of Wayside House."

Wayside House is a settlement, unique of its kind and an institution that is doing more than any other force to introduce the non-English-speaking population of Fort William

to Canadian life and culture. More than that, it is doing a splendid work in introducing to the Anglo-Saxon residents these strangers from foreign lands who will one day be fellow-citizens and who are bringing to us a civilization as full of merits, in many ways, as is our own.

Fort William, situated at the head of the Lakes, has attracted a large foreign population owing to the freight and grain trade. About a third of the people living there are non-English-speaking and these residents live in a low-lying district along the water's edge, known as the Coal Dock Section. In the midst of this neighborhood is Wayside House, a venture which was established in 1913 under the auspices of the Methodist Church and under the personal direction of Mr. J. M. Shaver.

But there is no religion discussed under its roof. Sufficient for its governing board, if its workers live religion regardless of denomination or all religions. Love, too, is taught as dogma. The spirit behind the force of Wayside House is Love, which should be the underlying principle of the basis of the highest citizenship, which in a practical development results in an understanding of mutual obligation whether it is restricted to the home, the club, the city or the Dominion.

Much of the work at Wayside House might be termed ordinary settlement work, including classes in English, sewing, cooking, story-telling, raffia and so on. But two features inaugurated by Miss Hannah and stamped with her illuminating personality are responsible in the main for its unprecedented success. These are the Fireside Clubs and the Big Sister scheme. And just here seems a good place to mention a fact of which Fort William is deservedly proud—during war-time conditions its municipal problems, its harbour problems, were fewer and less difficult to handle than those in any other city where the non-English population is as great. This Utopian



Miss Mabel Hannah,
"The Lady of the Manor"

achievement is credited to the remarkable influence of, and work done by, Wayside House!

Of the Fireside Clubs, Miss Hannah says, "Here, instead of having teachers come from up-town to the settlement, we take the girls in groups of six to the teacher's home. 'Teacher' is a broad term made to fit the finest mothers of the finest homes that are available. At seven o'clock the girls assemble at Wayside House and I take them to the various homes in which they have been invited to spend the evening. I call for them at nine. Each Club Mother develops her work along the line that interests her; some

do house work, others read, still others produce plays, and any of these activities are acceptable to us, for we do not wish the girls to be restricted to one branch of learning or cultivation. We are anxious that they should spend an hour with a lovely family whose atmosphere radiates something that cannot be taught in books. For example, when I called for one group last week, I found two knitting, one operating the Victrola, one playing dominoes with the fifteen-year-old-lad of the home and two were upstairs helping the mother with the baby, who was ill—each getting a definite bit of culture, although they will never

know they got it! That the girls like these Clubs is evidenced by some recent remarks I overheard one Sunday.

"Dear me," said one, "I wish Wednesday (Club night) came after Sunday."

"Believe me," answered another, "I wish Wednesday came after *every* day!"

Of the Big Sister scheme, Miss Hannah says, "It is usually the girl who is delinquent who is given a 'big sister'. But our way is different—we choose our best girls—those who seem to have the biggest possibilities, to show the surest traits of leadership, and for them we find big sisters. After a year or so of this contact, the child's mind is broadened and her viewpoint is changed until she has become astonishingly close to the ideal we planned for her."

Wayside House is open day and night. The children drop in on the way to school, play a couple of records or a game, maybe they sew on a button; at noon they stop for a minute on the way home, and in the afternoon they always run in to talk over school news, or to read. The books are in sectional cases and everyone helps herself just as though she were in her own home. A roll of transparent adhesive tape is always available, and whenever one finds a book torn, she mends it. The girls not only wash the floors and keep the coal scuttles full, but they paint and varnish the place as well!

Nothing is ever locked up. The store room, the cupboards are all open and they help themselves to whatever they wish to play with. Although about one hundred children make use of the House each day, rarely does anything disappear.

Miss Hannah speaks with deepest gratitude of her friends 'the up-town people'. "They are delightful!" she says. "Always ready to help. We have about sixty volunteer workers and no mention of Wayside House

would be complete without reference to their splendid contributions. Whenever there is a children's moving picture, or a good exhibit, or a pretty lawn fête, someone takes a class or two from here. Not very long ago fifty odd of our girls were told the story of "The Blue Bird" and then taken to see the picture. The older ones enjoyed the privilege of seeing Sir Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back", and to show you how they apply their knowledge, one of the children who had been told the story of "Pippa Passes", called my attention to the likeness between "Pippa" and the man in the boarding-house of the "Third Floor Back".

Miss Hannah was born and brought up on a farm near Hamilton. Her ambition to teach was realized and she went first to Newboro, Ontario, then three years later to a small new town in central Alberta. As a hobby she organized, out of school hours, about fifty of her girls into a Camp Fire Club, and for three years, she declares, "we had a most delightful club in which a few rare friendships were formed".

But the routine of teaching grew irksome, though the contacts it afforded fascinated this intense lover of humanity, and when an opportunity (in the form of the late R. B. Chadwick, Provincial Superintendent of the Department of Neglected and Delinquent Children) offered, Miss Hannah gave up teaching and started in on the work of Social Service.

She brazenly asserts that she dealt out school books as souvenirs, then betaking herself to Chicago, she entered the school of sociology, leaving there in 1914 to take charge of Wayside House.

She lives right among her people and is the good friend and neighbour of every foreign-born citizen. She allows them to see what real Canadian friendship is like; she leads them by personal contact and teaches much by encouraging individual expression.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE HOHENZOLLERNS IN AMERICA

By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.



HERE are gathered together comical sketches or burlesques such as this distinguished Canadian author delights to fabricate. Besides the one that gives the title there are "With the Bolsheviks in Berlin", "Afternoon Tea with the Sultan", "Echoes of the War", "The War News as I remember it", and "Other Impossibilities". Many readers will not find these sketches so frankly comical as some of Dr. Leacock's work found elsewhere, but they contain, nevertheless, some excellent humour, many bits of exquisite irony, and observations on life in general that are, to say the least, interesting and penetrating. The argument of "The Hohenzollerns in America" is that the late German imperial family should be compelled to emigrate to America, with no more money or goods or influence than the average steerage passenger on an ocean liner. Dr. Leacock uses the literary device of having an imaginary niece of the Kaiser's write a diary of the voyage and their early experiences in America. It is an almost impossible literary feat, and yet Dr. Leacock has accomplished it with signal success.

*

THE UNDYING FIRE

By H. G. WELLS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

READERS of this present popular and amazingly prolific writer have good reason to believe that each

of his novels contains a study of some peculiar phase of life as it is encountered to-day and that he is not merely a story-teller. Certainly anyone who wishes an enthralling romance or mystery should not take up "The Undying Fire", because the book is rather a psychological study, a revelation of the goaded egoticism of the headmaster of a school of boys in England, a school where the Board of Governors leaned towards a "practical" education, while the Head leaned towards the classics and a presentation of the facts and meaning of life. The book sets forth the differing views in the course of long and serious argument between the Head, who is about to undergo a surgical operation and may not recover, and several members of the Board and Faculty. In the midst of the discussion Dr. Barrack comes in. Replying to the question, "Then what must a proper education be?" Dr. Barrack, having been appealed to, says:

"Tell them (the pupils) what the world is, tell them every rule and trick of the game mankind has learnt, and tell them 'Be yourselves'. Be yourselves up to the hilt . . . put everything of yourself into the Process. If the Process wants you it will accept you; if it doesn't you will go under. You can't help it—either way. You may be the bit of marble that is left in the statue, or you may be the bit of marble that is thrown away. You can't help it. Be yourself!"

The whole teaching of the book is that no matter what you may know or not know about life and the universe one thing is sure and that is that there is in or about man some force that



Miss G. Murray Atkin

Author of "Flowers of the Wind" a volume of exquisite poetry.

impels him forward, that gives him the impulse to seek greater achievements, to do greater and nobler things.

*

FLOWERS OF THE WIND

BY G. MURRAY ATKIN. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE title of this book at once denotes its charm. To it there is an indefinable fragrance and vagrancy, just as there is between the covers. But the author has not sacrificed everything on the altar of sheer beauty and charm, as many poets do, for she expresses a depth of emotion that has the poignancy sometimes found in the work of Alice Meynell; and she avoids all the trumpery of lighter spirits. There is nothing boisterous or shocking, and the one bal-

lad is notable for its simplicity and refinement. Refinement, indeed, is perhaps the book's greatest charm, for every line is a piece of fine work refined with skill and with a just appreciation of its fitness. The book is made so that it is pleasing even if only to be taken up and looked at. The author is a Canadian, a resident of Montreal. We quote two of the poems:

MEMORIES

It was only a cloud that the wind had
blown

Across the summer sky.

And yet because of a love once known,
Of a fleeting joy that is long since flown,
It looked like an angel's wing on high
Trailing so light on the grey, blue sky.

It was only the perfume of wet pine trees
Moist with the dripping rain,
But it waked in my heart old ecstasies
As it came to me on a northern breeze,
Thrilling anew some forgotten strain,
Some wonder chord of a lost refrain.

O the shimmering webs of a far-off mist
 Blown to the open sea.
 Why do they bring back a night moon
 kissed:
 The love we had and the life we missed;
 Dusk and the night wind will take from
 me
 The clouds that drift and tell of thee.

FAREWELL

O fare thee well. The day is here at last,
 That each must go his way, alone, apart.
 Our little tale of love is told and past.

Ah, go. The yesterday that bound my
 heart
 To yours is gone. Lips will not warm at
 will.

We do but journey to another place
 To live again. Our dream goes with us
 still.

Each bears in memory the other's face.
 All this I know—And yet there lies a chill
 That will not lift, or rise from off my
 soul.



SONGS AND CHANTIES

By C. FOX SMITH. London: Elkin
 Mathews.

LOVERS of poetry, especially of the
 ballad form, know Miss Smith's
 work well. For the author of these
 four books in one delights in the
 ballad, and is the writer almost ex-
 clusively of sailors and the sea; that
 style of verse suits best her characters
 and her stories. There is a fine swing
 to all she writes, and it is the style of
 writing that appeals to men. This
 volume contains within one cover
 "Songs in Sail" (1914), "Sailor
 Town" (1914), "The Naval Crown"
 (1915), and "Fighting Men" (1916).
 We quote "Hastings Mill":

As I went down by Hastings Mill I lin-
 gered in my going
 To smell the smell of piled-up deals and
 feel the salt wind blowing,
 To hear the cables fret and creak and the
 ropes stir and sigh
 (Shipmate, my shipmate!) as in days gone
 by.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I saw
 a ship there lying,
 About her tawny yards the little clouds
 of sunset flying;
 And half I took her for the ghost of one
 I used to know
 (Shipmate, my shipmate!) many years ago.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I saw
 while I stood dreaming,
 The flicker of her riding light along the
 ripples' streaming,
 The bollards where we made her fast and
 the berth where she did lie,
 (Shipmate, my shipmate!) in the days
 gone by.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I heard
 a fellow singing,
 Chipping off the deep-sea rust above the
 tide a-swinging,
 And well I knew the queer old tune and
 well the song he sung,
 (Shipmate, my shipmate!) when the world
 was young.

And past the rowdy Union Wharf, and by
 the still tide sleeping,
 To a randy dandy deep-sea tune my heart
 in time was keeping,
 To the thin, far sound of a shadowy watch
 a-hauling,
 And the voice of one I knew across the
 high tide calling,
 (Shipmate, my shipmate!) and the late
 dusk falling!



THE SECRET CITY

By HUGH WALPOLE. Toronto: Mc-
 Clelland and Stewart.

THIS, so far, is one of the very best
 novels of the war, and yet it is
 concerned but very little with the
 war. The scene is laid in Petrograd,
 where Durward (or "Durdles", as he
 is known familiarly by his Russian
 friends), an Englishman, who tells
 the story in the first person, lived at
 the time of the bursting of the latest
 revolution. The principal characters
 are Durward himself, Markovitch, an
 unsuccessful inventor and husband of
 Vera, one of the most fascinating wo-
 men in recent fiction; Semyonov, an
 uncle of Vera; Nina, a sister of Vera,
 and another Englishman, Vera's na-
 tural lover. But they are all lovers
 of Vera, even the sister. For no mat-
 ter what the circumstance or what
 the occasion, Vera, whether she is
 active or passive, is the centre of in-
 terest. All eyes turn to her and the
 reader's attention is held by her.
 Semyonov is an intensely sinister fig-
 ure, and one feels all the time that
 beneath his mask of friendliness there

is the sting of the adder. The life of Petrograd is revealed in an intimate fashion, and one feels that one has an insight into Russian family life and character, but it is perhaps only an insight, for the author admits and the characters themselves admit that it is impossible for the English ever to understand the Russian. As an absorbing tale this novel is not often surpassed.

*

NATIONAL LITERARY CONTEST

The Arts and Letters Club of Ottawa, with a view to encouraging Canadian national literary expression, announces a literary competition in three classes. The first is open to all persons residing in Canada; the second is confined to veterans, as defined by the Great War Veterans' Association, and the third to pupils of high schools or collegiate institutes in Canada.

The prizes range in value from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars, and are to be given for both prose and verse. Manuscripts should be addressed to Mr. T. A. Browne, director of the Arts and Letters Club, national literary competition, Room 44, Y.M.C.A. Building, Ottawa.

*

BUILDING THE NORTH

By J. B. MACDOUGALL. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

NEW Ontario displays many forms of development other than of the mine and the forest. This fact is amply set forth in Dr. MacDougall's book, which is a splendid review of the opening up and settlement of that splendid tract of country that lies between North Bay and Hudson Bay and runs eastward to the Quebec

border and westward into Manitoba. A graphic account is given of the Cobalt and Porcupine boom days and of the remarkable mining operations that have been carried on in both those camps. Dr. MacDougall points out that while the material things of mining and settlement were being pushed forward, new departures were being made in the field of education, with the result that New Ontario has set the pace, particularly with respect to consolidated schools. The book is profusely illustrated.

*

THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE

By W. B. YEATS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ONE time Mr. Yeats was asked what was the meaning of a poem he had written about some trees in bloom. He answered frankly that he did not know what it meant. In this volume of much charming poetry there are some numbers that might tax the average understanding. Here is one of them:

THE COLLAR-BONE OF A HARE

Would I could cast a sail on the water
Where many a king has gone
And many a king's daughter,
And alight at the comely trees and the
lawn,
The playing upon pipes and the dancing,
And learn that the best thing is
To change my lobes while dancing,
And pay but a kiss for a kiss.

I would find by the edge of that water
The collar-bone of a hare,
Worn thin by the lapping of water,
And pierce it through with a gimlet and
stare
At the old bitter world where they marry
in churches,
And laugh over the untroubled water
At all who marry in churches
Through the white, thin bone of a hare.





IN THE NORTHLAND

From the Painting by Frank Johnson. Exhibited by the Ontario Society of Artists



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THE "MAYFLOWER" TERCENTENARY

BY CHARLES MORSE



IN the sixth day of September (O.S.), in the year of grace 1620, the little ship *Mayflower* left Plymouth Sound carrying the Pilgrim Fathers in quest of a home in the New World. They were voluntary exiles for conscience' sake. Many of them had known the sorrows of expatriation before, having come from the English Separatist community in Leyden, which at the time was shepherded by Pastor John Robinson. Of the hundred and two souls that took passage in the ship, not more than thirty-four men of full age at the time are properly to be regarded as of the pilgrim company, the remainder of the men being craftsmen and servants.

The *Mayflower* expedition was undertaken in virtue of a patent from the Virginia Company to John Pierce and his associates, and contemplated a settlement much farther south than that actually planted by the pilgrims.

The voyage was a tedious one of some nine weeks, and the captain was so far out of his reckoning that the first land he sighted was Cape Cod, many leagues north of the point which he had been instructed to make. The exiles, feeling that they had no right to settle in this region, endeavoured to persuade the master of the ship to proceed to some place about Hudson's River for their debarkation, so that the terms of their patent might be complied with. The master grudgingly consented, but, to quote Governor Bradford's "History of the Plymouth Plantation":

"After they had sailed yt course about halfe of ye day, they fell among deangerous shoulds, and roring breakers, and they were so far intangled ther with, as they conceiued their selves in great danger, and ye wind shrinking vpon them withall, they resolved to bear vp againe for the cape; and thought them selves happy to gett out of

those dangers before night overtook them, as by God's good providence they did; And ye next day they gott into ye cape-harbour where they ridd in saftie".

This decision of the exiles to choose a place of settlement not authorized by their patent, exposed them to the risk of disorder. They had no power to set up civil government, as they might have done under the patent had they reached their proper destination. Being Englishmen, however, they had a native instinct for law and order, and they rose to the occasion in a splendid way. The Massachusetts coast had been reached on the 9th November, but the exiles determined not to land until they had adopted a written constitution for their colony. This was solemnly done at a meeting held in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. The document so framed is one of the most interesting and important in the records of political history. It is the solitary concrete example of the "social compact" so fondly imagined by Hobbes, Locke, Rousseau and Kant; and it is also the corner-stone of democracy in the New World. It is well worthy of being read, marked and inwardly digested when, as now the world over, the temper of the times is in the direction of social disintegration and lawlessness. The text as it has come down to us reads as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord King James, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

"Having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually covenant and combine themselves together into a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, Acts, constitutions and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we

promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord King James of England, France and Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Domini, 1620."

This constitutional compact was signed by the thirty-four men with whom the experiment in colonization originated, and by seven of their servants or hired workmen. It possesses, therefore, two noteworthy and outstanding political features, namely, loyalty to constituted authority in the country whence they had emigrated—nay, were forced to emigrate—for conscience' sake; and a frank and forthright recognition of democratic equality in the social order which they sought to establish in their country of adoption. Their willingness to acknowledge allegiance to the British Crown distinguishes the puritanism of the Pilgrim Fathers from that type of intransigent puritanism which animated the later settlements in Massachusetts. But while, as Jefferson puts it, the colonists recognized the King as the first magistrate of the Empire, they never recognized Parliament, because they had parliaments of their own. Looked at from every angle the spirit of this constitution could only have emerged from minds of the highest type. Perhaps its chief significance lies in its lesson that great political reforms are not necessarily written in the terms of civil strife long drawn out, but may come suddenly and by chance in the peaceful supersession of worn-out systems by those that are new and suited to the needs of the hour. Goldwin Smith, after declaring that the signatures appended to the compact constitute a list of names in comparison with which the Roll of Battle Abbey is a poor record of nobility, goes on to say of the compact itself that "there are points in history at which the spirit which moves the whole shows itself more clearly through the outward frame. This is one of them. Here we are passing

from the feudal age of privilege and force to the age of due submission and obedience, to just and equal offices and laws, 'for our better ordering and preservation'. In this political covenant of the Pilgrim Fathers lies the American Declaration of Independence."

The pilgrims were deliberate about leaving the ship. They wished to make sure of the friendly character of the natives as well as the adaptability of the land for habitation before the whole body ventured on shore. An armed company under Captain Myles Standish was sent to explore the region of Cape Cod, but some weeks elapsed before the pilgrims were persuaded that the land bordering on the little harbour which the famous Captain John Smith had named "Plymouth" some few years before was a desirable place for settlement. Tradition would fain divide the honour of being the first to land on Plymouth Rock between John Alden, whom Longfellow has immortalized, and pretty Mary Chilton, but the exploring party must have surely preceded all others in effecting a landing there. At all events we have Governor Bradford's word for it that it was not until December 16th that the *Mayflower* was brought to anchor in Plymouth Bay, and owing to uncertain weather it was not until Christmas Day, 1620 (O.S.), that goods were landed from the ship and preparations made for the erection of dwellings.

The sufferings of the colonists during the first winter were so great that nearly one-half of them perished—but that is another story. After they had framed and signed their simple constitution in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, the pilgrims proceeded to the election of a governor. The choice fell upon John Carver, who had been one of the keenest promoters of the expedition. Mr. Carver died within six months and was replaced by William Bradford, a man of great force and ability, who held office, with one or two short intermissions of his

own choosing, until his death in 1657. A Council to advise the Governor was also elected.

At first the laws by which they agreed to be governed were passed by the whole company of freemen, in much the same way that laws were made by the Saxon witenagemotes and are still made in the democratic cantons of Switzerland; but when the colony came to embrace two townships other than the original one of Plymouth more convenient machinery was needed for the business of legislation. Delegates were sent from the several townships to a general assembly, consisting of the Governor and his Council together with the delegates themselves, and in this way representative government was set up in the colony. In process of time a bi-cameral legislature was evolved with a governor at its head, forming a paradigm for political institutions such as those obtaining in the older Canadian provinces before 1867. But all this was an indigenous political growth, for the British Government left the Plymouth colony to its own devices for a period of sixty-four years. True, the colonists in 1629 procured a patent from the Plymouth Company in England giving them the privilege of self-government subject to the laws of England, but this was never confirmed by the Crown. Long after popular government had reached a high degree of efficiency in the Plymouth colony, it was united with the colony of Massachusetts under a charter granted to the latter by William and Mary in the year 1691.

We have already said that the puritanism of the Pilgrim Fathers was not of that iron kind that marked the Massachusetts colonists who came after them. Men like Governor Bradford, Myles Standish and Edward Winslow were cast in a broader mould than Governor Winthrop, able as he was. They could be loyal to the king who had harried them out of England. But Winthrop's aim in coming to Massachusetts was to set up a theo-

cratic State modelled upon that of the Jews in Old Testament days—a piece of wrong-headed piety the unhappy influences of which have not yet been wholly laid. It was also his aim to free the colony from the jurisdiction of the Stuart king. (Cf. Fiske, "The Beginning of New England", cap. iv.) "Whereas the Plymouth men never arrogated to themselves exclusive possession of the true light, and therefore were not compelled to become persecutors, the colony of Massachusetts was, from its outset, distinguished by all that was fiercest and most uncompromising in the spirit of militant puritanism." (Fletcher: *Introd. Hist. Engl.* vol. II, p. 524).

When Winthrop, instigated thereby to by the narrow-minded bigotry of the Reverend John Cotton, of Boston, and the Reverend Thomas Hooker, of Newtown, expelled the saintly Roger Williams from the church at Salem, he was given asylum at Plymouth for two years where Bradford and Winslow treated him with every kindness although his religious views were distasteful to them. Upon Williams being finally banished from the Massachusetts colony Bradford could find it in his heart to write of him as "a man godly and zealous, having many precious gifts". To do all this bespeaks an *élévation de l'âme* that the true puritan in his blindness would have regarded as a beguilement of the devil.

Even the casual reader of to-day who comes to the writings of Bradford and Winslow would not be apt to regard them as belonging to the Boston and Newtown type of hot gospellers; nor after what Holmes has sung of Myles Standish and his men shall we be disposed to think of them as being numbered with the very elect:

It was on a dreary winter's eve, the night
was closing dim,
When old Myles Standish took the bowl,
and filled it to the brim;
The little captain stood and stirred the
posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men at arms were rang-
ed about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in—the man
that never feared—
He took a long and solemn draught, and
wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the mustketeers—the men
that fought and prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk,
and not a man afraid.

And so while we are to ascribe the honour of introducing purely democratic institutions into America to the Pilgrim Fathers, we must on the other hand exonerate them from the accusation of doing the same by narrow-minded and intransigent puritanism. Nor should we overlook the value of their experiment in communal ownership. For nearly seven years the Plymouth colony lived and worked on a basis involving a community of goods, but it was found that production languished because many individuals shirked their responsibility to work and left it to their comrades. This abuse continuing, the governor and his advisers decided to divide the land and stock among the individual settlers; and when this was done it was found that the prosperity of the colony was greatly promoted. Governor Bradford's comments on this matter are both quaint and instructive:

"The experience that was had in this common course and condition—tried sundry years, and that amongst godly and sober men—may well evince the vanity of that conceit of Plato's and other ancients, applauded by some of later times, that the taking away of property and bringing in community into a commonwealth would make them happy and flourishing—as if they were wiser than God. For this community (so far as it was) was found to breed much confusion and discontent, and retard much employment that would have been to their benefit and comfort."

Thus while the change from a communal system to that of individual proprietorship in the Plymouth colony was the result of economic determinism, yet we see that the leaders of the colony had a very clear apprehension of the futility and unworkableness of any political theory that would deny to society the benefits accruing to it from the free play of

the exceptional gifts of the few by levelling everything down to an average mediocrity of capability and achievement. They recognized as clearly as does the sane economist of to-day that private property and individual initiative are the prime factors in the accumulation of wealth in any community, and that without wealth—which is another word for *well-being*—there can be no real progress of humanity.

All said and done, the Pilgrim Fathers played the game well in their day and generation. The proposed celebration next year, both in England and America, of the tercentenary of their enterprise in colonization cannot but serve to deepen our sense of obligation to these great Englishmen of the seventeenth century who helped, perhaps unwittingly, in so large a measure to shape the destiny of the modern world.

THE STARS

BY MARGARET HILDA WISE

WE cheered them home as the sun went down,
 And the noise of their feet
 Once more on the old, familiar street,
 And the call of their bugles, clear and sweet,
 Rang through the town

And we noticed, after the light was gone,
 The evening sky
 Bright with a myriad stars . . . Could I but fly,
 Who knows but I should find
 'Twas the unshed tears of the woman, whose son
 They left behind.

CANADA AND THE WEST INDIES

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY



DURING the past few months remarkable strides, of which the general public in Canada know little, have been made towards linking up the West Indies with Canada in bonds as intimate and indissoluble as the marriage tie between individuals.

Two factors have given impetus to this movement—first, the fact that the shipping contract under the reciprocity agreement between Canada and a portion of the West Indies has expired, and is now being continued on a temporary basis pending a further arrangement, while the agreement itself comes to an end early in 1922; second, the fact that the whole economic development of the British Empire is undergoing a transformation as a result of the war. Both these considerations have made it necessary that Canada and the West Indies should reconsider their relations towards each other and decide, without undue delay, what their future status towards each other shall be. Additional urgency is given to the question by the fact that a great awakening has taken place in the United States as to the importance of the West Indies, and that American traders and capitalists are investigating the possibilities of these richly-dowered islands.

At the present time the United States has an advantage over Canada in that it comprises within its borders

both temperate and semi-tropical zones, making it self-sufficient in the matter of natural products. It need hardly be said that it would be an immense advantage to Canada to have similar conditions. This point conceded, it will at once be realized how potent are the possibilities for an arrangement by which Canada and the West Indies shall be made complementary of each other.

To some extent they have already been made so by the Canadian-West Indian reciprocity agreement. But that agreement was of a temporary nature, and, as has already been said, will expire in about two years. Furthermore, it only embraces a portion of the West Indies—and when I say West Indies I am, for purposes of convenience, including in that term not only the islands of the Caribbean, but also the British possessions on the mainland of South America.

To understand the scope of the reciprocity agreement it is necessary to remember that the British West Indies lie in two distinct groups. One group lies along the route of the direct steamship line between Canada and British Guiana. This group includes the Virgin Islands, Antigua, St. Kitts-Nevis, Montserrat, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Barbados, Grenada, Trinidad and Tobago, and British Guiana. All these are parties to the reciprocity agreement. The other group lies considerably to the west of Jamaica, and British Honduras, on the mainland. None of

these are parties to the reciprocity agreement.

There is a direct and regular steamship service between Canada and the first group. Under the terms of the reciprocity agreement it is subsidized wholly by Canada, at a cost of \$340,-666.66 per annum, worked out on the basis of so much a trip for each ship. There is no direct steamship service between Canada and the second group, the result being that Uncle Sam acts as the intermediary for most of whatever interchange of trade there is between them and Canada, and incidentally captures a large part of the trade for himself. The total imports of the preference colonies, computed on a pre-war basis (the figures of 1912) are \$44,237,839, and the total exports \$41,304,363. The total imports of the non-preference colonies are \$19,858,144, and the total exports \$17,186,057. Of the non-preference colonies, Jamaica, with its dependent islands of Turks, Caicos and Cayman, is by far the most important, being credited with \$14,642,303 of the total imports given above and \$13,004,562 of the total exports.

Now the reason why Jamaica chose to stand out of the reciprocity agreement was that a very large proportion of her exports go to the American markets, and she feared that if she gave a preference to Canada, the United States would retaliate by a countervailing duty against Jamaican products. There are reasons to believe that she regrets that decision, and is now anxious to pull the latch-string which Sir George Foster told her at the time would always be hanging on the outside of the door for her.

We know now that not only are the West Indian colonies which are included in the agreement anxious to continue and extend the arrangement, but that Jamaica, the Bahamas and British Honduras would also like to come in. The Canadian Government, on its part, has made it quite evident that it is willing and anxious for such an arrangement.

The problem now is, what form shall this arrangement take? Both sides are demanding something better than a reciprocity agreement covering a term of years. They want a permanent union in some form or other.

Mr. T. B. Macaulay, the President of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, and the President and founder of the Canadian-West Indian League, is an advocate of a fifty per cent. preference between Canada and the West Indies, and has recently toured the preference colonies preaching that doctrine. Under this agreement there would be a trading advantage between Canada and the West Indies. Mr. Harry Crowe, a wealthy Canadian of Toronto, and a prominent member of the League of which Mr. Macaulay is president, is an advocate of out-and-out Confederation between Canada and the West Indies, and has been touring the West Indies, including Jamaica, telling of the advantages of such a union. Others, both in Canada and the West Indies, who have given much study to the question, advocate some such arrangement as that which at present exists between the United States and Porto Rico.

The main difficulty in connection with the question is one of population. The present population of the West Indies is about 2,000,000. This is capable of great expansion, for if all were as densely populated as Barbados is to-day, the British West Indies would have a population of 113,-777,978. It is obvious, therefore, that this possibility of future population has to be taken into account in any arrangement that may be effected for union with Canada.

The population is made up of whites and black and coloured races. In every colony the black and coloured races are in an immense majority. For instance, in Jamaica, the black and coloured races are ninety-five per cent. of the population. There is every prospect that this proportion of black and coloured races will be maintained.

While there are many well-educated and extremely able black and coloured men high up in the professions and industries, the majority of the population are considerably below the standard of civilization prevailing in Canada, and here is where the difficulty of out-and-out Confederation at once presents itself. Canadians, it is felt, would object to black and coloured populations being admitted to Confederation on terms of equality with themselves, and would not relish such men sitting in the Canadian Parliament and voting on questions concerning the government of the Dominion. West Indians, on the other hand, have indicated (or at least some of them have) that they would not like out-and-out Confederation because any representatives they sent to Canada would be in a distinct minority, and would always be voted down in any matter raising a question between white and coloured populations.

There are other difficulties arising from the same source. The form of government varies in the West Indies. Some have a limited form of self-government. Others have not. On the whole, the population is well satisfied with the present forms of government. The British Government exercises a paternal attitude towards the West Indies and the governing institutions are regarded with great affection and loyalty by the people as a whole. British colonial administration has behind it long traditions which make for respect and contentment. It is to be doubted whether a transference of allegiance from Downing Street to Ottawa would be regarded with the same contentment and respect, even if the British authorities were agreeable to it.

Commercial union, which would leave present administrative institutions in the West Indies undisturbed, is therefore what many are advocating. Its leading advocate, Mr. T. P. Macaulay, says: "Both sides have everything to gain and nothing to lose by it. But I believe political union

would be a great mistake, on account of the great distance of the islands from Canada and the mutual lack of knowledge of each other's needs. It would be unwise that either should attempt to control the government of the other. The idea that a Canadian federal election should turn on the vote of the British West Indies would be equally as ridiculous as the controlling of West Indian affairs by a Canadian majority."

To this Mr. Harry Crowe, the leading exponent of confederation, replies: "Having regard to the annihilation of distance brought about by improved seaplane, steamship and cable services, I do not consider the objection of distance to be insuperable. As for not knowing each other's needs, unless we gain a knowledge of these, and have a mutual interest in each other's welfare, not even a commercial union would be successful. As to the objection of controlling each other's governments, the West Indies should have control of their own local affairs through a system of provincial governments similar to their present administration, while the affairs in which British America is interested as a whole would naturally be vested in the Federal Government. My principal objection to a commercial union, as opposed to confederation, is that no Parliament could legislate a commercial treaty to stand for all time, and even if it were possible the United States or some other country might make such overtures to the West Indies as would result in a treaty that would destroy any advantages there might be in a purely commercial union."

The arrangement between the United States and Porto Rico, which has been put forward by many as a model for the consideration of Canada in dealing with the West Indies, is one that was adopted after seven years of experimenting and consideration. Under this arrangement, Porto Rico has been admitted to the Union on a federal basis, but with some important conditions. Porto Rico has the same

general laws as the United States. These are administered by an Executive Council appointed by the United States, under a Governor appointed by the President of the United States. In matters of local concern, the people have local self-government, legislation for which is invested in a Legislature, consisting of two Houses, the House of Representatives and the Senate. Porto Rico is represented at Washington not by members of Congress, but by a Resident Commissioner to the United States, chosen at each general election by the qualified electors of Porto Rico. His salary, and the salaries of the Governor and Executive Council, are paid by the United States and Porto Rico. Free trade exists between the United States and Porto Rico. The money necessary for insular and municipal governments is raised by means of taxes and assessments on property, internal revenue, license fees and royalties for franchises, privileges and concessions. The United States tariff applies on all imports. All the people are recognized as United States citizens. The plan is stated to be working out well, and to be bringing great prosperity to Porto Rico.

The reciprocity agreement between Canada and the West Indies has been successful in bringing about a large increase in Canadian exports to the West Indies and West Indian exports to Canada. The question whether Canada has a large enough market to offer the West Indies in return for a free trade arrangement—a market which would offset any disadvantage which the West Indies might suffer in the markets of the United States as a result of such arrangement—is solved by a study of the exports of the West Indies and the imports of tropical and semi-tropical products by Canada. The figures show conclusively that Canada imports almost twice the total production of the products by the West Indies, there being one or two exceptions, such as cocoa, for which the West Indies have a large market elsewhere, and bananas, the produc-

tion of which is being discouraged in Jamaica, owing to the destructive hurricanes. The figures, officially compiled from the latest statistics available, are as follows:

Article.	West Indies Exp. to Can.	Canada Total imports.
Sugar	\$18,370,000	\$31,560,000
Molasses	1,800,000	2,000,000
Cocoa	519,000	1,500,000
¹ Coffee	243,000	2,295,000
Spices	38,000	550,000
Rice	1,500,000
Cocoanuts	100,000	236,000
² Bananas	2,615,000
³ Vegetables	18,000	3,800,000
Pineapples	100	270,000
Oranges and grape- fruit	39,000	4,000,000
Lemons and limes	1,400	736,000
Lime juice	6,000	159,000
Canned fruits ..	19,500	611,000
⁴ Figs	146,000
Honey	8,900	66,000
Beeswax	4,000	57,000
Salt	25,000	745,000
⁵ Tobacco	800	6,000,000
Chicle	1,000,000	2,280,000
Sponge	9,000	70,500
⁶ Hemp	500,000
⁷ Rubber	6,700,000
Balata	10,000	10,000
⁸ Asphalt	500,000
⁹ Mineral oils	14,480,000
¹⁰ Alumina	1,320,000
¹¹ Hides and skins..	108,000	12,800,000
Cotton	1,000,000
Logwood, etc. ...	1,400	2,500,000
¹² Wood	200,000	7,200,000
Arrowroot	5,600	9,000
Total	\$22,525,700	108,315,500

- 1 Canada takes \$1,000,000 worth from Brazil alone.
- 2 Much below normal. Jamaica exported \$5,000,000 in 1914.
- 3 Canada took \$21,715 in 1913, \$5,838 in 1914, \$452 in 1915.
- 4 Canada took a small quantity in 1914 and 1915.
- 5 Tobacco in West Indies susceptible of unlimited development.
- 6 Canada imported jute cloth, etc., \$6,000,000.
- 7 Extensive plantations in British Guiana, not yet producing.
- 8 Total in 1913, \$800,000, gradually decreasing during war.
- 9 Oilfields of Trinidad more than sufficient to supply Canada.
- 10 Large deposits of bauxite in British Guiana, not yet developed.
- 11 Cattle-raising projected on savannas of British Guiana.
- 12 Timber resources of British Guiana, British Honduras, Jamaica and the Bahamas, hardly yet touched.

For all the above-mentioned products, the West Indies would get a preferential market in Canada, while in the United States market they have

to compete at a disadvantage with the products of California, the Southern States, and such semi-tropical islands as are within United States territory.

As for Canadian exports to the West Indies, no one can dispute the importance of having a preferential market in semi-tropical territories of such present and potential importance.

Informal negotiations have already been entered into between the Canadian Government and certain representatives of the West Indies with a view to bringing about the closer relations which have been suggested. That is to say, the Canadian Government has been sounded out on the question, and has been found to be anxious and even enthusiastic over the idea of extending the reciprocity agreement, in the matter of larger preference and in that of wider scope.

Perhaps the most important steps so far taken have been in connection with British Guiana. When Sir Robert Borden was in Canada some time ago during a brief respite from his duties overseas, Honourable Russell Garnet, who is one of the leading forces in the administrative counsels of British Guiana, interviewed him and other members of the Dominion Cabinet, with a view to finding out how they stood in the matter. The result was that Mr. Garnet was able to go back to British Guiana and report very favourably on the outlook.

Matters have moved quickly since then. Soon after Mr. Garnet's return home, an important meeting of representative citizens was held in Georgetown to discuss the question. Captain J. M. Reid, Comptroller of Customs for British Guiana, presented a detailed memorandum on the subject, in which he pointed out that the present was a most opportune time for securing closer trade relations with Canada. He suggested that all articles which are now imported from Canada at preferential rates of duty under the Trade Agreement should be admitted free of duty; that all pro-

ducts of British Guiana which enter the Canadian market at preferential rates should similarly be placed on the Canadian free list; and that the general rates of duty on all such articles should remain as at present in both countries.

He pointed out that any concession of this nature granted to Canada would, of course, have to be extended to the Mother Country.

As precedents for such a course, he recalled that Tunisian, Algerian, Corsican, French and West Indian French and Algerian products are, to a great extent, admitted free into France, or receive substantial preference, and the exports of France are reciprocally treated on importation into the foregoing possessions. Spain and her possessions in Africa have similar reciprocal treatment. The United States regard Porto Rico, Hawaii, and Alaska as customs collection districts in the United States of America, and trade between them and the United States is free of duty. Furthermore, the products and manufactures of the Philippine Islands, except rice, and with certain limitations as to quantity in the case of sugar, tobacco and cigars, are admitted free of customs duty into the United States, there being reciprocal treatment for United States products in the Philippines.

The meeting was overwhelmingly in favour of the proposal, and a resolution was carried calling on the Government to take steps along the lines suggested.

There are indications that the example will be followed by most, if not all, the islands. The subject has been the theme of many meetings in Jamaica, where important bodies have passed resolutions either in favour of free trade with Canada, or of out-and-out Confederation. As the extended shipping contract agreement between Canada and the West Indies will expire within the year, it may be expected that formal negotiations will not be long delayed.

Of course, the whole subject hinges

on this question of steamship communication. That portion of the West Indies now served by a direct line is anxious to have a more frequent service than at present, while a new line would, of course, have to be started to serve Jamaica, the Bahamas, and British Honduras. As Jamaica lies at the gates of the Panama Canal, it is suggested that a line of steamship might be run between Halifax and Vancouver, *via* the Panama Canal, and serving Jamaica, the Bahamas and British Honduras on the way. This would bring Western Canada into closer touch with the West Indies. It is understood that the Canadian Government propose to put some of the steamships now being built by the Marine Department into the West Indian service.

There is something more than trade bound up in the question of closer relations with the West Indies. Many of the territories included here in the term the British West Indies are still in the pioneer stage of development. For instance, the whole population of

British Guiana is concentrated near the seacoast, and a vast hinterland, containing some of the richest lands existing anywhere in the tropics, is awaiting development. There are 57,770,000 acres of land in British Guiana, which includes large savannahs suitable for agriculture, valuable forests of tropical woods, and many kinds of mineral deposits. It is felt that a closer connection with Canada would result in large Canadian enterprises for the development of the country, and especially in the supply of the professional and technical skill for the carrying out of the colony's great schemes for railway building.

The other colonies also look to a quickening of the spirit of enterprise through closer connection with go-ahead Canada.

In conclusion it may be pointed out that the preferential policy outlined by the British Government is bound to have an important effect in fostering the prosperity of the West Indies and in increasing their population and purchasing power.



THE NATIONAL LITERARY COMPETITION

BY T. A. BROWNE



THE National Literary Competition, inaugurated under the auspices of the Arts and Letters Club of Ottawa, is presented as an experiment in which dwells the hope that from its pioneer effort may come the fulfilment of the dream that some day national recognition will be accorded to arts and letters in Canada.

Conceived in the spirit of altruism, the purpose of the promoters of the National Literary Competition is to stimulate in so far as possible the men and women of Canada to literary expression; and while it is realized that no promise of reward can create a true artist, yet many talented minds stored with beauty unexpressed may by sympathetic encouragement and public recognition be aroused to effort. There is grave necessity that Canadian authors be convinced that they are properly appreciated. There is reason to repeat the phrase that we

are confronted with a fact and not a theory, when we say that foreign fields, providing greater scope and higher monetary reward, are attracting and thus thinning the ranks of Canadian authors. The artistic mental activities of Canadians are being directed to providing literary provender for foreign audiences on national themes other than the land of their birth. The list of those who make their dwelling-places in fields afar is indeed long. Can Canada afford to alienate this human national resource?

In this great country, with its mixture of peoples, there is scope for a splendid artistic development. Latent talent everywhere abounds. Inspiration, opportunity, guidance, is all that is required. We have the faults of youth; our discrimination is not yet seasoned, and we are prone through careless imitation to worship false gods, but great qualities are in our possession—beautiful, lofty and full of promise.

Editor's Note:—The Arts and Letters Club of Ottawa, under whose auspices the National Literary Competition is being conducted, has been promoting the interests of arts and letters in the Capital for several years. With the close of the war, a movement was begun among its members for the promotion of a literary project national in character. It was felt that such a movement should be centered in Ottawa and so have the advantage of being closely in touch with Government institutions and activities. It is hoped that this attempt at a nation-wide literary competition will have results beneficial and far-reaching.

The Club, a democratic association of both sexes, holds weekly meetings, and the programme, covering a six-month period, includes music, debates, and lectures on social, literary, and art subjects. No fee is charged the general public. The Club is performing a real service in the Capital and numbers many prominent citizens among its members. An arrangement has been made whereby the winning poem and the winning story or essay (prose) will be published in *The Canadian Magazine*.

We have not yet emerged from the enthrallment of the dollar. Heretofore we have been confronted with the task of developing industrially, and thus the energies and activities of the people have been devoted to this national effort, but a new vision has broken on our view. From the cataclysm of a great war and by virtue of supreme sacrifices, the spiritual forces long obscured by the mists of materialism and selfishness have been revealed. Resplendent among those who have opened our eyes to the vision, fulfilling their high office, our poets and writers have by inspired utterance, encouraged and sustained to heroic achievement the spirits that sometimes drooping in the fortunes of war despaired of victory. Italy flamed with the spirit of D'Annunzio. McRae is among our own immortals: "In Flanders Fields" will live for us while language endures. The memory of Rupert Brooke, Joyce Kilmer, and Allan Seager, will inspire forever, symbolic of the fibre of nobility and sacrifice. Crusaders for high purpose, they have become national possessions.

We cannot afford to close our eyes to the vision they symbolized nor forget the promises made in the hour of peril. We pledged ourselves that our eyes and aspirations would be lifted to the altar where burns the sacred flame, without the glow of which no nation can hope to achieve a lasting greatness.

Canada is in the time of youth and vigour. We can shape that virility to supreme purposes if the spiritual fires are kept burning. We are proud of those industrial feats accomplished in production during the great war. It is but just to say that no nation was more effective than our own, and the workers in every line of endeavour contributed nobly. There is no fear that our industrial activities will be neglected; all the forces that crave material advancement, all the acquisitiveness in man, which, ever unsatisfied, seeks a greater portion of the created wealth of the world, will make themselves felt. The danger is that in

the bellowing of industrial greed the spiritual forces of the nation, which after all are the true reserves on which our reliance is placed, may be forgotten. We hear continually from platform and press that ours is a land of limitless possibilities, and surely our resources of the spirit are as intrinsic and as worthy of development as those of land and water. In material development what ingenuity, application, and lavish outlay of wealth is observable!

Europe, wiser and more cultured, is not unmindful of her literary resources. She treasures and stimulates them by more than one helpful creation. She fosters art. Theatres and other institutions have been subsidized by the State. The French Academy is a product of the recognition of cultural needs. Many yearly prize competitions instituted by centres of learning and magazines, attest the fact that such methods of encouragement are not considered as unbecoming. "The Edward de Polignac Prize" for instance, is a yearly award for literary merit which is a worthy endowment.

Art in this country must be content with spasmodic efforts of private initiative and precarious personal generosity. For educational and scientific purposes much has been accomplished, but little indeed for art. Is there no philanthropist, no lover of the æsthetic who will come forward with a yearly prize for the best book of prose or verse which appears in a regular way. I offer the suggestion to some of our patriotic citizens of wealth. A great opportunity awaits, a little thought should convince those who are in a position to aid, of the importance of arts and letters, and the necessity for their assistance in promoting such movements as tend to stimulate and uplift the standard of literary expression. To do something to combat the harsh material spirit that cries for dominance and thus to relieve the strain of every day life, it should be a high privilege to encourage that which is beautiful and inspiring.

It is pleasant to record the spontaneous and generous response that met the efforts of the promoters and aided greatly in the launching of the competition. The generous encouragement given the project by his Excellency the Governor-General at its inception in donating the prizes for the War Veterans' Class was a potent factor for which we desire to express grateful appreciation. The committee wish also to express their appreciation to those public-spirited gentlemen who gave whole-hearted monetary support and made the success of the competition no longer doubtful. I trust I may also be permitted publicly to thank the gentlemen whose co-operation was so gladly given and whose experience and discrimination will be invaluable at the conclusion, when the awards must be made. I refer to the judges, Major Sir Andrew MacPhail, and Dr. Adam Shortt, Mr. Thomas Mulvey, Mr. W. J. Sykes, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, and Dr. E. Sapir. No easy task confronts these gentlemen, as it involves an expenditure of time and labour of which they were fully aware, but which they gladly consented to make. The press in every way has aided in bringing the information to the public, and I wish to thank the proprietors and editors for the splendid support given.

The Competition began May 1st, and will close on August 31st. The channels of the press have carried the news to every province, and many a remote town by the letter of some interested inquirer notified the committee in charge that the news has passed that way. We knew that much good can come out of Nazareth, so we are very hopeful of these little towns. Was not Shakespeare village-bred, and Foch too, the great soldier, is the son of a small town, while the mind conjures up a galaxy of the great ones of the earth who came from places far removed from the glamour of metropolitan life. Many city dwellers too are interested, and it will be of interest to compare the setting, character, and selection of themes as

between the city and country contributor. Compelling as the lure that urges onward the gold seeker visioning a new Eldorado is the fascination in contemplating the residue from the conglomerate of all these stirrings of fancy in a people where the material intrudes to stifle the cry for beauty in the heart.

In a country so vast in territory, so rich in natural beauty, may we hope for some new enrichment of language, some adequate visualization of national aspirations, some lofty and ennobling presentation of our scenic loveliness? There is the hope also that something touched with the fire of genius may find the light; that some new magician of the pen, urged from lethargy by the lottery of chance and the spur of competition, may reward the hopes of many.

The element of the humorous is not lacking to enliven the sometimes monotonous daily round of satisfying feverish inquirers in these hot summer days. "Strange wares are landed on the wharves of Sleep", and strange wares too are mailed to the office of a director of a literary competition despite clearly-defined announcements sent broadcast. One correspondent wishes to know if the winner will be made Poet Laureate, and will the great Canadian poets be permitted to compete? Another writes that being only a novice in literature he does not desire to have his contribution entered in the Veterans' class. Of course, he has been set right with the information that the Veterans' class is set apart for our War Veterans, and not for veterans in the field of literature. Some have even become quite intimate and imparted the sources of their inspiration, which has its compensations but in some cases where the sublime passion inspires, is rather hard on the recipient of such confidences. Bolshevism is not confined to social questions; there are some literary Bolsheviks abroad who bid defiance to the best of rules and regulations. One enthusiastic contributor seems to have received the impression that the com-

petition is a literary Marathon, and that the prize-winner will be judged by quantity instead of quality. To protest that this is not so, is unavailing. To post him the rules and regulations is useless. He is away to a good start under whip and spur, and he makes a lap a day, sometimes two or three, that is, he sends me helpful hints—gems from the masters—original night and day thoughts and countless other musings and dissertations in an endless procession of letters. He sometimes apologizes for disturbing me and humbly begs my pardon, but I have found that this is only camouflage, and usually preparatory to another barrage fire of increased intensity. The hot wave has given a respite, but I expect a new cannonade shortly from this literary radical who has chosen this opportunity to relieve his pent-up feelings, but like the reply of the man in the story the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier often repeated—"It pleases he and it don't hurt I", and besides it adds a touch of humour.

These humours of the competition are the rare exceptions. If the letters of inquiry be an index a large number of earnest and sincere workers contemplate contributing.

It is hoped that none will fail to forward any original manuscripts they possess through lack of confidence in their own endeavours or fear of criticism. There is no earnest effort that will not be accorded a scrup-

ulous and careful judgment. There is no class of workers who toil more laboriously with hope of less reward than those who travel the road to literary achievement, and all who send their offerings may be assured of a generous interpretation. Indicating as they do the localities, the post-marks form a subject for study. The cities are well represented, and then come names less familiar—the towns, villages, and hamlets. No section has a monopoly in imagination and inspiration. In a day's mail, extreme East and far West meet. From near and far they come, the hope of many an unknown. Who are these competitors? Are they young or old, rich or poor, brilliant or commonplace? What will the contents of these sealed packets reveal? What inspirations, what themes, what workmanship? Each Province sends its delegation of accredited representatives, and when these delegates speak and reveal their messages, no doubt there will be variety sufficient, and a range of subjects wide as the nation itself. For the present these sealed manuscripts rest like figures in a masquerade; a motley varied in penmanship as in dress and bulk, the product of moods grave and gay, staid and fantastic, most, we trust, hopeful and few despairing; a numerous and mysterious company awaiting the hour of unmasking.

Can this literary competition be made an annual event?



ON A GLUCK MELODY

By VIRGINIA COYNE

WHENEVER this pure melody sings sweet
From the clear strings, it is not yet complete
Unless I think of you,
And, listening, dream of you,
Then only are the heavenly, crystal tones quite true.

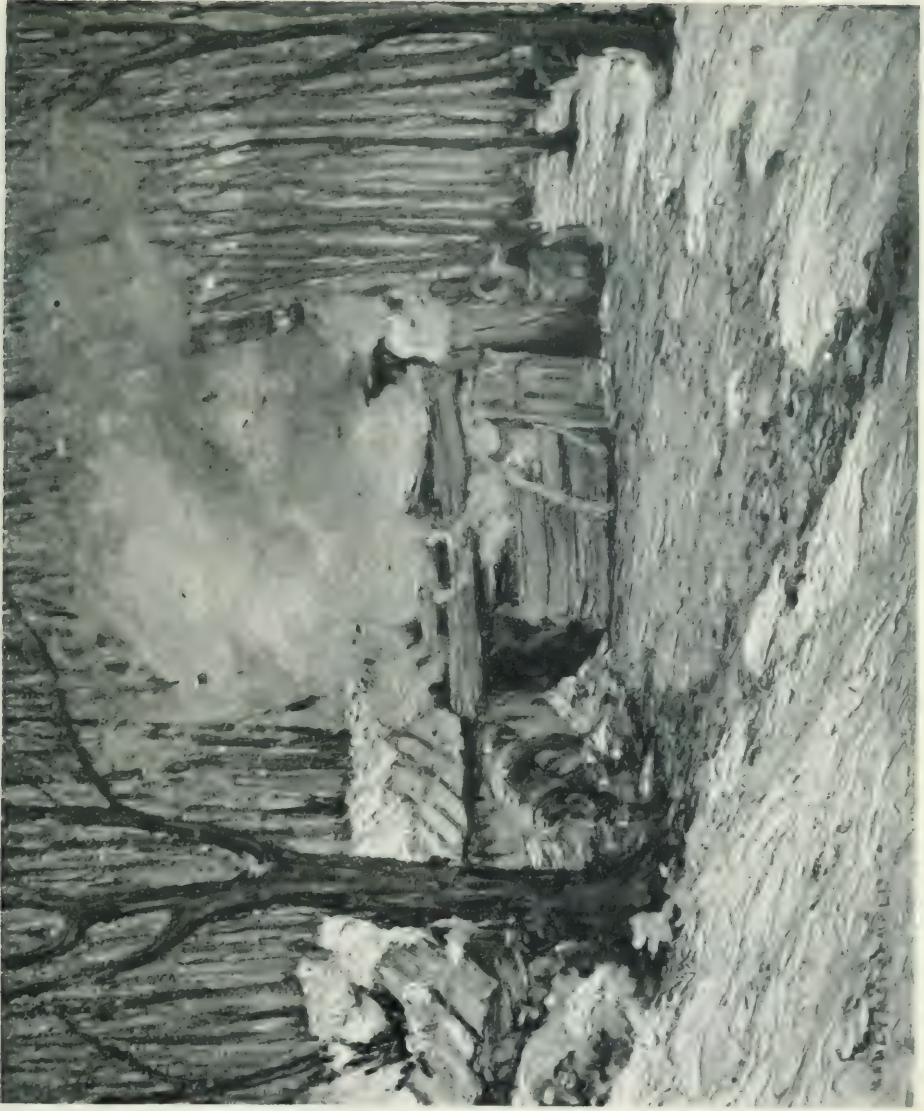
Then when my tender fingers touch the keys,
You live again among the harmonies,
My blessed one,
My precious one,
You whose short life had scarcely yet begun,
Come back again until the tune is done.

And in the little world of sound and time
The old, dear memories link themselves with rhyme.
My only love,
My young, dead love,
I value these our memories above
All of this mighty earth's vast treasure trove.

O melody of days long dead, sing on!
Though he who wrote thee, too, is dead and gone.

I listen, dreaming, as the notes entwine,
And, boy of mine,
Beloved boy of mine,
You live and breathe again in every line.

O living melody of dead days, sing!
Thou knowest Death is not so great a thing.



A WINTER ENCAMPMENT

From the Painting by

Manly Macdonald.

Exhibited by the Ontario Society
of Artists

HONOUR TO WHOM

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOROTHY STEVENS



WE know that life usually bestows its most signal honours upon those who are by nature essentially simple and modest. According to this hypothesis, Jimmie Danforth could scarcely have expected to escape his destiny, for a less conceited and more unassuming young man it would have been difficult to find in any branch of the army. In his home town in Ontario he had been known variously as "Home James!" and "The Happy Hermit", and it was not until Jimmie had gone overseas and made something of a record with his first few flights in the Air Force that people began to recognize the fact that bashfulness does not imply ineptitude, in Jimmie's case at any rate.

From the beginning the upper ether was Jimmie's element. Companion of the clouds was he, and wooer of the stars, and one of his night flights over the enemy lines culminated in his winning of the greatest award of all, the wonderful and yet exceedingly plain little trophy which bears only the two significant words: "For Valour".

Honores mutant mores is not strictly true. There was really no fundamental difference between Fl.-Lieut. Danforth, V.C., and the happy-go-lucky youth with the dreaming brown eyes and the rather untidy shock of hair who had whistled and sung his way into all hearts before ever he had thought of flying. As a matter of fact Jimmie had never been troubled

with the goad of ambition in all his life and his chief accomplishments had consisted of a fair ability in handling and driving his own roadster, a good "kick" at football, one or two prizes in amateur art—he sketched with remarkable charm and fidelity but never for purposes of sale—and a certain knack at rhyming, not amounting to poetry. He could turn out reams of cheery doggerel upon request, and was indeed the author of several parodies that really deserved a better fate.

On a pleasant afternoon in early August Jimmie was strolling along the shaded path at the edge of a little park on the upper Thames and wondering with an intense longing, how soon it would be before this interminable convalescence—he had broken an arm in his last flight—could be said to be over. He felt very fit, and as well grateful for all the care he had received but he was eager to return to France. Then—the truth will out—he wanted to escape the fuss, the invitations, the inevitable lionizing, the reporters, *and the ladies!* He broke out in a cold perspiration whenever he thought of the sex. He trembled when he saw a square envelope on his table, which was very often, now that he was getting about again. A kind of panic seized him when suddenly meeting a brougham full of the fair sex in the park or on one of the avenues. He had even resorted to the ignoble method of dodging up a side street at the approach of some particular lady who was more zealous

than the rest and more than once he had been obliged to back out of a club or a restaurant that he had just entered, in order to avoid a shower of invitations.

He was quite accustomed by now to such expressions—given audibly and soulfully in his immediate vicinity—as: “Oh, it’s one of those *dear* Colonials!” and his bronzed cheek still burned at the recollection of a hearty kiss bestowed by a little lady with a Devonshire-cream-cheese accent, who had inveigled him into her booth at a recent bazaar. He could never talk about his achievements. To him these marvellous performances seemed quite ordinary. They were all in the day’s work! So Jimmie’s conversation at these gatherings consisted chiefly of “ahems” and pauses and he declined as many invitations as he could invent excuses for so doing.

Jimmie longed to be back among the boys, where, as he secretly expressed it, he was liked for his own sake. He had always had the very human desire to inspire friendship in this, the only satisfying way. A successful business-man father and a clever clubwoman mother had rather tended all his life to overshadow Jimmie, as far as personality was concerned; so he was somewhat tired of basking in reflected glory and quietly glad that he had been able to claim a little individual distinction; secretly very proud too that he had accounted for so many Hun ’planes. When he had won the Victoria Cross, therefore, it is scarcely a matter for wonder that he should have spent many a blissful quarter of an hour gloating over the precious bauble in secret. It stood so pre-eminently for personal achievement. He liked to caress it in the dark watches of the night (in those first weeks when it was still almost an incredible thing—his having won it!) and to waken very early so that he might see the rich royal purple ribbon and convince himself that he had not been merely dreaming. Sometimes he even pressed

the cold metal to his lips in a sort of rapture. Here indeed was something he had earned on his own account and not because he was “Big Jim” Danforth’s son!

As he stood now leaning over the railing that flanked the little shaded walk he was not, however, thinking of himself or his honours, for looking down upon that brown and somewhat sluggish stream which has been called Liquid History, Jimmie had caught a glimpse of a familiar English picture and his artist’s eye was held by the sheer charm of it.

Beneath the willows fringing the bank a punt was coming slowly into view, poled by a slim girl in white who stood in the middle of the craft, her wide be-flowered garden hat hanging by its long pink ribbons down her back, while she bent gracefully to the task of bringing her boat into the little dock. There were gay cushions lying about in the wicker seats and at the girl’s feet were quantities of the beautiful water-lilies for which the upper Thames is noted. It was a vivid colourful picture against the quiet, almost sombre background of the river and Jimmie watched breathlessly, a kind of undefined fear seizing him that it might after all be only a mirage; that if he dared to close an eye or look away momentarily it would vanish. He had seen other girls in other punts—had once been in a picnic party in fact when a dozen punts had been required to convey all the guests to the park—but this girl and this punt were different. The sun shone warmly down through a network of leaves, dappling the water and the bank with little tremulous shadows and the drowsy warmth had seemed to bring out all the sweetest and most subtle of the odours from the many trim flower-beds along the boulevard. A warm ray fell directly upon the head of the fair punter below catching the golden threads of her hair and making of the whole a dazzling mass, a thing of glory. Jimmie drew a long breath and wished he had brought his sketch-book along.



"Beneath the willows fringing the bank a punt was coming slowly into view
poled by a slim girl in white"

And then the girl glanced up and seeing his interest in her movements smiled.

"Can you make it? There's quite a little current just there!" he called out, forgetting for the nonce that unwritten law (which prevails in old England) against speaking to strangers without an introduction.

"I think so," she replied, at once. "But of course you're laughing at me! How can you guess that this is quite my first effort at poling? Do I make such a mess of it as all that? I thought I was doing very well."

"So you are! And I'm not laughing. It's—er—just the shape of my mouth. Wait. I'm going down."

He had seen that she was having a little difficulty in bringing the craft into its berth on account of the rather brisk current that slewed the boat around and as he had noticed a cant-hook or some such device lying on the dock he wasted few words but proceeded to act and in less than five minutes had pulled the punt in and secured it to its post. Then he turned to assist the girl to alight. But she had already done so.

"Oh, you're a *Canadian*!" she cried, her red lips apart and an eager flush on her tanned cheek.

Horrors! Was it another invitation to something or other?

"Y—yes. I—I think I'll have to go now, got an engagement—" he mumbled, rapidly, almost backing away in his haste.

"Oh no you mustn't!" she interjected quickly. "For, you see, I'm Canadian too! And really you didn't seem to be in much of a hurry—before!"

Jimmie flushed at the note of reproof, grinned feebly and elected to remain—for a few minutes anyway. In his heart he was delighted to meet a fellow countrywoman and presently he managed to say so.

"But didn't you know what I was when I spoke?" she asked, as they walked up the stone steps to the park together.

"No. I—that is I was so intent upon the picture—"

"Picture?"

"The boat, you know, and the water-lilies—"

"Oh I forgot them!" she exclaimed.

So they retraced their steps and gathered up the cool, waxy beauties in their arms and when they reached the first bench on the shaded walk above they sat down to re-arrange the lilies. The girl filled her big hat with them using the ribbons as handles to the improvised basket.

"Wouldn't you like one on your tunic, Canadian boy?" asked the girl, suddenly, holding up a quite perfect lily. "See, this one's the pick of the lot."

"Thanks, yes; . . . my name is Danforth."

He added the last with a painful flush. Now for it! And instinctively he braced himself for: "Oh, the V.C. hero!"

But Jimmie was disappointed, whether pleasantly or not he could scarcely have said. His name meant nothing to her. She was quite unmoved by it, and having found a pin in her bodice she fastened the flower to his tunic.

"There! It's really not obnoxiously large, but when you leave the park you can take it out. My name's Glidden — Mary Glidden. I'm a V.A.D. on my holidays, staying up at Coxworth Manor. Do you know the place?"

He shook his head. He liked her voice and the way her blue eyes changed from gravity to fun. You could scarcely call her pretty, he decided half a dozen times and as many times changed his mind. For there was an indefinable charm about her that held him enthralled. She was all alive from the top of her sunny head to the toe of her trim white-shod foot.

"I'm supposed to be convalescing," he explained ruefully. "Really they're just pampering me, though. Some night I'm going to break away, if I have to walk the whole way to London and crawl from there to Portsmouth."

"Are you as desperate as that? Have you too had a terrible struggle with the English accent? Do you know I've actually taught my roommate to pronounce the letter *r*! And she a Londoner born and bred! What do you think of that?"

"And what has she taught you?" smiled Jimmie.

"Heaps of things, but not in the way of speech. I drink tea at four-thirty; have my boots cleaned by somebody else; ride on a bus-top without getting dizzy; address titled people in the correct way; play that funny game with bats and wickets—"

"Cricket?"



“I don't get excited when I meet someone who has won a military honour”

“Yes, that's it. I'm also learning to punt. And—one more thing: I don't get excited when I meet someone who has won a military honour!”

Jimmie felt his face growing hot suddenly. Was she resorting to insinuations, this frank and friendly Canadian girl whom already he felt that he had known a long time? He sent a furtive glance at her face. She

was gazing out over the river, with a look of palpable unconcern. Jimmie, whose strong suit was never conversation had been listening to her voice as one who follows the lilt of a song without paying much heed to the words. But her last observation roused him to quick attention. Here was a new specimen of the sex! He had thought all women were alike.

"No, I never make a fuss over honours" she resumed, after a moment or two. "Either for men or women. I feel that there must be so many who deserve medals who never get them because nobody happened to be round to witness their bravery. Every soldier, every sailor and every nurse is a potential hero (or heroine) anyway, and there have been hundreds of brave deeds in this war that can never be recounted, much less adequately recognized."

"That's true," Jimmie assented heartily. "I've known a score of fellows who deserved the V.C. Of course you can't blame the authorities. They don't know all."

"That's just it!" the V.A.D. put in quickly. "It makes it seem very unfair when really no one can help it. But personally—"

"Yes?" prompted Jimmie, as she broke off.

"Personally I prefer my soldier friends to be just the plain, undecorated kind."

"Like—like the one you are seated beside?" and Jimmie's 'feeler' was given in an almost tremulous tone, so eager was he for an affirmative answer.

Miss Glidden flashed him a coy glance.

"Well—what V.C. man for instance would be content to sit for an hour and a half—it's almost that, isn't it?—"

"What! Since we sat down here? Surely not!"

"But look at the sun."

"I interrupted you. Do go on."

"What V.C. man would waste so much time with a plain little V.A.D. when he could choose his company from amongst all the ladies Vere de Vere in the land?"

"Do you believe the V.C. goes to every man's head like that?" demanded Jimmie, with warmth.

"How loyal you are!" she remarked, with a note of admiration in her voice.

"And you included among the things the English have taught you the virtue of remaining cool in the presence of a—a hero. (That's what they *would* be called I suppose). Do

you mean that the English don't make a fuss over a decorated soldier?"

"Not so much of a fuss as we do. The English are more phlegmatic, and besides military awards are nothing new to them."

"Have you ever met a man who has won the V.C.?"

"Never. — I've met D. C. M.'s and D. S. O.'s though. Some of them were insufferably conceited."

"Oh now Miss Glidden!"

"Well, *perhaps* it was just my attitude in the matter that made them seem so," she amended. "You see I'm fiercely democratic. I like to be liked for my own sake."

Jimmie extended his good arm.

"Shake," he said, with a delighted grin.

She put a cool little hand into his and then rose.

"I must be going now," she observed, gathering up her flowers.

"Do you go punting *every* afternoon?" asked Jimmie adroitly, as he too rose.

"Do you walk in this park every afternoon?"

Jimmie laughed.

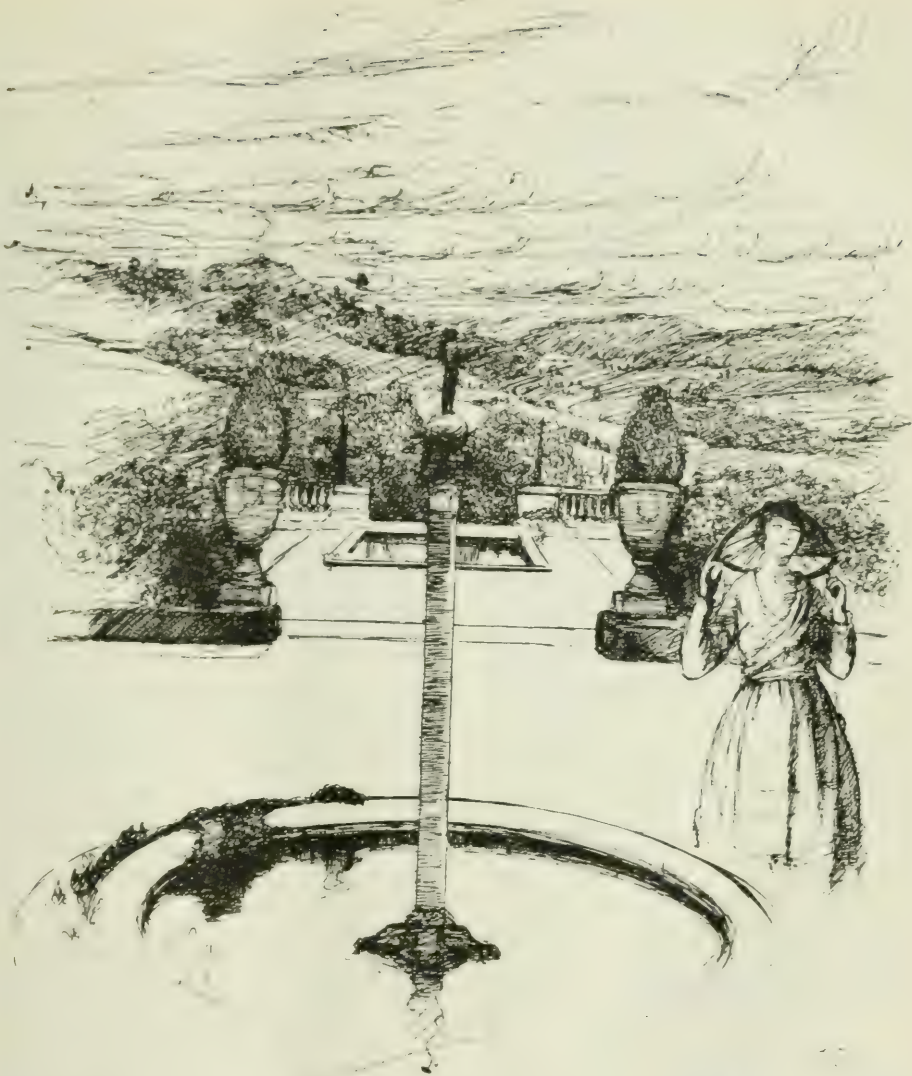
"You bet I do—from now on!" he said. "And by the way if you were one of those decorated nurses I shouldn't bother to come! For *my* friends I too like best those who are just plain folks. Is this what is called 'handing it to you', little V.A.D. friend?"

She started to speak and then refrained, giving him a puzzled smile instead.

"Do you know, I don't think I'll mention having met you to the other girls," she observed thoughtfully after a short silence. "Up at the Manor they're perfectly wild about Canadians and they'd be down here in droves."

"Thank. Don't," agreed Jimmie gratefully. "I've cut two receptions and a terrace-tea to-day as it is. Nice sort of bounder I am, eh?"

"No worse than me! I too have sent regrets to three different affairs. To-morrow there are more."



"That sweet, subtle smell of English flowers that all must recall who know
England in August"

"Dodge 'em and come here to the park."

"I'd love to . . . Wonder if I dare! It's rather a shame. To-day for instance I'd have met some nice people and heard quite a bit of news likely. I only came over from France on Tuesday and I'm away behind on current events and social chit-chat. Don't know a single thing that's been

happening. One likes to keep posted . . . No, don't bother seeing me to the 'bus. We'll say bye-bye at the gate here."

Jimmie lifted his streamline cap.

"To-morrow, then?" he suggested, hopefully.

She didn't reply in words but the smile on Jimmie's face as he retraced his steps to the other side of the park

where his own gate was, might be said to be not unconnected with the smile she had sent him at parting.

On the following day Jimmie was quite early at the rendezvous. It was another idyllic afternoon with birds and bees and butterflies all very active and the lazy breeze wafting to the nostrils that sweet, subtle scent of English flowers that all must recall who know England in August.

Miss Glidden came tripping over the grass like a veritable spirit of summer. She was only half an hour behind Jimmie and so they had a long afternoon, first on the water and later in one of the quaint little teagardens nearby. The silvery laughter of children in the park, some one singing on the river, the occasional droning cry of a huckster far away on the High street of the little town, distant strains of a military band, the twitter of birds overhead, sweet as falling rain, all these were impressions that registered themselves ineffaceably and yet without conscious effort on the part of the pair who strolled beneath the giant oaks and beeches as the shadows lengthened. They were all part and parcel of the budding romance. What did they find to talk about? Miss Glidden had informed him that she came from a small village in Ontario of which Jimmie had never even heard and try as they might they could discover no mutual friend or even acquaintance. But the friendship already engendered did not seem to require aid of this kind to keep it alive.

The third day it rained and Jimmie walked disconsolately about on the wet gravel of the pathway, his eye directed chiefly at the gate through which his V.A.D. friend would enter, and his hopes sinking lower with every hour. But finally just before five o'clock she came—a trim little form in a mackintosh, with a tweed cap over her wind-blown hair. Jimmie was surprised at the sudden lift in his spirits, but not being self-analytical he did not allow himself to become disturbed over the phenomenon.

"I can't stop a minute," she informed him at once. "You see our orderly is rushed to death this week and as two of the girls are ill—mean luck to be ill on vacation isn't it?—there was only little me to run down to the chemist's. I mean, of course, the drug-store! Want to come?"

Jimmie turned and accompanied her upon the errand, and how should he guess that it had really not been such a pressing one after all, that the little V.A.D. had had to invent the half of it in order to find a suitable excuse for leaving her hostesses this wet afternoon?

The weather was fine again the next day and also on the two following ones and the seventh broke cloudy but cleared up miraculously at noon. Each afternoon they met under the great oaks, sometimes not even by appointment, and always with an outward semblance of surprise. They progressed by rapid stages from voluble conversation to silences that synchronized. Sometimes they compared notes to ascertain which had been the greater culprit at 'dodging' social invitations for any given day, and once by accident they discovered at least one mutual friend in a certain Mrs. Jocelyn, an English lady who lived in the town.

On the seventh day—a day of ineffable beauty with a mother-of-pearl sky and an ardent sun and with every leafy and petaled thing seeming to outdo itself in the general harmony of nature—on this day Jimmie broke one of these eloquent silences in his charming abrupt manner.

"Little V.A.D., let us get married," he said, turning suddenly to her.

His companion drew a long breath. You see she wasn't quite accustomed to some aspects of Jimmie—yet.

"Oh—we couldn't," she said, shaking her head, but only half-heartedly.

"Why not? Just across the park in Laurel Street lives a preacher."

"But we need other things, Jimmie. I grant you a preacher must needs be among those present, but how about a

ring and a certificate and—oh, rice and old shoes and so on?"

For answer Jimmie pulled from his pocket a tiny square velvet box and a long folded slip of paper.

"I never thought of the old shoes and the rice," he said, with a blank look. "Couldn't you — couldn't we manage without them?"

"Wh—why Jimmie dear, when do you want it to be? Not—to-day!"

"Uhuh. Right away. Now. This afternoon."

"Oh Jimmie!"

"You don't hanker for an avenue of bayonets and a big wedding-breakfast do you?" he asked quickly.

"I should say not! But—but—oh what a whirlwind you are! We simply couldn't. It's — it's preposterous, after only seven days! Of course it's the way I'd choose — I detest a splurge—but—Jimmie *do* sit down again. It's impossible! I—oh, all right then."

After which truly feminine and logical speech the little V.A.D. docilely walked with Jimmie down the narrow gravel path. Behind a rhododendron bush they paused to exchange mutual and tangible proof of their feeling and then they went on again, both conscious that the little park, the river, the sky, everything about and above them held a kind of poignant charm, like the mysterious beauty of a scene one is taking leave of for an indefinite time.

"For my own sake! She likes me for my own sake!" sang Jimmie in his heart.

"What—what is everybody staring at us for?" whispered the bride-to-be, with a blush.

But Jimmie merely laughed joyously and pressed her hand. They gained the street which is called Laurel and were approaching number seventy-one when that untoward fate which decrees that there is to be many a slip 'twixt the park and the preacher intervened in the persons of Mrs. Vernon Jocelyn and Captain Grant McNeill, who were bowling along in the former's brougham.

"There goes the Happy Hermit!" exclaimed McNeill, quite loud enough for the pair on foot to hear.

"And Miss Glidden! Of all things!" added his companion, signifying to the coachman to stop.

When greetings and introductions had been exchanged Mrs. Jocelyn invited Jimmie and Miss Glidden to get into the brougham.

"Thanks," said Jimmie, blushing. "We—"

"We can't," explained Miss Glidden. "We're—"

"But aren't you going to the reception at Darleigh House? We are just on our way too."

"No, we—I'm afraid we 'cut' it," said Jimmie, avoiding McNeill's eye.

"Cut it? Oh shame! Why it's being given for the express purpose of introducing you two formally to each other," said Mrs. Jocelyn, shaking a white-gloved finger at the delinquents. "Lady Darleigh told me so."

"And she's prepared to take quite an interest in you both," added McNeill, feigning shocked amazement. James, I'm surprised. A V.C. hero to hide away like this as though he'd committed grand larceny!"

"And Miss Glidden, who wears the Royal Red Cross and who has been noted for conspicuous bravery under fire—Miss Glidden lacks the courage to face a five-o'clock tea-party! Dear, dear!"

"Ah, *now* we've brought their behaviour home to them. See how they are regarding each other," said McNeill, with a nod at the pair who indeed were gazing, as though transfixed, at each other.

"Jimmie, how *could* you?" exclaimed the little V.A.D. at last, and her voice trembled slightly.

"Glass houses," murmured our hero cryptically.

"Drive on, William," said Mrs. Jocelyn, with a sigh and a shrug of her shapely shoulders. "Is it only another form of your charming Canadianism?" she asked of McNeill, "or *what* is it?"

"It is the usual phenomenon I believe. Did you not recognize the outward and visible signs?"

He had been looking over his shoulder as the brougham rolled on.

"They're just turning in at that quaint old brick house—the one with the stone facings," he said, with idle curiosity. "What do you suppose—"

"No! Really?" and Mrs. Jocelyn turned about also. "Is it *possible*? Why, that is where the Reverend Mr. Knott lives!"

McNeill gazed at her, his mouth open slightly. Then he whistled.

"And never to tell us or anything!" moaned the lady. "Would you have thought it possible of them, Captain?"

"Well," said McNeill with deliberation, "of Miss Glidden I know nothing, having only just met her, but I've known Jimmie nearly all my life and he's a subtle youngster. He's liable to do most anything and it will always be the unexpected."

A SONG OF THE FIELDS AND THE PAST

BY EDWARD SAPIR

SWEET and many come the gifts
To men and earth and air—
Fragrance of the roses drifts
Free with never a care.

Sunbeams dance with dust and fall
To earth a spangled net,
And the sun himself o'er all
The sunny land is set.

*But I am thinking of you, my friend,
In the days gone by,
But I am dreaming of you, my love,
When we builded fair and high.*

Frolicking winds race o'er the hills
And off and away they blow,
Over the hills a keen breath spills
From pines to the fields below.

Humming sound and warbling sound
And voices laughing low,
Pleasantly turn round and round
In the scented fields below.

*But I am thinking of you, my friend,
When the days were fair and young,
But I am dreaming of you, my love,
When your words were a song that is sung.*

*We builded fair and high, my love,
In the days gone by,
I would we could hear the song that was sung
In the days that were fair and young.*



THE BUFFALO IN CANADA

BY MAX McDEE



FROM time unrecorded the buffalo lorded over all the fertile grazing land of this continent. From the Rockies to the Great Lakes and from the Sweet Grass Hills on the boundary to Great Slave Lake on the north the bison wandered over Canada in mighty droves, migrating to the south only as snow-storm and drought dictated. Wide rolling plains blackened as far as the sharp eye of the settler could reach with huge, shaggy, hump-backed beasts, bellowing, fighting and pawing the earth until it trembled as though an earth-quake approached.

Paul Kane, a travelling artist, on a trip to Edmonton in 1859, tells that during the whole of three days preceding his arrival at Edmonton he saw nothing else along the banks of

the Saskatchewan but buffaloes. They covered the plains as far as the eye could reach, so numerous at times that they impeded his progress, filling the air with dust almost to suffocation. At night Kane frequently found much difficulty selecting a place to camp on account of the great herds.

"Kootenai" Brown, who was probably the first white man to cross the plains of Western Canada by pack-horse, writes interestingly of his first impressions east of the Rockies in 1865:

"I remember," he says, "my first sight of buffalo on the plains of Western Canada. Emerging from the South Kootenai Pass I shot the foothills near the mouth of Pass Creek and climbed to the top of one of the lower mountains. The prairie as far as I could see was one living moving mass of buffalo. Thousands of head there were, far thicker than ever range



A herd of several hundred Buffaloes in the National Park, near Wainwright, Alberta

cattle grazed the bunch-grass of the foothills. I killed a three-year-old bull just at the entrance to the pass and as I rode through the great beasts just moved off slowly. We made a lane of only about one hundred yards and they paid little attention."

H. Mortimer Batten in his "Prints from Canadian Trails" gives us a picture of the migration of these great herds:

"The snow is not yet gone, but the stirring and wakening of spring is in the air. The sun is going northwards and far above the Mississippi and the Red River millions of wild fowl are speeding northwards, too. South of the Missouri the buffalo herds, straggling over the prairie, become restless with the warming touch of spring. They are moving about in families—in little batches of ten or a dozen—and now and then an old cow is seen to raise her head, sniff loudly, then shaking her horns to move a few steps from her feeding place. Her head is always towards the north. Presently, as another herd comes into view, the two combine, and together move steadily northwards. From every ridge and every divide more buffalo come and the herd grows till it gains the dimensions of a vast army, an army covering a space of perhaps four hundred square miles."

Regularly as winter came these animals moved to the southern part of their range. Upon reaching their

winter quarters they scattered and at the end of the season again returned north. They travelled much faster than one would suppose from their ungainly appearance, and rarely followed any but their own well-beaten paths. When free from ice, rivers as wide as a mile were crossed without hesitation. In winter the combined weight of the herds often broke the ice, precipitating the leaders. Those coming behind would crowd into the hole and often the whole herd might be seen swimming about trying to get out. Thousands of buffaloes met death in this way.

Of these occurrences Henry, an old explorer and trader of the early days, wrote in his diary:

March 28, 1801.—Ice on Red River breaking up, bearing great number of dead buffalo, which have been drowned while trying to cross.

April 1.—River clear of ice, but buffalo continue to drift in entire herds. They form one continuous line in the current day and night.

April 18.—Drowned buffalo continue to drift, and many of them have lodged on the bank.

May 1.—The stench of the vast numbers of drowned buffalo is intolerable. The number of carcasses lying along the bank passes imagination.



Feeding Buffaloes in Winter in the National Park, near Wainwright, Alberta

Thus for a full month each spring the prairie rivers bore southward their cargo of buffalo meat to be stranded eventually on the mudbanks of the Mississippi; and it is a fact that islands exist in the Mississippi to-day that were originally built up by the carcasses of buffalo.

Some time in the late seventies the buffalo disappeared. The exact cause for the astonishingly rapid decrease has never been satisfactorily determined. Many have thought that some epidemic peculiar to cattle carried them off. Others say it was the wholesale destruction of the animals for their valuable hides. It is related, too, that traders in the south sent men to the north to burn the grass so that the buffalo would not return northward to breed. It is known that as a consequence of prairie fires, incendiary or natural, the buffaloes did not again frequent their old northern stamping grounds after 1879, but roamed the prairies of the Yellowstone country in Montana where they were finally exterminated except in widely segregated bands.

Colonel Herchmer, an ex-commissioner of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, says he believes the

extinction of the buffalo in Western Canada was the work of the United States Government. They, he declares, sent out sharpshooters with long Winchesters and deliberately destroyed the buffalo in order to force the Sioux and kindred warlike tribes of Indians to sue for peace and mercy because of starvation. This, he thinks, was the revenge, most deadly in its effect, for the Custer massacre and similar outrages by Sitting Bull and his Sioux warriors.

In 1870 there were hundreds of thousands of buffaloes on Western ranges. In 1874 the I. G. Baker Company shipped from their post in the West 250,000 prime buffalo hides, in order to secure which the hunters had slain and left to rot or to the wolves tens of thousands of young stock and aged bulls. White men slaughtered them for sheer lust of slaughter. Parties of European hunters used to go out and attack the buffaloes just to see how many they could shoot in a day, leaving their unused carcasses to rot on the plains. Then professional hunters began to follow the herds north and south, killing unscrupulously throughout the season. Others have been known to kill them by the

scores simply to get their tongues for table delicacies. It is estimated that in the year 1882, two hundred thousand buffaloes were killed; in 1883, forty thousand; in 1884, three thousand; and in 1885 the record comes to an end with the entry that disease and famine were running rampant among the prairie Indians.

In Lieut. Butler's report to the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba in the early seventies, he writes:

"The buffalo, the Red Man's whole means of subsistence, is rapidly disappearing; year by year the prairies, which once shook beneath the tread of countless herds of bison, are becoming denuded and year by year the affliction of starvation comes with an ever increasing intensity upon the land."

Lieut.-Governor Laird in a letter to the East a few years later, telling of a journey to make a treaty with the Blackfoot Indians, makes these observations:

"On the third day out, we first sighted buffalo, and every day subsequently that we travelled, except the last, we saw herds of these animals. Most of the herds, however, were small and we remarked with regret that very few calves of this season were to be seen. We observed portions of many buffalo carcasses on our route, from not a few of which the peltries had not been removed. From this circumstance, as well as from the fact that many of the skins are made into parchment and coverings for lodges and other purposes, I concluded that the export of buffalo robes from the Territories does not indicate even half the number of these valuable animals slaughtered annually in our country."

But there was no great killing of buffaloes in Canada as there was in the United States in 1879 and 1880 as a commercial proposition for their hides. We are informed on good authority that the herd that frequented the Saskatchewan River went south in 1878 never to return. They were exterminated in a great slaughter on the Missouri River where for miles carcass touched carcass. Where the last buffalo fell in the Canadian West is not known, but near Wood Mountain in the fall of 1882 Indians and half-breeds killed

quite a number and sold them to the construction camps of the C.P.R. then building in the vicinity of Swift Current, Saskatchewan. Dr. John McDougall, the pioneer missionary to the Indians, tells that he saw his last buffalo in 1883 forty miles west of Medicine Hat and states that there were a few killed the same fall near Maple Creek, Saskatchewan.

Dr. MacRae in his "History of the Province of Alberta" has an interesting paragraph on the value of the buffalo to the Indian:

"Those Indians that dwelt in the south and west of Manitoba, and in the region between the rapid-running Saskatchewan and the international boundary of Canada and the United States, depended almost entirely upon the buffalo for food and raiment and all the essentials of life and comfort. He hunted the buffalo, and his women followed in his wake. They stripped the monsters of their hides and horns and preserved the flesh. The moccasin, the fine robes, the leggings, were made from the tanned skins. From these, too, were prepared the tent covering, the bridle and the lariat. The horns became powder flasks, the sinews bow strings, the bones ornaments. The flesh was the staple article of diet. What was not eaten fresh was dried in long strips or pounded down into pemmican for future use. The cradle of the infant was buffalo skin; the shrouds of the dead warrior was his splendid buffalo robe. From time immemorial these children of the plains have lived on the buffalo. To rob him of this animal was to deprive him of his livelihood. To him the buffalo was the staff of life, the very condition of his continued existence. When, then, the white man began to come in numbers; when the buffalo was hunted for his robe; when these beasts were slaughtered in thousands in all parts of the West, the outlook became serious for the Red Man. Improvident as he was he did not realize the inroads upon his capital, his greatest source of well-being. He joined in the great drives, the terrible slaughter, the wholesale destruction. He could not believe that there would be any end to the innumerable herds that were as numerous as the sands of the sea."

The year 1883, then, would seem to close the history of buffalo in Canada. But it did not. Just ten years before a Pend d'Oreille Indian named Walking Coyote captured four little buffalo calves—two bulls and two heifers



Buffaloes entrapped in the corral in Montana

—by cutting them out of a stampeding bunch in the Sweet Grass Hills, in what is now Southern Alberta. In accordance with a peculiar characteristic often noticed by old plainsmen, these young creatures obediently followed the horses of the hunters who had slain or driven off their mothers. The Indian in question gave them to the Mission of St. Ignatius, where they were kept and an attempt made to domesticate them.

When the heifers were four years old each had a calf. From that time on they gradually increased in number until, in 1884, there were thirteen and the Indian owner finding the care of them too great a tax on his scant resources, decided to sell them. Ten head were purchased for \$250 a piece by Michael Pablo and C. A. Allard, who were ranching on the reservation, and were shrewd enough to see that specimens of what was even then supposed to be practically an extinct animal would eventually become very valuable. The herd increased under their careful supervision, and in a few years it became possible to sell specimens at very high prices. Some idea of the average rate of increase may be gathered from the observed fact that half the cows give birth to calves every year while twin calves are not uncommon. In the summer they fed out on the plains and in the fall swam the Pend d'Oreille river and wintered in the hills and bluffs closer to the mountains. They were placed in no confines. They ranged the

whole reserve. As the herd grew larger a couple of half-breeds every spring and fall drove in any stray individuals or herds that wandered off the reserve. These buffaloes followed the trails of the big herds of the days gone past when the huge herds swam the Missouri and the Saskatchewan rivers, going to the plains for the summer and the woody country in winter.

A number of years after, Pablo, who had now acquired sole ownership of the herd, introduced new blood, also from Canada, when he secured the famous Buffalo Bill herd that had travelled North America and Europe. Even Buffalo Bill found to his sorrow that buffaloes can not be domesticated and was glad to return them to the country where they belonged. He secured his herd from Col. Bedson, of Winnipeg, and part of them came back to herds belonging to Lord Stratheona and afterwards to Banff.

In 1906 Michael Pablo began to think of turning his unique herd into money. He estimated that he had 200 head at this time in scattered herds over the reserve. An offer was made by the United States Government but it was so low that no sale resulted. Very shortly afterwards it was also announced that the reservation was to be thrown open for homesteading and this was taken by Pablo as an indication that the Government at last were forcing the sale of the buffaloes.

In 1907 word reached the Canadian Government that Pablo was anxious to dispose of his famous herd. At that time there were supposed to be only about 1,500 American bison in the world, 455 in private herds throughout the United States, a number in public parks, a wild herd estimated to number about 500 in the far north of Canada and Pablo's herd, which was thought to number about 350.

The Minister of Interior, realizing that this was probably the last opportunity to preserve for Canada what had formerly been its most characteristic native animal, strongly urged the purchase of the herd. The consent of Council was obtained and before the United States authorities realized what was happening the bargain was completed. Pablo, however, was so afraid that his herd might not number 300 that he had the agreement changed to read "not less than 150". The total number finally secured was 709.

Pablo was a shrewd Mexican half-breed who although he could neither read nor write had amassed a fortune of \$250,000. He had never given the herd any particular attention. The animals had not been corralled but had roamed the hills and woods along the Pend d'Oreille river in the Flat-head reserve for years under absolutely natural conditions and they were as wild as any herd of the prairie. It was known therefore that the task of rounding them up would be no easy one but no one dreamed just how difficult it would be.

In the early summer of 1907 Pablo got together his fastest horses and best riders and started out to round up the herd. It was soon found that they were no match for the buffalo. The latter could outrun the swiftest horses and when cornered would often wheel and charge with the utmost ferocity, scattering their pursuers to the four quarters of the range.

About 411 were captured that year, one shipment in the spring of about 200 and later in the autumn about

211 cows and calves. It was known that a good many had eluded capture, and although Pablo now had offers from other sources, he offered to let the Canadian government have all the rest. The offer was accepted and the next year another attempt was made, this time in the autumn. A couple of hundred additional had been rounded up in the corral, and the tired cowboys, thinking all safe, had gone home to sleep, when in the dead of night the whole herd escaped by climbing an almost perpendicular cliff and broke away to the mountains. It was too late to do anything more that year and the next season Pablo decided to try a new method. This was the placing of the buffaloes in large wooden cages which were then hauled to the station at Ravalli, where they were unloaded into a small corral to await shipment.

A new plan was adopted or rather an old Indian plan known as "pounding" was rejuvenated. A fence was run across a narrow neck of land formed by an elbow of the Pend d'Oreille river. This enclosed quite a large area of land. The steep cut banks of the river made escape impossible except in a few places. Nearly all these were fenced. On the opposite side of the river a wing fence was run out for six miles in one direction and another four miles at another angle in another direction. From the river bank where the fences converged to each other, back for a couple of miles, they were covered with white cotton so the buffaloes would not stampede through the fence. Several drives brought the buffaloes down through the gap where they swam the river and climbed the bank on the other side into the pound. Then all possible approaches were fenced and the last phase of the trip began.

The buffaloes were then driven into a small yard, loaded into huge vans carrying two animals, and hauled by six horse teams to Ravalli. The last and final struggle, that of getting them on board the train then occurred. These were the wildest members of the herd, and it took nine days to

load 200. The great brutes resisted to the last and eight of them killed themselves in their struggles. The majority of them had to be drawn on the cars by means of a block and tackle. During the whole roundup there were hair-raising episodes. Men escaped enraged buffaloes without knowing just how. Fifty horses were lost, vans were smashed, cattle cars reinforced inside were wrecked, and at length, the last of the herd was put on board the special train for Canada. The train had the right of way and went through in practically the same time as an express train. Seven hundred buffaloes were finally delivered at Buffalo Park, Wainwright, with a loss of less than half of one per cent.

There were left a few outlaws that could not be brought in and these fell in a buffalo hunt in which a few invited guests participated with Michael Pablo, among them Col. Cody or, as he was better known, "Buffalo Bill".

That the Government is meeting with signal success in its efforts to preserve the buffalo from the swift extermination which threatened a few years ago is demonstrated in a report on the growth of the herd at Wainwright just received from the Commissioner of Dominion Parks. The report shows that in 1909 the herd numbered 402. Since then it has gradually increased until to-day it numbers 3,700 head. During the period from 1909 to 1913 some 338 head were imported at different times from other herds, the main increase accruing from breeding.

In Canada all the buffaloes are east of the Rockies in the Province of Alberta. In addition to 3,700 head at Wainwright there are about 200 at Elk Island Park, Lamont, Alberta, and ten head at Banff. Scattered throughout the Dominion in private and public parks there are five at Vancouver, B.C.; ten at Brandon and Winnipeg, Man.; ten at Hamilton, Ontario; two at St. Thomas, Ont., and four at Toronto, Ont.; while Quebec Province has ten. In addition to those

in captivity it is reported by travelers in the north that there are about 500 wood bison around Great Slave Lake. This makes a total for Canada of approximately 4,451 head and is very satisfactory considering that ten years ago there were less than 100 buffaloes in captivity in the whole Dominion.

The enclosure at Wainwright, known as Buffalo Park, is said to be the largest fenced area in the world as well as enclosing the largest herd of buffalo in the world. The park is laid out in a territory that is the natural grounds for the buffalo. It is rolling land, contains some lakes, and is covered in many places with light brush and small trees. The area is 160 square miles or approximately 100,000 acres. It is fenced with woven wire seven feet in height, the total length of fencing around and inside the park being more than 100 miles. The cross fencing provides a small visitors park at the Wainwright entrance in which are kept fifty buffaloes, eighty elk, twenty deer, and seven moose. At the south-east corner twelve square miles are fenced for the park farm and winter quarters for the buffaloes.

Last winter about 1,000 head, mostly cows and calves, were fed about twenty loads of hay and straw a day. The racks were driven in among them as they came into the feed grounds in bunches of fifty and 100. The first to come in would eat and wander out again and another herd would come in. In the course of the day nearly every buffalo in winter quarters would come in for his rations. Feeding begins about January and continues for two or three months. Salt is provided for them and they have their daily "lick". Water holes are kept open for them and a drink a day is usually all they require in winter.

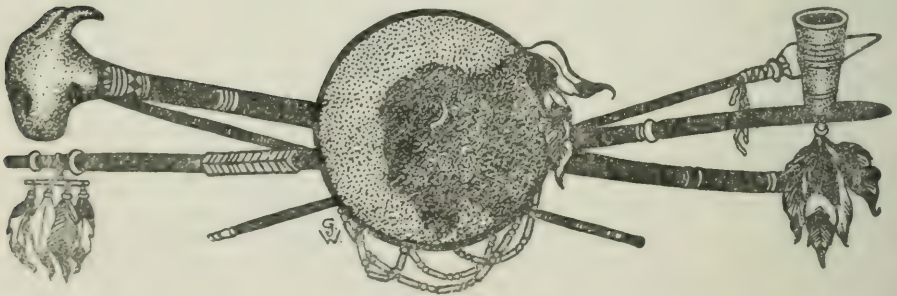
It is said by wardens in the park that there are buffaloes in the herd forty-five years old. The age can be observed fairly well by the horn of the animal. They

begin to breed at three years and an increase of 1,000 is expected in Buffalo Park this season. Last season the increase was 650. One of last winter's calves came into a temperature of forty degrees below and in half an hour, out on the open range, he was following his mother into the feeding-grounds.

While the Park authorities have made no definite pronouncement of policy for the future, it is stated on reasonable authority that an effort will be made after this year to put Buffalo Park on a self-supporting and probably revenue-producing basis. A buffalo hide is worth \$150 to \$300 mounted; a head is worth from \$300 to \$500 mounted, while the meat is sold when it can be procured for as much as a dollar a pound. Wool shed by buffaloes in spring-time has been gathered by wardens and experiments made by the department demonstrate that it makes splendid yarn and cloth. The question of how to shear the buffalo is a serious one, but it has been suggested that a squeezer such as is used for branding stock could be used to hold the buffalo while the fleece is removed. There

are many pounds of valuable wool lying on the range or hanging in the brush and trees of the park which, if collected, and made into yarn or cloth would command good prices.

The bison stands out boldly against the most picturesque background the West affords. He will always be the leading animal character in the portraying of the early days of this country and even for this one thing this remnant of a mighty race should be carefully preserved. The herd at Buffalo Park must be held by Canada as a relic of more than usual interest. No doubt specimens of this great race will be supplied in greater number to parks all over the Dominion where curious people will gaze in wonder. We have areas of land that might well be turned into buffalo ranches where they could be bred not only to perpetuate the race but as commercial enterprises from which would come robes, meat, and wool already referred to. But this is for the future. We should be happy now that the buffalo of Canada has been saved from extinction and is reproducing and increasing under conditions controlled by man.



FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

THE Dominion Trades and Labour Congress, which meets at Hamilton in September, will witness a contest between the Socialists and the international trade unionists. It is clear that Mr. Robertson, Minister of Labour, and Mr. Tom Moore, President of the Dominion Trades and Labour Congress, are in disfavour with the extreme faction. The evidence produced at Winnipeg shows clearly that the advocates of industrial revolution dominated the convention at Calgary which launched the movement for separation from the American Federation of Labour and the institution of the One Big Union for Canada. There is an active struggle for control of the Labour Councils at Winnipeg, Vancouver and other Western centres, while in Toronto the "moderates" were defeated in the contest for supremacy at the Labour Temple. In reply to Mr. J. B. McLachlan, Secretary of the United Mine Workers of Cape Breton, who protested against the selection of labour delegates for the industrial conference at Ottawa in September by officers of the Dominion Trades Congress, Tom Moore, President, said: "The International trades unions and the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada do not recognize the One Big Union as a labour organization, and so far as we are concerned, would refuse absolutely to sit in such a conference if representatives of other than organizations in affiliation with international unions, the American Federation of Labour or the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada were officially represented."

Labour and the
International
Trade
Unionists

Letters produced at Winnipeg suggest that the revolutionists plotted to precipitate strikes and create unemployment in the expectation that industrial distress would strengthen the forces of revolt. The international unionists sanction strikes only as a last resort and depend upon organization and collective bargaining to improve wages and working conditions. The One Big Unionists are not advocates of co-operation but deliberately avow, as their ultimate object, complete control over capital and industry. Thus an issue is created over which there can be no compromise and of which recognition of labour unions and collective bargaining offers no solution. Possibly many workmen at Winnipeg believed that they were striking only for the principle of collective bargaining. It would be unjust to suggest that they all favoured Soviet government or were animated by revolutionary feeling.

II

Half the World
on the verge of
revolution

IT was inevitable that the nations would settle slowly into peace and repose. Half the world is on the verge of revolution and human institutions are being tested as they never were tested before. There is chaos in Germany and Austria. Great elements of the population of France are restless and mutinous. There is a portentous industrial conflict in Italy. In Great Britain masses of workmen reject the authority of their leaders and even threaten to use the strike as an instrument to coerce Parliament and affect public policy. In Australia and New Zealand there has been bitter industrial conflict. Russia is still in the throes of revolution, multitudes are hungry and almost naked, and murder and plunder continue unchecked. In the United States three or four hundred thousand railway employees are demanding wage increases which will aggregate \$800,000,000, although since January 1st, 1918, when the Government took over control of the railways, wage increases have totalled \$900,000,000. The increases, however, are partly explained by additions to the pay-roll. In December, 1917, the total number of employees was 1,703,684. The total is now 1,843,530. The deficit, under public operation, is \$486,184,940, or approximately \$1,000,000 a day, despite substantial increases in freight and passenger tariffs.

The Railway Brotherhoods, however, demand that public operation shall continue, that the employees shall have a portion of annual surpluses, and that joint control, under the Interstate Commerce Commission, by directors of labour and directors of management shall be established. They would give to management twice the rate of dividend the classified employees would receive. "What we ask," they say, "is to share the saving from economies we ourselves introduce and to share the surplus from new business our efficiency makes possible. We should not profit from the railroads as financiers have done; we should participate in the increased earnings from our increased production. We could not earn dividends unless industry as a whole were stimulated by improved transportation service."

It is clear that the Brotherhoods are resolutely determined against return of the railways to the private companies while there is manifestly a formidable feeling in the United States against further public operation. Opponents of nationalization insist that under Government there cannot be economical management or good service and so far as the press expresses public opinion there is no confidence that a partnership with labour will give better results. The Brotherhoods demand that "the owners of capital who represent only financial interest, as distinguished from operating brains and energy, be relieved from management, receiving government bonds with a fixed return for every honest dollar that they have invested in the railway industry". But *The New York Times* points out that "the capitalists they propose to dispossess are the 12,000,000 owners of the six billions of money deposited in savings banks

the 12,000,000 holders of life insurance policies to the amount of some \$25,000,000,000; the multitude of private owners of railway bonds and stocks and the owners of shares in investment institutions”.

III

THE demand of the Brotherhoods is a far step towards the socialization of industry and raises a new issue in American politics. It is to be expected that the Brotherhoods will have the general support of organized labour, although from the ranks of labour influential voices challenge the practicability of railway nationalization. Chances are, however, that railway nationalization will be an acute issue in the presidential contest of 1920 with labour more united and more influential than in any other contest in American history. It was said so often during the war that the world was passing into a new era. The changes threaten to be greater than any of us foresaw. But in time order will come out of confusion and no one can afford to despair of human nature or to doubt that the long travail of the nations gave birth to something of real and lasting good to mankind.

The
socialization
of Industry

IV

SO far as it has gone the re-organization of the Cabinet is not unsatisfactory. It is expected that other changes will follow. For a generation Canada has been afflicted with political inbreeding. Too often office has been the reward of party drudgery. All independent thinking has been regarded with suspicion. No minister, however unsatisfactory his performances, was replaced until the public demand became so determined that resistance was dangerous. Failure in the Cabinet was a certain title to a permanent public appointment. It looked sometimes as though public positions were created chiefly to provide superannuation for feeble politicians. In a steady stream the political failures went to the bench, to the Senate, or to other public places.

The
re-organization
of the Cabinet

The Union Government shattered party traditions and loyalties. It will be long before they can be restored with the old force and coherence. Men recovered their freedom two years ago. They will not easily relapse into their previous "condition of servitude". They will judge the new Government with detachment and with comparative freedom from old prejudices. No minister will be accepted merely because of the extent or ardour of his party service. Not what he has done for party but what he may do for the country is the test that the people will apply. This, too, will be the public attitude towards appointments to the office of High Commissioner in London, to the new position at Washington and to the other important new offices which Parliament has created. If the new Cabinet and those chosen to fill these positions do not command approval and confidence the unrest now acute will increase and spread and the Dominion probably will enter upon a period of unstable government.

A hint to Sir Robert Borden

It may be that Sir Robert Borden cares little whether or not he remains in office. But that is not the answer to the problem which he faces. If he retains office he must fully accept its obligations and responsibilities. The country requires a resolute and capable Government. It will not be contented with patchwork or be reconciled to any combination which represents merely a compromise between conflicting personal and party interests. If the Prime Minister is wise he will take a lesson from Mr. Lloyd George, or follow the example of the stronger American Presidents, and put into the Cabinet men of outstanding distinction and successful achievement in their own pursuits. He will remember that no obligation to friends and groups should weigh against the supreme duty which a Prime Minister has to the country in this time of shaken faiths, sectional suspicion and class antagonism.

If he is true to his own best convictions he will give the country a Cabinet in which all classes will have confidence; if he fails the "existing discontents" will be aggravated and even in Canada representative institutions will be severely tested.

V

Autonomy and Empire

AT the National Liberal Convention it was thought necessary to declare against centralization of the government of the Empire at London. The resolution submitted by Senator Dandurand resolved "that no organic change in the Canadian Constitution in regard to the relation of Canada to the Empire ought to come into effect until, after being passed by Parliament, it has been ratified by vote of the Canadian people on a referendum". To such a resolution there could be no sound objection. Unquestionably any proposal to alter the constitutional status of Canada in the Empire should be approved by Parliament and sanctioned by the Canadian people. In this there is no conflict of opinion between the Convention and rational Canadian Imperialists. But there was an element in the Convention which refused to accept the resolution.

Mr. W. D. Gregory of Toronto, who was the Liberal candidate in Halton in the last general election, offered an amendment, which the Convention approved, declaring that "we are strongly opposed to any attempt to centralize Imperial control". Mr. John Boyd of Montreal professed to fear that Canadian autonomy was in danger from "the insidious campaign" of ultra Imperialists in Canada and in Great Britain. "It is time," he said, "that there should go out from this body an emphatic protest that Canadian Liberals and Canadian democracy will not stand for any interference with the absolute autonomy of this country and that it shall always govern itself and be master of its own destiny". Mr. Lemieux raised the old spectre of Downing Street and rejoiced that "in Upper and Lower Canada there were free men who protested against that régime and installed in Canada forever and forever free responsible Government". He, too, thought there was an insidious movement to transfer authority to London, and did

not believe a charter or any written instrument was necessary to ensure the support of all free Canadians whenever the British flag is in danger. All this reveals a vigilant concern for the autonomy of Canada which, however, it is difficult to believe is threatened by Imperialists in London or elsewhere. Mr. Lemieux, it is understood, was once connected with the Imperial Federation League and could not have thought that behind the movement there was any design to destroy free government in this country. Mr. Gregory has not been favourable to any closer connection with Great Britain, and has a very acute scent for "conspiracy" among Imperialists.

The book by Mr. Lionel Curtis which is so freely offered as evidence that there is a movement to restore the authority of Downing Street was not authorized even by the Round Table group in Great Britain and was expressly rejected by the Round Table groups in Canada. It commits only Mr. Curtis, and it would be as reasonable to argue that all Mr. Gregory's opinions were held by the Liberal Convention as that Mr. Curtis expresses the opinions of Canadian Imperialists. It has, however, to be said for Mr. Curtis that he was very influential in framing the Constitution of South Africa, in which, surely, there is no submission to Downing Street nor any denial of colonial autonomy.

Imperial federation may be a dream, but in its very essence it implies the equality of all British countries under the Crown and equal citizenship for all British subjects whether they live in the Central Islands or in the overseas Dominions. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper opposed Imperial federation because they contended that an inevitable result would be to involve the Dominions in the cost of naval defence and in the wars of the Empire. But the Dominions by their own free action have assumed common responsibility for the defence of the Empire and they must have a voice in peace and war or colonial autonomy becomes a fiction and "Downing Street" is actually re-established.

It is easy to describe the Dominions as free and equal nations under the Crown, but how can they have such equality and freedom if a central Parliament at London can commit the Empire to enterprises for which by natural constitutional evolution the Dominions have now assumed responsibility? Events the most tragic in human history have demonstrated that when Great Britain is at war Canada is at war, and if that be so we must have the right and the opportunity to speak before wars are declared. Otherwise we Canadians have an inferior citizenship and a restricted autonomy. It is idle to suggest that there is a school of Imperialists in Canada who have reverence for the memories of Downing Street, while every responsible British statesman knows that any attempt to centralize authority in London would produce only irritation, revolt and disruption. The local autonomy of Prince Edward Island or of British Columbia is not imperilled because authority over the common concerns of Canada is "centralized" at Ottawa. Nor will the autonomy of Canada or Australia be impaired by the assumption of greater authority over the common concerns of Em-

Lionel Curtis
and the
Round Table
Group

pire. If by some practical machinery the overseas nations do not obtain an effective voice in peace and war and foreign policy there is danger we may come to feel that between taxation without representation and contribution without representation there is not so much difference.

Viscount Milner, often described as an agent of centralization, although among British statesmen there is no greater champion of the autonomy of the Dominions, once said: "I rejoiced greatly, as I believe the vast majority of people in Great Britain rejoiced, at Mr. Borden's declaration that Canada did not mean to be an adjunct even of the Mother Country. And on this vital point I am glad to think that there is no room for difference between Canadian parties, if your leading statesmen truly represent the popular mind. For this is in essence just the same as that which Sir Wilfrid Laurier had said in a previous occasion, when he used the memorable words: 'If you want our help, call us to your councils'. If this is the spirit in which Canadians approach the question they will find the people of Great Britain prepared to meet them more than half way. Any British Government which failed to respond to such an advance, and to respond to it wholeheartedly, would very soon find itself out of office. If the hearts of the two peoples beat in unison, woe to the statesman, no, not the statesman, but the misguided politician, who ventured to stand in the way." Frank advocacy of political union with the United States one can understand. So, one can understand and respect open advocacy of Canadian independence. But to ascribe to British statesmen designs which they do not entertain in order to make mischief between Canada and the Mother Country and indirectly further objects which are not avowed is neither generous nor courageous.

VI

The Amended Civil Service Act

BEFORE proroguing, Parliament voted \$10,000,000 for bonuses for the Civil Service. There is no reason to think that the amount is excessive. It is a pity, however, that the new classification could not have gone into effect or at least have had the serious consideration of Parliament. The fact that the classification was prepared by "American experts" is not an objection which should affect the judgment of Parliament or the country one way or the other.

There cannot be any intelligent readjustment of salaries until the service is properly organized. Already there has been too much delay in settling adequate remuneration for various branches. The information upon which the classification is based goes back to last August and September. In proportion as there is delay in giving effect to the system its equitable application will be impaired. As soon as the report is adopted the new nomenclature can be employed, the new scale of salaries be settled and the general discontent throughout the service be removed or ameliorated.

It is believed that the rates of pay suggested are the highest ever provided by any classification although the experts responsible for the report have been anxious not to impose an excessive burden upon the taxpayers. Many of the old

salaries were inadequate even under pre war conditions and are, therefore, impossible in the immediate situation. If the Government is not bound to set an example to private employers at least it cannot afford to be less generous than banking institutions and commercial houses. At best democracy is a shabby paymaster and it is not surprising if faithful public servants become restless under long denial of decent treatment by Parliament which is only too willing to admonish and rebuke industrial and commercial companies.

The Bill to Amend the Civil Service Act removes many defects in the original measure. It abolishes the differences between the Inside and the Outside Service. It makes mandatory practical examinations based upon the duties of positions in the various classes. It requires promotional examinations for the higher places, provides for "lay off" of employees whose services are no longer required and sets up machinery by which the classification can be so administered as to secure an adequate personnel for the Civil Service.

Many defects
removed

The Bill also provides machinery for making such changes in the classification as may be necessary to ensure the efficiency of the departments. If a change in classification becomes necessary through changes in the duties of any particular position this can be effected by the Civil Service Commission on the advice of the Deputy Minister. If the change in duties requires a change in compensation or if new classes need to be established the approval of the Government and also of the Civil Service Commission must be obtained. Parliament will not need to sanction changes in classification but of course must always make the appropriations. Experience with other classifications has shown that from one hundred to two hundred changes a month will be necessary to meet changing conditions in the various departments.

It is contended that the new classification properly administered will ensure the same pay for the same work throughout the Public Service. Parliament will thus be able to discriminate more wisely in providing public money for the various agencies of government. An accepted nomenclature definitely defining the character and value of services will enable the departments to prepare estimates with greater clearness and intelligence. Parliament will be relieved from the necessity of considering individual salaries and can concentrate its attention upon the recommendations for specific classes and positions. The automatic application of the approved schedules of compensation to the classes of positions authorized will naturally lead to uniformity and consistency in salaries. The Civil Service Commission will also be better able to give the public information concerning opportunities in the public service, to discover desirable applicants, to devise effective and practical tests for determining their relative fitness, to employ scientific methods in filling the higher places, to ascertain individual efficiency, to control compensation, to regulate transfers and to lay off employees as seasons and conditions permit.

The Union Government gave two distinct pledges to the people (1) to reinforce the oversea army and prosecute the

war with adequate vigour, (2) to abolish patronage and reform the Civil Service. The second pledge has not been neglected but as yet there has not been complete fulfillment. It has been disclosed that there is a shameful amount of "shirking" in the service. It is no secret that there is gross over-manning of various offices. It is certain that party influences still affect promotions and appointments. The Civil Service Commission itself needs to be strengthened although generally its motives seem to be beyond suspicion. There may be defects in the new classification which only thorough consideration by Parliament will reveal. But whether the classification is perfect or imperfect more definite regulations are needed and justice alike to the service and to the country requires that when Parliament reassembles the necessary reorganization of the inside and outside services should be completed. It may be added that no Civil Service system can be regarded as satisfactory which does not provide for superannuation. When private companies are giving annuities and pensions no government can justify itself which does not make like provision for the servants of the country by the contributory system or otherwise as Parliament may determine.

VIII

Sir Thomas
White's
resignation

THE resignation of Sir Thomas White affords a striking illustration of the insincerity and unreality of political debate in Canada. As it is here, so it is in other countries. White took the platform in 1911 in order to oppose the trade agreement with Washington. He was a Liberal, and in opposing the trade compact had no thought of establishing a permanent connection with the Conservative party. When the election was over and the Laurier Government defeated he was asked to take office under Mr. Borden. He stoutly and even angrily resisted the proposal. Friends who pressed him to accept were repulsed and often in language that was emphatic and stormy. There is reason to think that Sir James Whitney finally overcame his objections. Whitney did not attempt to cajole or flatter. He prevailed not by appeal to White's ambition but by blunt and peremptory assertion of his obligation to serve the country.

Sir Thomas White was, perhaps, the most capable Minister of Finance the Dominion has had since Confederation, and he was as disinterested as he was able. He leaves the Government much poorer than when he took office. The value of his services to Canada cannot easily be exaggerated. If he had remained in public life he would probably have become Prime Minister. He leaves office with his traducers silenced, his capacity recognized and his integrity established. But other public men of like independence and integrity will be vindicated only in the obituary notice unless, like White, they step back into private life and secure a public judgment untainted by the evil flavour of demagogic suspicion and interested partisanship.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

A MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

WE have had a Ministerial Association in Toronto for a great many years, I should think more than thirty, composed of very worthy religious people who formed themselves into an organization for bringing pressure upon the Board of Police Commissioners, to enforce the most drastic and cruel punishment, upon certain classes of the criminal population who offended their tender susceptibilities. I have found many of these really worthy people, in well-meaning enthusiasm, and forgetting the example of their Master who told the woman to go and sin no more, urging the most severe punishments on people who, if erring, were certainly unfortunate and to be pitied. They showed the spirit of the old Puritan, who said of his opponents, "Smite them, oh Lord, hip and thigh, from Dan even unto Beersheba, from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof".

The origin of the Ministerial Association was curious and interesting. There was a Presbyterian elder who kept a shop on a quiet street in the city, and next door to him was a small cottage, which was rented by a young woman who lived alone with a young girl as a domestic. She lived very quietly and apparently respectably, but the elder became suspicious and felt that, in view of his position as a pillar of the church, a woman such as

he suspected her to be should not live next door to him. He went to the Chief Constable and asked him to drive her out. The Chief questioned him closely, and could not find anything to justify him in taking action. There were no rows, no noise, no traffic of people coming and going, and apparently the woman was living a quiet and respectable life. But the Chief told him that if ever he heard a row going on in the house, any fighting that would justify the police entering, to notify the police, and they would enter and arrest the inmates, and if there was anything wrong it would probably be discovered.

I knew nothing about this, and one morning I found in the dock a well-dressed, respectable looking young woman and four men. The woman was charged with keeping a disorderly house, and the men with being frequenters. As soon as the case was called, the Deputy Chief Constable asked to have the case adjourned till the next day, as there was something peculiar about it, and he wished to make inquiries.

The next morning I fully investigated the case, and discovered that about 10 o'clock, on the night of the arrest, four men had gone to the woman's door, and when she came to it, they forced their way into the sitting-room, took off their coats and refused to leave the house. The woman sent her servant girl at once

for the police, and being afraid to stay in the house stood on her front door-step waiting her return. She gave evidence that a man ran past the door and made a signal to one of the men standing near her, and the four men began apparently to fight with one another and use bad language, when suddenly a squad of police came up and arrested them all.

With the Police came the elder, and the police proved that he had come to the station and stated that a row was going on in the house. It was further shown that one of the four men had been induced by the others to go up with them, as they intended to create a row in order to have a house arrested. Another policeman on duty in the other direction gave evidence of the young girl coming to him for assistance.

The case was at once dismissed, and the woman discharged. Mr. Murphy, her Counsel, immediately applied for a summons against the elder, and the three men, for a conspiracy against the woman. They were committed for trial on this new charge and convicted, the elder being fined twenty dollars. He at once went to his pastor for sympathy and encouragement. The pastor called a meeting of the ministers of the different churches, and a Ministerial Association was organized.

*

DOCTOR R. A. P. SHEPPARD.

Perhaps the most remarkable character that appeared in the Court in my time was an old negro named "Doctor" R. A. P. Sheppard, but always known as "Doc" Sheppard. He often appeared in various capacities, and acquired such a notoriety or reputation, that everyone knew of him, and once during his lifetime a biography of him was published in pamphlet form and had a large sale. He deserves a chapter to himself.

Sheppard was an active, well built man of medium height, of very dark colour, with an immense mouth and large protruding lips. This gave him

a very open countenance, and when he smiled it was a smile that spread all over his face so that it seemed all smile, and there was a very benignant air about it, not often seen. The lips were so protruding that when he spoke they seemed to wave in the air, and from practice, or unconsciously, he was in the habit in conversation of using them so freely that I always said he gesticulated with his lips. He was unique in this respect.

Sheppard had been sent from London, Ontario, to the Central Prison at Toronto for six months for stealing a hive of honey. While there he took a great interest in the Sunday School among the prisoners, and tried to learn all they could teach him. He could not read, but he learned a lot of the stock religious phrases, which he sometimes used in his conversation.

After his discharge from the prison he went to live in a cheap ten-cent lodging-house that was kept by an old negro couple, harmless creatures, who belonged to the Coloured Baptist Church. After a time he decided to marry the maidservant, the drudge of this lodging-house. She was a tall, thin, angular, white spinster of about fifty years of age.

Sergeant Reburn of the detective force told an anecdote which rapidly spread and introduced the name of "Doctor" Sheppard to our knowledge. It appeared that Sheppard could not raise the sum of two dollars to buy the marriage license to enable him to get married to this woman. He tried to borrow the money from several persons, without success, and he then applied to Reburn.

"I want to ask you a great favour, Massa Reburn. Would you 'blige me wid de loan of two dollars till Friday? I want to buy a marriage licence, and I will pay you foh shuah on Friday".

Reburn said:

"Are you quite sure you can pay me back on Friday?"

"Sartin shuah, Massa Reburn".

Then said Reburn:

"I will tell you what to do, you are sure to have the money on Friday, so

wait till Friday, get your money, buy the licence, and get married then."

Sheppard thought over the suggestion for awhile, and then very seriously replied:

"It ain't no wise possorable, Massa Reburn; de woman can't be put off."

As a matter of fact Sheppard got the licence on credit, and I doubt if he ever paid for it. The clergyman, I understood, was paid in the same way.

SHEPPARD AS WITNESS

A short time after this, before I had ever seen Sheppard, the old negro couple who kept the lodging-house were brought before me on the charge of keeping a disorderly house. The Deputy Chief Constable, who had laid the charge, called Sheppard as his first witness. I was surprised to see an old negro, whom I had never seen before, get up from the rear of the courtroom in response to the call, and come forward saying in a loud voice:

"Heah I is; I'se fighting de battle of de Lord, and ye can tell ob de tree by its fruit."

He was sworn and told me several things which I think were inventions, but he showed that he was very indignant because the old negress had told the Baptist Church authorities, that he (Sheppard) had been in the Central Prison, and that, in consequence, the select congregation of that church would not admit him as a member. He complained of this, saying in his picturesque way that,

"De old lady dah, shot off her mouth at me to de church."

The late Nicholas Murphy, K.C., appeared for the defendants, and commenced to cross-examine the witness.

"What is your name?"

"Dr. R. A. P. Sheppard."

"Are you a doctor of medicine or a doctor of divinity?"

"Neider, sah. Dat is my Christian name. I was named after my old Massa when I was a slave afoah de war."

Sheppard had said in his evidence that the conduct of the old people was bad, that as a father of a family, with

grown-up sons and daughters, he could not stand such goings-on, and that he had complained frequently to the police.

Mr. Murphy went on to cross examine him.

"You are a married man, doctor?"

"Yes, sah"

"When were you married?"

"On de 31st day of January last".

"That is to your present wife?"

"Yes, sah".

"When were you married to your first wife?"

"Dis is my fust wife."

"Do you mean to tell me that you were never married before?"

"Yes, sah".

"Are you quite sure about that?"

"Sartin, shuah".

"Now, then," said Mr. Murphy, "what did you mean by telling his worship a few minutes ago that you as a father of a family, with grown-up sons and daughters, could not stand such goings-on?"

Mr. Murphy roared at him and scolded and scolded and denounced him.

Sheppard's face was a study. He smiled down on Mr. Murphy with the most kindly and benignant air, which only made Mr. Murphy more vehement and then with the utmost coolness said:

"Mista Murphy, ain't dar heaps of folks who have childen who were never married."

Mr. Murphy was taken aback, but he denounced him furiously, and asked him how he, with such a character, dared to come into court and give evidence against anyone, and the more he roared at him the more Sheppard smiled most patiently, and when Mr. Murphy stopped he said in the most amiable tone:

"Mista Murphy, can't a man reform? You know what de Scripture says: 'As long as de lamp holds out to burn de vilest sinn'r may return'."

"Where do you get that text?" asked Murphy.

"Dhat, sah! you will find in de Gospel according to St. John."

This was said with an air of sorrow at Murphy's ignorance. Murphy did not know any better, so he said "that will do, you can step down".

I need not say that Sheppard failed in his prosecution. I have rarely seen a lawyer more cleverly dealt with by a witness, but the incident required to have been seen, to be fully appreciated.

On one occasion when I was away and Mr. Boustead, J.P., was taking the court for me, Sheppard was brought up for disorderly conduct in the street. He asked for an adjournment. He wished to be tried before me. Mr. Murdock, who practised in my Court, and was an irrepressible wag, told Sheppard he would prepare an affidavit asking for an adjournment, and he prepared one of the most absurd character, which Sheppard put in probably not knowing what was in it. Boustead had not much sense of humour, and refused the adjournment, found Sheppard guilty of disorderly conduct, and gave him a fine or sixty days in jail.

In *The Evening Telegram* of the 30th and 31st August, 1880, appears the following account of this affidavit and the result of the trial:

A POWERFUL LEGAL DOCUMENT
THAT FAILED—THE DOCTOR SENT
DOWN FOR TWO MONTHS.

Upon Sheppard's name being called this morning at the Police Court, to answer to the charge of throwing stones on the street, he slipped up to the railings with a cheerful smile radiating his countenance like the polish of a shining stovepipe. He said:

"Your Worship, Ise here a dokermant that'll 'stonish you. My legal 'viser says dat dare's a new statute past, and dat you darn't send dis chile to **prison on the charge proffered. Dar!**"

The following document was then passed up to the bench:

The Queen against Dr. R. A. P. Sheppard	{ In the Police Court in and for the City of Toronto
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I, Doctor Remiquis Assassination Poeliontis Sheppard, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, pusher of a push-cart and dealer in broken bottles, heads and other things too delicate to mention, hereby declare as follows:

1. I am the defendant in a certain charge now pending in the police court against me of being disorderly and worse than that.

2. My wife Sarah (sometimes called Sally for short) is a material and necessary witness for me on the said charge (the like of which has never been known before, and equals in fury and bravery the charge of the Light Brigade) and I cannot safely proceed with my defence to the said charge without the evidence of my said dearly-beloved wife Sarah.

3. My said wife has been knocked down in the eye with a stone, and otherwise injured in the breast, and is in consequence of such nefarious action on the part of somebody or bodies to this declarant unknown, disabled to attend.

4. One Michael Kavano, who I think is of Italian extraction, and who follows the avocation of a bootblack, although I do not pretend thereby to insinuate that he is a coloured boy, as I declare hereby that he is a white child; is a material and necessary witness for me in my defence to the said charge, and I cannot safely proceed to trial without the evidence of the said Michael Kavano.

5. The said Michael Kavano is now a sailor on Her Majesty's inland lakes, many miles perhaps from Toronto, and it is impossible for this declarant to procure the attendance of said talian at said trial.

6. Your declarant prays and submits that your Honour, the Honourable James Bellingham Boustead, may remand the trial of said case for one week, when the declarant is reasonably certain he can procure the attendance of said two witnesses on his behalf, and your declarant hath signed.

Declared to me at Toronto, this 30th day of July, 1880 (and in the 104th year of the independence of the United States) pursuant to 37th Victoria.	Dr. R. A. P. his X mark Sheppard.
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N. F. HAGEL, a Commissioner for the County of York.

After perusing the legal declaration with due diligence, the bench inquired what the initials "R. R. P." stood for.

Sheppard—I dont know. That's my 'nitals.

Bench—What were you christened?

Sheppard—Doc.

Bench—What. did you become a doctor so soon?

Sheppard—Yes, and I'se a sight better than some whose got their 'grees from a college.

Bench—We will not argue on that point, but were you christened Remiquis Assassination Poeliontis?

Sheppard—Certainly not.

Bench—Then this document, which displays great legal astuteness, falls to the ground, and as the charge of stone-throwing is proved against you, I sentence you to pay \$5 and costs or sixty days.

Sheppard—Will your Honour gibe dischile time to pay?

Bench—No credit here.

And the doctor was led away with a sorrowful countenance, as black as Erebus, to the deep dungeon that all well-regulated Police Courts have on board.

The next day the following letter appeared in *The Evening Telegram*:

AN EXPLANATION

Sir,—I have had my attention called to your issue of yesterday, in which appears what purports to be a declaration having the effect of an affidavit made before me by one Sheppard, commonly known as Dr. Sheppard. With respect to that declaration I wish to state that it was presented to me while I was engaged with clients by a barrister, acting on behalf of Sheppard, and accompanying him. As is usual, I asked the latter to declare the truth of it, telling him it was of the same effect as an oath. I didn't then know the contents of the document, nor had I the slightest idea that it was the senseless piece of trifling it was. I hasten to state this, lest it should be thought that I treat my commission with the levity which this document would indicate.

N. F. HAGEL.

Sheppard served his term, but the next time he appeared before me he complained bitterly of Mr. Boustead's action. Although I would not have done as Mr. Boustead did, I had to stand by him. Sheppard said:

"If yo Honah had been heah, you would not have sent me down, but Mr Boustead sent me for sixty days."

"You cannot tell Sheppard," I said; "If I had been here I might have given you six months."

It staggered him for a minute, and then he said:

"Well, yo Honah, I would not have cared if you had, for den I would have known dat it was de law."

While Sheppard was in the jail on this occasion he was either sick or pretended to be, and he applied to the jail physician Dr. Richardson to relieve him from working. Dr. Richardson was an exceedingly quick-tempered man. He paid no attention

to Sheppard's complaints, saying: "Put him to work, put him to work".

Some time after his release Sheppard met Dr. Richardson on the street and sidled up alongside of him saying,

"Yah! Yah! Put him to work, put him to work. Yah!" This was done with an offensive and insolent air.

Dr. Richardson had Sheppard summoned under the By-law, for using grossly insulting language. I felt there was a grave question as to whether these words came within the by-law, but I knew that if Sheppard got a chance to cross examine Dr. Richardson, he would drive him wild, and make a very unpleasant scene. I asked one of Dr. Richardson's friends to keep him away and apply for an adjournment. This I granted against Sheppard's objections. Dr. Richardson was still obdurate, and I adjourned it again. Sheppard made a great objection. He claimed that he wanted to be tried, and assured me that there was nothing in the case.

"I assure yo Honour, dars nothing to it. It is a pure case "ob professional jealousy", referring to Doc Sheppard's name. Dr. Richardson dropped the case the next time it came up, and often afterwards told the story to his friends with great glee.

Doc Sheppard's business, as he explained it himself, was collecting rubbish.

One day in an abandoned oil refinery Sheppard was moving about picking up old hoops and various scraps of iron, and with his cart fairly full he was going off, when the caretaker followed him, stopped him, and said,

"Where did you git that iron?"

Sheppard said,

"Yo want to know whar I got dat iron."

"Yes I do."

"Well come along wid me and I'll show you."

And he wheeled his cart back into the yard, dumped the iron down on the ground and said, "Dar's whar I got it", and started off as fast as he could go. The caretaker and several

others followed, and a constable joined in, and he was arrested for stealing the iron, and the next day appeared before me. I heard all the evidence, and told him he was convicted and was just going to write down a short sentence when he called out earnestly "Hold on dar yo Worship—Hold on to dat pen. Deserve (reserve) your decision." I stopped and asked him what was the matter. He said, "I don't want to be in jail on Christmas. Remand de case till "next Tuesday (the day after Christmas) and I will be here for shuah, to take my sentence." I said, "You are remanded on your own bail in \$100 to appear on the 26th inst." Then he went out.

When his name was called on the 26th he came to the bar with great promptness and began to argue his case again, with remarkable fluency. "Yo Honour, dar is a great principle in de British law dat if dar is a doubt in de case, the doubt belongs to de prisoner. Dar is a great doubt in dis case, and I claims it. I have a great doubt." I said, "You are quite right Doctor in the general principle, but it is not you that should have the doubt. It is I that should have it, and I have not a particle of doubt. Now what made you run away if you were not guilty?" His reply was as quick as a flash.

"Now hold on dar a minute your Worship. You is a military gent, now if you and me were on a war together, and you said to me, Sheppard, I want you to go right on in front on a scout, and see if you see any of de enemy coming, and I go on a mile or two ahead, and I see about fifteen or twenty of de enemy coming, is it my place to stay dar and fight? Suttently not. I would run back as hard as I could, and when I saw a constable and a lot of people running after me of course I ran away, but dat aint no proof dat I

stole the iron." My reply was, "You will be committed to jail for five days and you will be out in time for New Years."

Sheppard in time was one of the best known characters in the City and was constantly being pointed out to strangers. One morning as I finished the court and it was adjourned, Sheppard stepped up to the bar and said, "I want to make a complaint to yoah Honour. I is very much annoyed on de streets of dis city. When I'se walking along, nearly everybody glares at me, and dey nudges each other and say, 'Dars Doe Sheppard,' and dey stare at me and it's going on all de time. It's a perfect nuisance, and I want to ask yoah Honour if anything can be done to obviate the annoyance." I was thinking while he was talking, how to meet it, for I could not think of any plan for stopping it. So I said, "Well Doctor I fully sympathize with you. I am troubled that way myself, I see people nudging each other constantly and whispering, 'There is the Magistrate,' and I agree with you, that it is very embarrassing but I cannot see what we can do about it. We cannot prevent people looking at us, that is one of the penalties of greatness, and I am afraid Sheppard we must just make up our minds to put up with it," Suttently, sir, I suppose we must," said Sheppard, and he straightened himself up and went off quite contented.

On one occasion Sheppard made some pitiful complaint which a reporter published with poetic license as follows:

Out in the cold world,
 Out in the street;
 Put out by the bailiff
 By the neck and the seat.
 The iron trade am busted,
 The push-cart am gone,
 My wife she am dying,
 And I can't last long.

(To be continued.)



FOWL IN WOODYARD

From the Painting by Horace Mann Livens, in the Canadian National Gallery

NANINE

A WAR INCIDENT OF THE SOUCHEZ VALLEY, FRANCE, 1917

By J. D. LOGAN

A MONG the hoarded happy memories
Of my rare days in patient France, far more
Than all the rest within my tender store
Two win me with peculiar potencies:

*The triumph-chants I heard on Vimy's scene
By linnets lilting from dead comrades' crosses;
The red rose plucked from Souchez' emerald mosses
By the little, gentle Gallic maid—Nanine.*

Oh, winsome was Nanine, and lily-fair:
The soft, clear azure of her strange-sweet eyes
Was lovelier than the blue of Gallic skies,
The gold of setting suns shone in her hair.

Bewitching elf, not older than six years,
I glimpsed, at first, the gold-light of her tresses
While she went gathering moss and water-cresses
By Souchez' stream in Souchez' vale of tears.

Stayed by the lovely vision, the peaceful scene,
I wondered that, in France, such things could be:
The innocence, the prattle, and the glee
Of the little, winsome Gallic maid—Nanine.

When I at length reached where she rose and stood,
And asked her why she did not fear to play,
"Le Dieu est bon, mon brave soldat Anglais,"
She said. "Ah, yes," I answered, "God is good."

I bent and kissed her; then, melting, turned to fare
My way unto the bloody battle-land:
"Voilà!" she cried, a red rose in her hand,
"Apportez ma jolie rose rouge à mon père".

The sweetest child (I thought) that e'er drew breath,
Whose simple faith shamed my misgiving mind;
But, alas! for her and me and humankind,
What could she know of God and War and Death?

Thus pondering, I passed down to the fight—
At Fresnoy, Angres, Lens, and Avion
Where myriads fell, no more to look upon
The holy hills of France and earth's dear light.

When once again I trod the Souchez trail,
From out a ruined home rushed one to tell
That fair Nanine had died by Hunnish shell
And sleeps nearby the stream in Souchez' vale.

L'ENVOI.

O arch-fiend Kaiser, spawned in hell's demesne,
God may forgive your deed most foully done,
But I shall not, you butcher-breeding Hun,
Who slew the guiltless Gallic maid—Nanine.

MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER V



GROWN-UP, starting upon an exploring trip through Darkest Africa, may have various preparations to make, but surely they are nothing like so many or so various as those necessary to a small boy who is starting off for school. David's days, long as they were, seemed far too short to contain the things which must be done.

First of all there were the three pups of Shela the Scotch terrier to prepare for a long farewell and a new settlement in life. Then there were the two lop-eared rabbits, a pair of domesticated guinea-pigs with markedly Rooseveltian principles, and a Russian rat. Cousin Mattie, in the first flush of her concern over David's departure, had heroically offered to keep this menagerie intact, but Angus frowned on her heroism and David doubted its expediency. No mere woman, he felt, could properly understand a Russian rat or be expected to view with equanimity the inevitable multiplicity of guinea-pigs.

So in those days, David became a bearer of gifts and achieved a popularity among his kind which was brief but dazzling.

Then there were teeth to be attended to. This was of course highly unnecessary and a transparent device of grown-ups to spoil as much spare time as possible. As if teeth which could crack a hickory nut were not good enough for all practical pur-

poses? There were lost moments also when he had to stand quite still while Cousin Mattie measured him for shirts. But these were partly compensated for by a golden hour when his first "store" suits came home. Beautiful suits they were with a pronounced front and back to the trousers and blue braces. There were knickers, too, that held on by a belt; and a knitted cap and sweater.

David tried hard not to be proud, or rather not to show how proud he was. But the attempt was not a conspicuous success. His brief popularity as a boy-about-town faded. Upon the Sunday, when he attended church in all his glory, not a boy in his set that did not cut him. There were the girls, of course, one could read admiration in their wondering glances, but David did not care for girls. The little girl with the red hair was not in church. Not that David cared for her either, but he couldn't help realizing that she had missed something by staying home. So strongly did he feel this that he went so far as to walk around by the Widow Ridley's house after Sunday-school. There was no one in the front garden: he peeped through the back gate—nobody in the back-yard! Girls are silly things anyway!

This being the case it must have been pure altruism which caused David to ask at Sunday supper if Cousin Mattie had heard of anything being wrong "up there at that big house with the cedars".

Miss Mattie was always flattered when asked for information in regard to her neighbours, near or remote, but she had little to report concerning the household at the Widow Ridley's. There was nothing wrong that she knew of except what naturally would be wrong when a cranky old woman is allowed to badger the lives out of two orphan girls. Why did David want to know?

David didn't want to know. He had only asked. Couldn't a fellow ask a simple question?

"If they were poor people," went on Miss Mattie, discerning his interest behind his denial of it, "the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children would take those girls away from that old harriidan. But she's rich, so no one says anything. I suppose people think that the money she may leave them when she dies will make up for everything. But she won't leave them any money, you mark my words."

"Why won't she?" asked David.

"Because they never do."

"But why don't they ever do?"

Miss Mattie shook her head. There was no reason. They just didn't.

David felt quite excited over this. He wondered if the red-haired girl knew of this peculiarity. If not, she ought to be told. He himself, ought to tell her. He would tell her if he had time.

But the days flew by and he didn't have time. Twice the guinea-pigs came back on his hands owing to prejudices regarding the birth-rate. The Russia rat got homesick and had to have daily visits to keep up its spirits up. One of the pups died and David had to fight the owner who had been guilty of criminal carelessness in the matter of meat. It took simply ages to visit all his old haunts, to say good-bye to swimming-pool and fishpond and to prepare and make secure a certain "cache" of great value and mystery.

Through it all, he went about in a fear of Last Words. On account of this fear he kept out of the house

most of the time and was taciturn to a degree when in it. But to his ever-increasing surprise, Cousin Mattie stitched his shirts and said very little. The reason for this was not made plain until the very last day when she solemnly put into his hand a small note-book bound in black leather and secured with an elastic band.

"You have been so busy, Davy dear (was there a faint reproach in her voice?), that I have not been able to say those things to you that I would have liked. So I have written them all down. The first half of this little book is 'Don't', and the second half is 'Do.'" Faint pride warmed Miss Mattie's tone. "You see I have arranged them all in alphabetical order, so you may turn to any advice you need without trouble or loss of time. I think I have provided for everything, and I have worded it all plainly. For instance, the first 'Don't' is 'Don't answer back'. That means your teachers, dear, of course. You may sometimes be justified in answering back a fellow pupil. But the subject is carried further under the 'F's', as 'Don't fight'".

"The first 'Do' is 'Do answer letters'. That, I hope, is unnecessary but I put it in because I did not have another a to begin with. There are plenty of b's and the c's are also quite numerous. The very important ones, such as 'Do wear rubbers', and 'Don't forget your neck and ears', I have underlined."

Here Miss Mattie became so agitated that her further remarks were smothered in the genuine hug with which David received the gift. Something warm and sweet bubbled up in the small boy's heart as he felt her tears upon his face. His shyness and reserve melted. He forgot his newly-acquired dignity. He forgot everything save that he loved her and he was going away.

"You—you won't forget me, Davy dear"?

Was there any chance of that? David's kisses, wet and eager, David's warm young arms about her neck told

her far better than his mumbled words that there was no chance at all.

"And it will be so lovely to have you home for the holidays!" said Miss Mattie with her incurable optimism.

After the excitement of having his luggage called for by the baggage man and helping to lift it on himself, the walk to the station was all that was left. Miss Mattie did not come. She was afraid she might cry on the platform and she knew her boy wouldn't like that. Besides, Angus might wish to say something to David, privately. With Angus one never knew!

David had thought of this possibility himself and a fortnight ago he would have dreaded it. But now the prospect was quite bearable. Something had broken down between the man and the boy. Something which nothing was ever to raise up again, not years, nor separation, nor the lack of facile speech.

"We'll be looking to you to do good work, David. You will do your best?"

David hoped that he would.

"You will not fight more than you may find necessary?"

David hoped not.

"When you have to fight," said Angus, "be sure you're right and then hit hard—Hit hard anyway!" he added grimly.

"Sure," agreed David contentedly.

"And don't use slang"! sternly, "use the language of your forefathers and be proud of it."

"Su—yes, sir."

They were getting near the station now. The carpenter's step grew slower. His rare smile came as he glanced at the boy's face.

"David," he said, "you're a little afraid I am going to preach to you. But I'm not. Who can tell what counsel you will need—until you need it? If you care to come to me then, I'll give you the best I have—and you probably won't take it. There's just one thing you'll need now and all the time. That thing is courage. Fear is of the devil. Resist it and it will flee from you." The carpenter's deep

blue eyes grew dreamy. "Be master in your House of Life. The man with the courage of his best beliefs is the man the world is needing, David. Grapple with life, and do not let it go except it bless you."

David listened dutifully, wondering, but not excessively impressed. (Of course he would be brave. He would be a cowardy-custard if he weren't). He was too young to know that Angus was coveting for him that future of valiant leadership which his own life, withdrawn from the conflict, had put aside.

There was no time for leave-taking at the station. They had scarcely stepped upon the platform when the Toronto train whistled rounding the curve. Its stay in Milhampton was very brief, only a moment's pausing of its whirring wheels. David felt himself swung upon the steps, felt the hand-grip and —yes, surely—a kiss upon his forehead! His suitcase was handed up. Next moment a glorious being in blue with gold buttons waved a lordly hand and the train was moving.

From the window, David saw in an excited blue, the familiar station, the long, board platform, the line of cabs and 'busses, the faces of people he knew, his father's face! Then Milhampton and all his former life vanished into the past which lies waiting for everything.

He was off into the unknown.

VI

We have shown, I think, that it was hardly David's fault that he did not return to the garden. He cannot be held responsible for the fact that life, after loafing carelessly along for twelve years, had suddenly bethought herself and become quite out of breath and red in the face with fussing over his small affairs.

Rosme knew noothing of all this. She only knew that her playmate had vanished into the mystery from which he had emerged. Many days she waited for him, every day deciding that she would wait no longer. Then

gradually the waiting dwindled and became mere remembrance.

Things were happening to Rosme too.

Aunt came downstairs. After that pirates. Once more the indomitable old lady had discomfited the prophets and the tap-tapping of her stick and the shrill sound of her voice seemed to penetrate every corner of Rosme's universe. Frances, on whom fell most of the burden, went about the house white-faced and silent; trying continually to please yet never pleasing; spending all her youthful strength in the thankless service of selfish, bitter old age.

The cook had left and the charwoman had given her periodical notice. A notice which, being a merely kindhearted charwoman, she always took back.

"Sorry Oi am to be lavin' you, Miss Frances," said Mrs. Maloney, "but it's lavin' this time Oi am for shure. The old woman is more than flesh and blood can stand. Grudges me my cup of tay, she does, and ivery penny counted twice over as if 'twas gold. And the tongue of her! Bedad it's not even a dacent, Irish tongue at that!"

Mrs. Maloney adjusted her proper black bonnet and tied the strings with a strangling jerk.

"Aren't you afraid you'll choke yourself, Mrs. Maloney?" asked Rosme with real interest. "And is an Irish tongue different from others?"

"It is that. Maloney himself is that handy with his tongue, 'twould surprise you. But, bless you, there's niver a bit of vice behind it! Knock you down would Maloney as quick as look at you and no hard feelin' before nor after."

"Could Maloney knock Aunt down?"

"He could indade," said Mrs. Maloney cautiously, "if 'twasn't for the poolice."

Rosme nodded. She understood from previous conversations that Mr. Maloney was accustomed to being thwarted by the police. She had long

taken a great interest in his career. As set forth by his admiring spouse, it was the career of a worthy man much "put upon" by fate. Rosme appreciated this point of view. She had a genius for such appreciations; possessed, in fact, an almost uncanny aptitude for putting herself in other people's places. People, just as people, fascinated Rosme. She was fascinated even by Aunt and this is probably why the years of bondage were not so hard on her as on her less imaginative cousin. No matter what Aunt did, Rosme was inexhaustibly curious as to what she might do next. Thus was expectation constantly renewed.

"You see," she explained to Frances after a particularly purple outburst, "it is so exciting. When she gets so terribly mad, she might *burst*!"

Few visitors called upon the Widow Ridley and, had she been poor they would have been still fewer. One cannot altogether ignore money. There was the church, for instance. The Widow Ridley was a pillar in the church. She might almost be called the main pillar, speaking from a human point of view. She rented a pew and she sat in it. She gave a "weekly envelop" larger than any other three weekly envelopes put together. In times of stress she could be depended upon for a satisfactory contribution. Why this was so, no one knew. It was a genuine puzzle. To ascribe it to a Christian spirit was so unlikely as to seem merely absurd. What she gave, she gave bitterly and with revilings.

She called the minister a hypocrite and the board of managers numbskulls. She called the Ladies' Aid a lot of tattling old women and the Missionary Society a set of meddling fools. Yet the treasurer's annual report invariably mentioned her in terms of respect and appreciation as "Our generous friend and fellow worker, Mrs. Mortimer Ridley". Also it would have been a breach of established policy not to ask her to take part in any suitable public function, such as distributing New Testaments

to those Sunday School pupils who could recite all the commandments including the Eleventh: "That ye love one another".

The very corner-stone of the church in which she sat had been laid by her. The amount of her subscription had demanded it. True, there had been an Elder who objected. But the matter was hushed up. If an old lady, perfectly respectable and very wealthy cannot lay the corner-stone of God's house without remarks being made, what are church finances coming to? Besides, as the minister said to the objecting Elder, "Are we all quite perfect ourselves?"

With this, perhaps hardly called for, explanation, it will be seen why there were still visitors to ring the bell at the Widow Ridley's front door. The Ladies' Aid undertook it as a duty which they owed to the church. They were wont to declare among themselves that they didn't mind the old lady's bitter tongue in the least. Neither they did. They rather enjoyed it—as long as they could keep it off themselves. It was from one of these duty-visitors that Rosme learned a way to school. Aunt was being approached in the matter of a larger subscription towards the mortgage interest and Rosme, interested as ever, was hidden in a deep-seated chair, supposedly reading.

"I can't tell you just why it is," said the visitor who was no less a personage than Mrs. Elder Robinson, "but our voluntary offerings, my dear Mrs. Ridley, are certainly decreasing. Why this should be so with our nice, new church, our choir and our eloquent minister is really a puzzle. Some few have stopped giving altogether, and many have cut down their amounts. As our minister said to me only yesterday, there is a sad growth of luxuries amongst us. The Pattersons are paying monthly instalments on a new piano. The Reeds give their children dancing lessons and now I hear that Angus Greig the carpenter is sending that boy of his away to school in Toronto. As if his boy

needed better schooling than yours or mine!"

"I haven't got one," said Aunt sourly.

"No—er—of course not. But the principle is the same. One wonders what we are coming to. Such foolish extravagance!"

This sentiment ought certainly to have pleased the Widow Ridley but it was one of Aunt's charming little eccentricities to disagree with everything quite irrespective of her own opinion.

"Why shouldn't he send the boy to school if he wants to?" she rapped out.

"Well, yes, of course. Only—a carpenter, you know? And it is not as if the boy were his own son either. An adopted boy is different. Although——"

There was a pregnant silence after the "although"! A silence quite vocal to the sharp-witted old lady. Her answer to it was an audible sniff.

"Well, there's nothing in that," she said grudgingly, torn between her desire to give weight to a slander and her normal disposition to contradict everything. "The boy's not Angus Greig's son, nor any kin to him. He's that Dr. Thimgamajig's son all right—I forget the name. Sorry to disappoint you."

Mrs. Robinson was playfully shocked. Disappoint? Such an idea! One was always so truly thankful to know that such a story had no foundation. But things do get about so. And sending the boy to school seemed just a little strange! Education was a good thing, of course, but the working classes were apt to lose a sense of proportion. It made one fear for the country at large. For if every Tom, Dick and Harry were to get expensive education, where would all our social distinctions be? It looked as if we might find ourselves in a rag-bag presently.

Aunt chuckled. She was quite certain, she said, that this was exactly what was going to happen. Not "presently", but very much sooner. "And some of us won't even make good

rags!" she added in a tone which hastened her visitor's departure.

Rosme rose and slipped away while Mrs. Robinson was putting on her gloves. Besides the back garden there was one place where she could always hide when she wished to be alone. This refuge was no less a place than the "best" rooms across the hall. These rooms, called by Aunt, "my drawing-rooms" were of the same size and shape as the parlours but their state in life was very different. These were the holy of holies, shrines to be approached with reverence on high days and even then glimpsed at only under shroudings of brown holland. Here the grate fires were never lighted on account of dust and the blinds were never fully raised on account of sun. There was incense in the atmosphere — pot-pourri, moth-balls and the scent of richness. Rosme knew and loved this smell. It belonged to the closed rooms and the closed rooms belonged to her. They belonged to her because she alone enjoyed them. No one else ever came near them save with duster and broom.

So absolutely did they dwell in the land of the forbidden that even Aunt, who believed in all wickedness, had never suspected any one of violating their sacred gloom. Rosme was as safe there as if she had passed into the fourth dimension. The heavy door opened. It closed without a sound. The scent of old roses and camphor stirred to meet her. Stray sunbeams bursting through chinks in the shutters danced through the pendant crystals of the old-fashioned chandelier to bury themselves, rainbow hued, in the depths of the long mirrors on the wall.

Into this dim and scented stillness, the child advanced. All the mirrors knew her. They had caught and held reflections of her in every attitude and in every mood. She danced into them, peered into them, blew kisses into them, and then, turning, ran far, far into them until she was a small, dim elfish figure almost lost in their long perspective.

Often, when this part of her life was over, Rosme used to wonder if these rooms had been really beautiful. Reluctantly she admitted that they had probably been only rich; she had been saved from perceiving this by the virtue of her own imagination and the twilight in which they dwelt. The carpets were heavy and soft. The satin brocade of the window hangings fell from wide cornices of gilt. The tall mirrors were framed in gilt, with marble shelves to rest upon. The fire-place mantles were marble with brass railings round the hearths. Marble also were the tops of the tables with carved legs. There were no book-cases and few books. What few there were, like the pictures on the walls, made up in size what they lacked in subject. Ornaments of various kinds were disposed in various places and their places were never changed.

From the centre of the ceiling, and dominating everything, hung the round, brass chandelier with the chrystal pendants. These crystals were very wonderful. They were alive. They laughed and sparkled and danced. All they needed was a stray sunbeam. Rosme never tired of them; they were, in their evanescent and rainbow splendour, complete and satisfying.

Beside the pendants the things she loved best in the rooms were the two small statuettes which stood on either end of the front mantle. One of these was called "Father's Return" and represented a domestic group of five with an old-fashioned, hooded cradle in the foreground. Over this cradle leaned the mother, a gracious figure in peasant dress. The neck of the homely blouse was unfastened showing the curve of a swelling bosom. She was smiling as she stooped to lift the fat and kicking baby from its pillow. In the background stood the father, cap in hand and spade still upon his shoulder. He, too, was smiling and looking with somewhat fatuous delight toward the cradle; while in appropriate attitudes of joy a small boy and girl danced beside him.

Rosme often looked long at this group. But she never looked further than the face of the bending mother. The children she found tiresome, the baby fat and foolish, the father a clod. But the mother! Perhaps the artist had really caught some inspiration as he moulded that gentle face. Perhaps Rosme read her own inspiration into it. At any rate it pictured for her something of the mother love which she herself had missed. At times she could almost fancy that the calm face stirred, lifted, and turned on her that hidden smile. At other times the fat baby in the cradle had it all. Rosme felt that if smashing the baby would have helped she would cheerfully have smashed it—and the children and the father, too!

The other statuette was quite different and one wondered how it came to be in the room at all. It was a figure of Joan of Arc, facing her accusers. The accusers were not there, but one sensed them from the Maid's look and attitude of proud defiance. She stood, drawn up to her full height with one hand resting on a bar behind her, the other clenched and hanging by her side. The artist who conceived her had given life to a noble thing. As she stood there she was all womanhood arrayed against the evil which would drag her down. She was Purity! She was courage; she was everything to soften and to steel the heart!

Rosme had thrilled at the first glimpse of her. Nor had she rested until she knew all that was known (in Milhampton) of her tragic story. Then she loved and worshipped her wholly.

Often she looked from the bending face of the mother to the lifted face of the Maid and strange thoughts stirred in her childish heart: How could two women be so lovely and so different? Her own position as regards their conflicting ideals was composite. She was content to frame it as follows: "I should like to *have* a mother but I should like to *be* a maid."

She discussed her problems with

both of them impartially. And to-day, the day of Mrs. Robinson's visit, she had a brand new problem to discuss. It was no less than the idea of a made-over world—a world which would put Aunt and Mrs. Robinson in the rag-bag. It was very interesting. Indeed it was from this moment that Rosme dated her awakened interest in the composition of the social fabric. Hitherto, much as she had deprecated certain things, it had not occurred to her that they were humanly changeable. Now she perceived a possibility of improvement. A world which would put Aunt in the rag-bag would be a better world, she felt sure. And the force which was going to do this was education. Not the kind of education that she was getting but the superior kind which boys like David-of-the-garden (Tom, Dick and Harry boys) were going to school to get.

One is either born a snob, or one isn't. Rosme was not. She had not missed the note of patronage in the voice of Mrs. Robinson when she spoke of David's father as a carpenter. Neither could she know how laughable such patronage was. But she had noted its existence as a curiosity merely. It was one of those things which she found interesting but did not quite understand. It caused her to class Mrs. Robinson with Mary, Aunt's last cook but one. Mary had had the class instinct very strongly developed. She was an English girl, once under-housemaid in a great house and quite out of her element in Canada. Through her, Rosme had made an exhaustive study of the feudal spirit, and she had heard Mary speak many times of the second-under-housemaid in exactly the tone used by Mrs. Robinson in speaking of Angus Greig. Also she heard Mrs. Robinson refer to Mrs. Blake Stewart with just that touch of awe which was natural to Mary in speaking of the King and Queen. So it was all of a piece. Only that Mary seemed much the more simple and sincere.

Mary left suddenly, as all Aunt's cooks did, and Rosme's studies in feu-

dal psychology were abruptly terminated. But her conclusions as confided to Frances, were not inapt, "Mary was a nice girl," she said, "and it wasn't because she didn't think well of herself that made her like that. She just really believed that her lords and ladies were a different sort of people altogether. The tears would come in her eyes sometimes when she talked about the Royal Family. Perhaps it's rather nice to feel like that, but I couldn't—unless it was some one like Queen Elizabeth."

Rosme thought of Mary now, and wondered if when the new order of things came in, her lords and ladies would follow Aunt into the rag-bag? Or would only part of them go in? And how dreadfully Mary would feel it, if it ever happened.

Just here the clang of the garden gate interrupted her musings. It was a mean gate. It looked as if it would shut quietly but it always clanged. And then Aunt heard the clang. It was as bad as an alarm bell.

Rosme peeped through the window shutter. The visitor was young Dr. Holtby and from the look on his face Rosme felt sure that he was saying things about the gate. Dr. Holtby was old Dr. Walker's assistant and he had been wont to drop in occasionally to report on Aunt. Lately he had been dropping in more than occasionally and his attentions to Aunt had been negligible. It was Frances whom he came to see. Rosme knew it, all Milhampton knew it, and, of course, Frances. But so far, by special miracle, Aunt did not know it. Therefore it was particularly provoking of the gate to bang.

Instantly, Aunt's harsh voice was heard shouting from the top of the staircase.

"Frances, go to the door! There's that young Dr. Holtby again. Tell him I won't see him. And he needn't put his visit in the bill for I won't pay it. Tell him when I want him I'll send for him. And tell him to shut the gate: Frances—tell him to shut the gate!"

Rosme heard Frances's light step hurry along the hall, followed by the fateful tap-tap of Aunt's cane as she came downstairs. The child hesitated a moment and then, considering that she might be needed, she slipped out at the farthest door. When Aunt entered the parlour, Rosme was already there looking out of the window. She could see Frances and the doctor talking on the verandah. Frances's colour was high and the doctor looked both amused and angry.

"Is that young man gone yet?" demanded Aunt.

Rosme, drumming on the sill, pretended she did not hear.

"Frances!" called Aunt, rapping impatiently.

"She can't hear you, the door is closed," informed Rosme. "The doctor is giving her some beautiful flowers."

Aunt sniffed.

"He needn't. I have no use for his flowers. Let him bring my medicine when I need it and my bill when he must: that's all I ask of him. Flowers indeed!"

"Perhaps they are for me?" suggested Rosme with a look of roguish innocence.

A snort was the only reply to this.

The doctor was taking his dismissal gracefully. He raised his hat, smiled ruefully and departed. Frances came back through the hall. She came very slowly. A perfect torrent of taps failed to hasten her steps. She appeared not to have heard them, for when she entered the parlour her face was delicately flushed and smiling. She held the flowers in both her hands. "Throw them away!" commanded Aunt promptly. "The man must be a perfect idiot. I don't want his flowers. I won't have them! Throw them away!"

The flush faded from the girl's face.

"They are mine," she said, "Dr. Holtby brought them for me."

"Did he indeed? No doubt he came to see you also?"

Rosme coughed loudly. She hoped Frances would have sense enough to

say nothing. But there was a strange look about Frances to-day. She looked strung up.

"He did come to see me," she answered steadily.

There was a moment's awful pause. No doubt it was a pause of illumination. Then Aunt laughed.

Rosme clenched her small fists. She always wanted to hit out when she heard that laugh. It gave her murderous impulses. It made her feel sick. The thought of it sometimes made her hush her own bell-like laughter because in name it was akin to this horrid sound. To-day it was worse than usual. Frances winced and grew pale.

"That's it, is it?" croaked the old woman. "Very pleasant, I'm sure, and charged no doubt in the bill. I see. I see. So it's you he's after, is it, my girl? A whey-faced piece like you? Very likely! Of course he has no idea of the money—the money he thinks you'll have some day!" She laughed again. "Better tell him, my fine lady, that he won't die rich on that!"

Frances said nothing. She stared at her tormentor as if fascinated. Aunt continued.

"Don't stand there and stare at me! I mean what I say. Let me hear any talk of marrying and not one penny of my money do you get. What do you think you're here for? Why did I take you in when you hadn't a roof to your head? Why did I give you food to eat and clothes to wear—yes, and pay your poverty-stricken father's debts? Did I do it to have you marry the first numbskull that asks you just when you're beginning to be of use? Fine gratitude you show to me who

might have left you to die in a charity home."

The flowers were slipping from Frances's loosened hands.

"It might have been kinder if you had."

Again Aunt laughed. She appeared to be enjoying herself. And Rosme decided that she had enjoyed herself quite long enough. Deliberately she leaned over to the small table by the window on which stood a very ugly, very valuable vase. A vase which was the pride of Aunt's heart. One push from a small, brown hand and it lay in fragments on the floor.

The intervention was quite too perfect!

With the cry of an enraged animal Aunt sprang at the child. With raised cane she struck at her. Rosme dodged the full force of the blow, only to receive its stunning impact on her thin shoulder. Again the frantic woman raised the cane but this time it was caught and wrenched from her hold by strong, young hands. Frances's flowers lay scattered on the floor, but Frances herself had stepped into womanhood.

"Don't dare—don't dare to touch her!" It was a Frances who had forgotten fear who spoke. "Don't dare to lay a finger on her. Go back to your chair and behave yourself—or all the town shall know how you treat a motherless child! Rosme, Rosme darling, are you hurt?"

It was Rosme's first impulse to say that she wasn't hurt. But she thought herself in time to seize a perfectly good opportunity.

"I—I'm not sure!" she murmured weakly, "but I think you had better call the doctor back."

(To be continued.)



THE CRITIC AND THE POET

BY DONALD G. FRENCH



MOST proverbs are only half-truths. For that reason they are often wrongly interpreted. The saying, "Poets are born and not made", has led many a young writer to pen rhyming jingles and publish them as "poems", believing himself born with the gift, and taking no pains to discover whether or not there are any fundamental rules of poetic composition. If he has an inherent sense of emotional fitness and the innate gift of a "musical ear", he may (and often does) produce verse which will not transgress the laws of poetic technique. But suppose he lacks these natural gifts, what may be the result?

At the outset we must throw overboard certain prevalent popular traditions as to literary composition. We must get rid of the idea, poetic enough of itself, that the author produces his work in a mood bordering on frenzy and under the influence of a mysterious inspiration. There is no reason why we should go on believing that it is sacrilege to trammel the poet's word within the bounds of rigid form. Some of the admitted masters of English verse have done their best work when confined to the rigid lines of the sonnet; others have revised and improved poems even after these have been published and widely circulated. The testimony of those whom we regard as "born" poets, borne by their work and the methods by which it was produced, is that there is a great deal of making and re-making of the literary produc-

tions of the greatest of the so-called geniuses. It is quite true, of course, that English verse admits of considerable elasticity in rhythmic and metrical forms, but it is none the less true that these forms are governed by basic rules of metrical composition. Lyric poetry, with which we are here chiefly concerned, is built up, usually, in regular stanza form, and these stanzas have the ordered arrangement of the phrases of a musical composition.

The simple laws governing the metrical form of English verse have been almost buried by pedantic scholastics under a mass of technical verbiage which has grown up from the study of ancient classic forms. Suffice it for us to recognize that time is the basic principle of verse as it is of music, and that accent is a secondary and accompanying principle. The fundamental law of versification may be summed up thus: *All variations of metrical form are based upon the time of utterance of groups of sounds and the regular recurrence of accented syllables.* The recurrence of the accent marks off the time-group, just as accent marks off the bar in a correct musical composition.

An examination of English metres will show that the ordinary time-group of syllables may vary from one to three, and that the accent must recur at regular intervals in the group—always on the first, or on the second, or on the third syllable in the group, according to the particular metrical type employed.

We take now, almost at random,
an extract from "In Suspense"
(F.I.I.B.):*

A thousand fears perplex me,
A thousand hopes delude;
I wait, and watch, and wonder
With doubt and fear imbued.

Shall it be or shall it not,
And have I long to wait?
My pulses beat but faster
Although the hour is late.

These stanzas contain four lines each, and the measures or time-groups consist of two syllables each with the accent falling on the last. It is only necessary to read the lines aloud quite slowly and watch the natural stress of your voice in order to show this. There is, you may observe, an extra unaccented syllable in the first and third lines of the first stanza, but we need pay no more attention to these than we do to "grace notes" in music, for that is, in effect, what they are to poetry.

Let us mark off the stanza and make our description of the form quite clear. The stressed or accented syllables are printed in capitals. By accent we mean simply natural voice emphasis. In each group of uttered syllables we lay a certain stress of the voice on certain syllables, and rest the vocal strain on others. In prose this stress falls generally at irregular intervals, but in poetry it must recur regularly.

A THOUS-and FEARS per-PLEX me
A THOUS-and HOPES de-LUDE;
I WAIT and WATCH and WOND-er
With DOUBT and FAITH im-BUED.

SHALL IT BE or SHALL IT NOT,
And HAVE I LONG to WAIT?
My PULS-es BEAT but FAST-er,
Al-THOUGH the HOUR is LATE.

Considering the form, there is nothing to object to in the first stanza, but when we take up the second (remember that it should conform

with the first just as the second "verse" of a song is sung to the air of the first), we find ourselves naturally stressing nearly every word in the first line and at the same time prolonging the utterance of the syllables. The line will not measure off into three time-groups as it should to conform with the regular stanza. There is no use pleading poetic license; there is no license for wrenching accents and anyway there is no reading of the line which will bring it within the bounds of the "tune" of the poem.

Examine now another quotation. In this I ask you to notice that the accent falls on the first syllable and that there are two syllables in each time-group, but no sooner have you read the first line than you seem to get "out of step". In the second line there is a change to what is really a different type of metre—two syllables here the time-group but the accent falling on the last syllable. The writer who tries to justify such a departure from the most elementary requirements of poetic technique reminds me of the proud mother who remarked as the soldiers marched by, "They're a' oot o' step but my Airchie".

THERE was TRI-umph, TRI-umph, TRI-
umph, DOWN the SCAR-let GLEAM-ing
STREET;
The TOWN was MAD a MAN was LIKE
a BOY;
A THOUS-and FLAGS were FLAM-ing
WHERE the SKY and CIT-y meet;
A THOUS-and BELLS were THUND-er-
ING with JOY.

—"The March of the Dead": Service.

The stanza is a rhythmical unit, that is, it sets the "tune" of the poem. Many writers forget this. Let me illustrate:

I set my face to the rising sun,
And own the wind my master,
I follow the track of sunbeams spun
With footsteps fast and faster.

*The illustrative excerpts quoted in this essay are taken from published volumes by Canadian authors.

I leave behind me the city streets
 And the city sights and sounds;
 I go in search of freedom's sweets,
 And the life unvexed by bounds.
 —"The Rover's Song": F. H. B.

The first stanza of this has a rollicking swing quite in keeping with the character of a rover, but in the second the stride becomes laboured. What has happened? It is not exactly a defect of misplaced accents. If you read very carefully and watch the sounds, you will find that the rhyming words "MAST-er" and "FAST-er" end in an unaccented syllable, thus giving a sort of continuous or open effect to the line. On the other hand, the corresponding words in the next stanza are "SOUNDS" and "BOUNDS", monosyllabic and accented. You come, therefore, in the second case, to an abrupt stop; you are, as it were, up against a stone wall. The whole deficiency is the lack of that closing unaccented syllable which somehow enables you to bounce over the obstruction.

To make rhymes is about the easiest part of the work of verse-writing. Yet one might write a whole book on the varieties of rhyme, the reason for them, and the effects. We will note here just one rather grotesque error due to lack of recognition of a basic law regarding rhymed words.

The law is this: Rhyme always emphasizes in meaning the word upon which it falls; in a rhyming couplet the force of the second word is usually a little stronger than the first; hence that word should be more important in meaning. Read this bit of fairly good nature-picturing:

The trees stand still in the translucent
 air,
 Mute captives of October's witching smile,
 As o'er the throbbing earth, long mile on
 mile,
 She casts a glamour colourful and fair.
 The hardy autumn flowers strew the bare,
 Brown, turfy slopes, where Summer's
 ardent wife,
 Failed to invoke the slimmer blooms
 fragile,
 And the hilltops purple vapours wear.

To agree with the laws of rhyme the word "bare" should be the one which requires emphasis of meaning, but in the clause which contains it the emphatic words are "flowers", "strew", "slopes". The unearned emphasis which is put on the word "bare" makes me think of it with a substantive rather than an adjectival meaning, with the result that the mental image accompanying it is that of a fallen, shaggy "bear", funereally bedecked with wreaths of flowers.

It may come as a rude shock to both would-be poets and lovers of poetry to learn that the matter of mere mechanical sound plays a great part in the successful making of verse. Nevertheless it is true that the poet (and indeed the writer of prose also) will do well to take care to ensure euphonious combinations of sounds. In this stanza:

Note the glitter and the glamour,
 Hark how gold and silver rolls,
 Where the Devil's emissary's
 Buying souls, human souls.
 —"The Soul Market": In Candian Canticles

The frequent repetition of the sound of "s" in the third line makes it approach too closely to the vocal gymnastics of the famous "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers".

It is not sufficient that the poet shall group his syllables according to certain fixed rules. He must recognize that certain forms of metre are suited to certain themes. Briefly, the more syllables to the time-group (measure, or foot), the quicker the movement of the line and the more in accord with light, joyous, or humorous ideas. The fewer the syllables, the slower the movement, and the more in harmony with serious, dignified, or sublime thoughts, or occasions of solemnity. Bearing this in mind, we may consider:

A crowd stood on our rocky height one
 smiling day in June,
 And strained their gaze to that far point
 around which must come soon

The dreaded fleet; when one good priest
with level glass espied
A ship with France's colours bearing
slowly up the tide.

—"The Siege of Quebec": D. A. Fraser.

This story of the siege is given from the lips of one of the Frenchmen within the walls. Now, the swinging ballad measure might do very well to sing the exulting song of the victor, but it does not fit in with the solemnity of the story from the view-point of the vanquished.

Here, again, is a sonnet, entitled "To My Native Land"—the very title suggests stateliness and dignity, yet listen to the gallop of the measures as you read:

Whither my country. O whither along
Goest thou now, self sufficient and strong?
Springing from East, grows the weal of
the West,
As wheat downward curves under yellow-
ing crest.

—"New Canadian Poems": Warneford Moffatt.

This reminds me of nothing other than the "Rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty tum" of the cadets' band. If you have an ear for rhythmic harmony, you will feel that the poet has mixed his music and is playing rag-time when the occasion calls for a selection from the classic composers.

So far we have been dealing with the form of the poem, but form is not everything. There is the appeal to our emotions and we demand, in return for our respectful attention, that this appeal be consistent and sustained. Let us put it in simple everyday fashion: Suppose you were conveying to an acquaintance the sad tidings of the death of an intimate friend and a third member of the group cold-bloodedly interjected some flippant, inconsequential remark about a ball game. How would it affect you? Wouldn't you feel like withering him up with an inquiry as to his deficiency in the sense of fitness of things?

When similarly a poet keys our emotions to a high pitch, we have a

grievance against him if he lets us drop down again to the commonplace. Consider this:

One said: Thy life is thine to make or mar,
To flicker feebly or to soar a star;
It lies with thee—the choice is thine,
is thine,

Now the thought may be somewhat platitudinous, but there is a certain freshness in the appeal and a dignity of expression. It calls us to a mood of life. What, however, about the conclusion? Read the preceding lines and finish with this:

To hit the ties or drive thy auto car.

Take the next stanza of the same poem:

It's all decreed: the mighty earthquake
crash:
The countless constellations wheel and
flash:
The rise and fall of empires; war's red
tide:

The composition of your dinner hash.

—"Quatrains": R. W. Service.

You will feel, no doubt, the emotional thud which comes with the closing line of each stanza. Of course it was done deliberately by the author, but when he wrote in this way, he transgressed a fundamental law of poetry and produced burlesque doggerel when he might, by sustaining the emotional effect, have made real poetry.

Again and again we hear that misquoted and altogether untruthful saying, "Comparisons are odious".

Comparison is the basis of knowledge and understanding. When the poet has ideas, he may not find it easy to convey them to us in cold, abstract statements. Indeed, he would not be employing poetic methods if he tried to do so. What he does is to employ directly or indirectly the device of comparison. By presenting to our minds the concrete picture of some object or condition, he conveys to us the idea or truth in his mind, because the simplest way of illustrating an object is by represent-

ing the object as like something else with which the reader is familiar. Comparison, thus used, is the basis of nearly all figures of speech. In making comparisons, however, the poet must take care that the resemblance is a fairly natural one so that no incongruous or absurd picture is likely to be suggested by the very simple process of the mind called "association of ideas". For instance:

Spreading, upheaving, like ferment of
yeast
Its richness fast working, towers West
over East.

I am quite at a loss to adjust the picture of a heterogeneous mass of fermenting yeast in any manner so that it will illustrate the relations existing between Eastern and Western Canada.

Broad vagueness in the use of descriptive epithet is another fault of the unskilled verse-maker. His pictures should not be made according to stock patterns, they should be original, clear-cut, with striking details standing out in bold relief. Take, for instance:

With laughing streams, and peaceful lakes,
And silver ocean strands;
With verdant forests, mountains hoar,
And rolling prairies free.

—"Canada Our Home": D. A. Fraser.

The objection to the vocabulary here is that the words "laughing", "peaceful", "silver", "verdant", "rolling", "free", are too general and indefinite. They do not present any distinctive Canadian picture; they might apply to streams and lakes and woods almost anywhere. Contrast with this the use of appropriate epithet and specific detail of description in:

The South Wind laid his moccasins aside,
Broke his gay calumet of flowers, and cast
His useless wampum, beaded with cool
dews,

Far from him northward; his long, ruddy
spear

Flung southward, whence it came, and his
soft locks

Of warm, fine haze grew silvery as the
birch.

—"Malcolm's Katie": Isabel V. Crawford.

Why did nearly every newspaper and journal upon the outbreak of the great war in Europe publish such stirring old war-songs as, "Ye Mariners of England"? Why were editorial thoughts so frequently pointed by aptly quoted couplets from one or another great poet? Because the Empire was bubbling over with feeling, because it was thrilled with the hugest emotion of its existence, and what else but poetry—the language of emotion—could fittingly be used?

It is just because poetry is what it is—the vehicle of emotional expression—that certain themes are barred from poetic composition; or, we might rather say, certain attitudes in the treatment of these themes. Whatever may be our sympathies with the stricken "white plague" sufferers, we cannot agree that it is fitting to present the repulsive features of the disease in the guise of a poem as one Canadian writer attempted to do. Instead he should have written a tract on hygiene. Matters which are purely appeals to reason and intellect are not proper themes for poetry.

In a poem you do not, at least should not, discuss the merits or demerits of the woman suffrage movement; neither should you attempt to argue the rights or wrongs of the German war. These themes are great enough and lofty enough, but to treat them poetically you have to handle them from a mental viewpoint in which the emotional aspect altogether submerges the intellectual. Again certain poems may fail in not measuring up to emotional requirements. If the subject or the presentation of it has not adequate grounds for rousing us above the level of ordinary feeling, there is great danger that it will strike us as absurd and that it will topple over the narrow line that separates the sublime from the ridiculous. I believe the quotations which follow will illustrate sufficiently this point:

"Root, hog, or die,"
Said the man to the grunting creature,
And this was the sage advice
That welcomed a Methodist preacher.
—"The Minister's Welcome":

The spring has reached our northern clime;
Crows in the air abound;
The snow is melting, and the time
For toads will soon be round.

I'm glad the spring will turn them out;
I love so much to see
Those sober creatures hop about
Upon the grassy lea.
—"A Tribute to the Toads": John Mortimer.

And just here may be emphasized the difference between poetic and prose diction. It might seem that the same words could be used indiscriminately in either type of writing and this is to a great extent true. But the law which governs the case has

been thus succinctly stated by Professor Winchester: "Poetry should admit no word which, because of its predominant intellectual content or because of its habitual associations, is unfitted to the expression of feeling". If the theme is not a fitting one for exploitation in poetic form, the chances are that the diction will betray its unfitness. Evidences of this may be found by re-reading the quotations just preceding (observe particularly, "root hog or die", "grunting creature", "sober creature").

Happily, the function of the critic does not end with the finding of faults and weaknesses. By far the more important part of his work is to appraise literary values, to point out and interpret literary beauties. This phase, however, is beyond the purposes of the present essay.

Mr. French hints at a happier phase of the critic's work. This phase he will present in the October number, in an article entitled "When the Critic Smiles".





STABLE INTERIOR
From a Painting by Verboeckhoven in the Art Association, Montreal

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

II.—JOSEPH HOWE



FOR a period of nearly forty years Joseph Howe, the mighty son of the sea, was regarded as "the Old Man Eloquent" of Canada. He was an orator of very Ciceronian splendour; a politician of unbending integrity; a statesman of foresight and sagacity; a journalist of boundless information; a Parliamentarian of unlimited resources; and a debater of convincing ability, who shone with a lustre all his own upon the public platform and within legislative halls. He was a man who, during a long and critical epoch in the history of Nova Scotia and also the Dominion of Canada, exercised an influence of incalculable extent and of irresistible power upon the tens of thousands of Canadians who looked to him as a leader, a prophet, a seer and a guide.

Howe's biography has been written by authors of unquestioned authority and unrivalled skill. It has been penned by men who knew him, and were thus able to understand his nature; to allow for his singular faults, and to appreciate his eminent virtues. His biography has also been written by men who did not know him, and who, therefore, were in some respects better able than his friends to view his unique character in the light in which it will at last be understood by history. His entire life has passed under the fierce glare of critical analysis. Every fact that is known about him has been extracted and recorded both by enmity and by love. In a study of

this character, therefore, in which the subject is sought to be approached from the standpoint of oratory, it will be sufficient if the briefest outline be given of the outstanding details of his life, around which constantly circled so many fierce cyclonic storms.

Joseph Howe first saw light on December 13, 1804, in the City of Halifax, Nova Scotia. That city was the scene of his earliest triumphs, the theatre of his most bitter journalistic and parliamentary contests, the arena of his most memorable newspaper, platform and legislative contests, and the spot, when his restless career was ended, where his body was laid, to the mourning of a nation, in its simple, yet well-honoured grave.

"Old" is scarcely an improper adjective to couple with the name of Howe. He may be said to have had little or no childhood. His father held the position of Postmaster-General for the Province of Nova Scotia for a time, but it must be remembered that that position signified very little a century ago. It was poorly paid, and little education was required as a qualification for its tenure. At a very early age young Howe was driven by stern necessity to taking his part in earning a livelihood for the large family of brothers and sisters, nearly all of whom were his juniors. School, too, was remote from the home, and this circumstance facilitated the readiness with which the tasks of mature years were imposed upon the willing and always uncomplaining youth.

An education however Howe did manage to obtain. His parents were people of refinement, and enthusiastic readers of everything that was available. Hereditary intellectual instincts, therefore, early showed themselves in the boy, and received very ready encouragement at the hands of the fond and devoted parents. This encouragement bore satisfactory fruit. Longley, the most scholarly of his many biographers, declares that while yet a youth Howe had read nearly all the books in the Parliamentary Library at Halifax.

The printing trade, followed in proper time by its logical successor, journalism, first opened to the lad its uncertain opportunities as a calling. Into this branch of industry, noted for its frequent failures, its rare successes but its constant demands upon its victim's patience and energies, he threw himself with that impetuous ardour which marked so many of his early movements. During the remainder of his life, on the various occasions when disaster overtook his political fortunes, it was to the editorial chair that he unfailingly turned to find the balm so urgently needed to heal the cruel wounds which the inconstant political world unfeelingly inflicted upon him.

While Howe was publishing his first periodical, a weekly newspaper called *The Nova Scotian*, an event occurred from which the certain success of his life quickly dated. Like many other countries which have emerged into freedom, Nova Scotia had some very oppressive beginnings. The population was small, poor and scattered. That population was forced to maintain an aristocracy which was haughty and intolerant, greedy and irrepressible. This aristocracy had long been intrenched at Halifax, and not content with exacting to the last penny money which was sanctioned by law, sought other gains from the people which were sanctioned only by necessity. Howe in his journal unsparingly attacked the oppressors. He courageously demanded their dismis-

sal from office, and their punishment for wrong-doing. But the people had not yet learned that the time was ripe to uncompromisingly resist autocratical encroachments, even though the burdens which the invasions imposed bore lightly upon the shoulders of the multitudes. Encouraged by acquiescence the victims of Howe's powerful pen instituted a prosecution against the audacious journalist boldly styling his arraignments criminal libels. On being summoned to answer the charge in Court, he sought legal advice from several lawyers. These advisers with a courtliness and a timidity, which it is only fair to say has never been a characteristic of the great legal profession, declined Howe's brief. Consequently he was compelled to resort to his own natural, yet untried, resources in order to resist the accusation. His defence he conducted with great ability, although it must have abounded in technical inaccuracies. At the close of the trial Howe secured that cardinal essential of all litigation, namely a verdict in his favour. The odds against him were great, the cause was celebrated, the prospects of success were slender. Yet at the conclusion of the trial, Howe found himself exalted from a humble and inconspicuous newspaper proprietor into an idol of Eastern Canada, and a well needed tribune of the rights of a perplexed and outraged people.

Pausing here for a moment, this much should be remembered in regard to this memorable incident. Howe was now, in the year 1835, a man thirty-one years of age, and as yet without serious experience in the art of public speaking. The few years of conflict through which his early years had been passed, had indelibly impressed cardinal principles upon his mind. Common sense supplemented the experience, and convinced him that his opponents were guilty of great and indefensible wrongs. At these wrongs his principles revolted. In the speech which he delivered to the jury, he poured out the lava tide



JOSEPH HOWE
A great Canadian orator

of his incensed feelings, and convinced not only the twelve men who held his fate in their hands, but all opponents of political corruption everywhere,

not that his forensic art was superior to that of his opponents, but that he was right in his conception of truth, and in the daring method which he

was driven to adopt in order to vindicate the principles of a free people in a free province.

That speech which Howe delivered to the jury was altogether too verbose, as, indeed, were all his speeches. It took more than six hours in its delivery. But it is a model of its kind, and deserves to be well and seriously studied side by side with the deathless orations of history, with Demosthenes's great oration on the Crown; with Burke's defence of the American colonists; with Webster's masterly plea on behalf of Dartmouth College; with Erskine's demands for the right of a trial by jury. When it is remembered that Howe was possessed of but a rudimentary education, and compelled to enunciate constitutional principles of the profoundest importance, with but the culture and experience of a printer, his oration on that occasion loses nothing whatever by comparison with the imperishable masterpieces of oratory which veteran and scholarly advocates of freedom have delivered in all lands and in all generations.

It has been said, and often repeated in modern times, that oratory is dead, that it long promises to remain an unreviving corpse; that the thunders of the Chathams and the Palmerstons, the Brights and the Gladstones are hushed in one vast and tomblike stillness for the future. That speech of Howe's, and his many other platform efforts, magnificently repudiate the assertion. And coming down to a later day, within the past twenty years, the glowing bursts of passion, which, even in the Court House of Toronto, have fallen with the enchanting power of a sorcerer's spell, from the burning souls of such lights of the Ontario Bar as George Tate Blackstock, E. F. B. Johnston, Hartley Dewart, Thomas Robinette, Peter White, and numerous other exponents of a fadeless art, prove beyond all question that oratory is still superbly alive, and constitutes a tremendous instrument in the hands of those inspired men who understand its use.

In 1836 Howe was elected as a representative for the County of Halifax to the legislature of Nova Scotia. The fascinating account of his many struggles in that assembly during the following thirty years have become an almost elementary chapter of Canadian history. Their details are to be found in all of his numerous biographies. During this long and important epoch, Howe's achievements may be classed as of a three-fold character. First, he gave to the proceedings of the legislature a publicity which is one of the chief assurances of democracy. Next, he contributed largely to ending the reign of the oligarchy which with wanton extravagance had thrived upon the slender resources of the province for more than a generation. Finally, he aided in the introduction of responsible government into Nova Scotia. Any one of these achievements was sufficient to ensure a public man immortality. Yet Howe accomplished them all and raised Nova Scotia from being a Crown Colony into the liberty enjoying dignity of a province within a period of about thirty stormy and arduous years. The advantages of all of these achievements are self-evident, and their record forms a part of the history of Maritime Canada. The achievement mentioned last however merits demonstration as well as mention.

This is scarcely the place for an exposition of the philosophy of despotism. Yet so great a part did that dark and widely spread art play in Nova Scotia a century ago, and so large a place has it filled and is still filling in history that at the risk of reopening a concluded discussion, it is deemed fitting to say something about its application to the art of statecraft as revealed in the conduct of that vast array of men who have attempted all through history to impose the yoke of oppression upon great masses of mankind.

Despots have held sway in all ages because they either delighted in establishing authority over their fellow

human beings, or they were anxious to secure for themselves some of the countless advantages which have always flowed from the exercise of authority. And men generally consented to be ruled either because they were ignorant of the art of governing, or because they shrank from the numerous responsibilities which inevitably arose when great numbers of people were found gathered compactly together, and required to be directed and controlled by authority. With power thus indifferently conferred, corruption, and corruption's unfailing ally, oppression, became inevitable. Why was not this oppression speedily and courageously resisted? Because the material effects of the oppression were so widely distributed that the part imposed upon each individual concerned was frequently imperceptible, and there was but little incentive to risk all in order to escape what was actually very little of an individual loss or of a personal inconvenience. With the increase of the oppression developed also a decrease of the desire to resist, until what had formerly been a scarcely visible invasion of men's natural rights grew into a system supported by every organized force in the community and opposed only by the passive convictions of unspeaking victims, who were destitute of leadership and organization. At length a Hampden, a Pym, a Washington, a Papineau, a William Lyon Mackenzie, a Howe, arose, and with passionate intensity, and unwelcome suddenness, called into question the actual right of the entire engine of oppression to exist. Contests shaking the whole fabric of society occurred. Men learned the justice and the profit of revolting against tyrannical dictators. Slowly the masses awakened from their slumbers and their indifference. At length inevitably, sometimes accompanied by the horror of bloodshed, at other times as the outcome of argument and debate, but always amidst great difficulty, the entire structure of oppression and tyranny crumbled to-

gether in one vast and fearful convulsion, and went crashing to an irretrievable and a long-postponed destruction. The chains snapped: the rivets burst asunder: the foundations cracked; the proud structure rushed to ruin. Freedom, as lovely as at the beginning, although soiled and torn and bleeding, came forth gloriously victorious from her ten thousandth contest, to bless unborn generations, and give relief to a suffering world once more.

Such was the struggle which transpired in Nova Scotia. And the result was worthy of the little province by the Sea. The theatre of the strife was not without reminiscences and memories. The land was a veritable retreat of every kind of beauty which the heart could desire or the eye perceive. Nature had implanted untold loveliness in the land. It had a climate which was one of the wonders of the world. The Gulf Stream coming from the realm of bird and blossom, turned the climate even in the depths of the coldest winter into rivalry with California or Ceylon. The fertile ground knew nothing of scarcity, and what the ground lacked the ocean inexhaustibly supplied. Fancy framed the picture which fact had painted. Longfellow with all his poetic and legendary knowledge had to leave New England to find the unfading beauty of an Evangeline along Nova Scotia's love-lorn shores. There gliding through the woods or dreaming down the rivers, the far-famed Hiawatha made his home. Prelates and governors of an earlier day, the select of kings of a vanished France, when sovereigns inhabited her palaces, came to beautiful and inviting Acadia to minister to the soul, and to exercise rule in the land. What a country this was, where spendthrift Nature waltzed on mountain and in valley, and flung her regal bounties on every hand, but which unimaginative politicians and grasping officials laboured restlessly and selfishly to destroy!

The long continued domination of the select class of needless and incom-

petent officials in Nova Scotia, came to an end, but not without a protracted and violent struggle. In that contest, Howe displayed a real genius both in tactics and in debate. Compelled, with scarcely more than a very limited education, and a self-acquired education, to be a leader in a mighty crusade against a well-trained and powerfully intrenched evil, he displayed, in his opposition to the enemy, talents of the very highest order. By the force of his fiery eloquence, his fertility in argument, his gifts of leadership, and his tireless zeal, he overwhelmed well-disposed combinations of skilful opponents, and triumphed over odds, which a much more experienced parliamentarian than he might have faced with a pardonable timidity and despair.

Arrogance as well as autocracy was now destroyed, and Howe's talents began to be directed towards the establishment of institutions in the province which were necessary for its industrial and educational development. Commerce was beginning to assert itself, and new policies relating to transportation, agriculture, manufactures, and the arts were looming large on the horizon of immediate possibility. With these problems Howe grappled successfully, and with statesmanlike instinct and genius carried to a splendid success many of the grave and important issues which they raised.

These problems and their solution practically constitute the history of Nova Scotia between 1840 and Confederation. They are all examined with great detail in Longley's publication. They therefore will suffer nothing by their omission from these pages. After many years of wrestling with great provincial issues—issues which sometimes had a more than provincial importance—the inevitable issue of Canadian Confederation arose almost simultaneously in the minds of earnest statesmen in different parts of British North America. Prior to this time Howe had been Premier of Nova Scotia. He also some years pre-

viously had met the greatest of all his rivals, Sir Charles Tupper. They had defeated one another in local contests, and Tupper also had been Premier of the Province. When the momentous struggle drew near, Tupper became the champion of Federal Union, and Howe became its brilliant opponent. There is much of history that need not have happened, it being only the opinion of the uninformed that history is a manifestation of the inevitable. Great events are something different from the outlet furnished by circumstance for the triumph of the evil passions of men. Viewed in this way, the enmity which for years existed between Howe and Tupper, is not merely entertaining biographical incident; it assumes the startling character of actual national calamity. But the orbs of Heaven give light where men's minds sometimes do not; and out of the appalling darkness there was destined to come a permanent illumination for unhappy Nova Scotia.

It must not be thought that because Howe encountered formidable opponents, there therefore existed a rivalry between them which History pathetically and reluctantly records. These rivalries were not ill-omened for the state. With each man is one truth joined, and although the combatants viewed the eternal problems from different positions, their differences on the whole brought wisdom and safety to the state. Rivalries which are free from selfishness and purified from taint of malevolence, such as were those of Howe and his principal contemporary statesmen, bring breadth of judgment and luminous views to the service of the state, and the consequent legislation, which is their logical outcome, is seldom other than beneficial to the whole human race.

The story of Nova Scotia's Confederation conflict has often been told. Also has been told the mighty part in that great struggle which was borne by Howe. But high above all competitors rose the spectacular figures

of Howe and Tupper. For not only months, but for years the battle raged, and not only on one, but on two continents. In the end, Tupper triumphed. Out of the conflict Howe emerged, with his spirit perhaps strained, for who is there that can witness without deep emotion a long cherished idol pitilessly and utterly destroyed? His reputation, too, was slightly damaged, for there were those who could not see beyond mere party expediency, and who had not yet learned that a nation's interests were of greater importance than a party's petty success. But those who knew Howe, and understood the pure motives which induced him to compromise in a cause in which a Dominion was arrayed against a mere handful of men, still retained faith in his integrity and his statesmanship. The pathos of poetry haunts that scene, and pity, wet-eyed, lingers near. Never did the old man rise to such heights of eloquence as when he stood almost alone before the world, and poured out his mighty soul in his giant attempts to free Nova Scotia from the gentle bonds which held her within Confederation. That incident belongs more to fancy than it does to history. If there be a Westminster Abbey where imperishable events in history are kept, then Howe's last picturesque and pathetic fight is surely entitled to be enshrined in that immortalizing spot.

He failed, however, to realize his design, and soon afterwards he was invited by Sir John Macdonald to take a seat in the Cabinet of the Dominion. He consented, and from 1869 until 1873 he held a post in the government of the chief among the makers of Canada. In the latter year he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. The honour, however, so well won and so fittingly deserved, was not destined for long to endure. Within six weeks' time the end came to that life of countless storms, of countless triumphs, and of many years of faithful service to the land he loved immeasurably well. He was buried in

the city of his myriad struggles, and when the measure of his loss was realized, it was known that one of the most potent forces in Canadian life had been taken away from earth forever.

In attempting to estimate the greatness of Howe's marvellous powers of speech, it must be remembered that no two people entertain the same view of the constituent essentials of oratory. A person who is a prince of oratory in the judgment of one critic, is a mediocre speaker in the opinion of another. Fortunately, however, there has never been expressed any but one conclusion in regard to the oratorical merits of the mighty master of the lordly accomplishment in the distant province by the sea. Longley, Howe's intimate friend, and sympathetic biographer, says that he heard in bygone years Punshon, Gough, and Blake when at the pinnacle of their fame, and that the oratorical powers of the Son of the Sea easily outshone the platform ability of these three great men, who kindled the fires of eloquence in countless souls, although each of them was the exponent of a widely different theme from any of the others. The same admirer of the brilliant easterner says that Howe had not a loud voice, as Douglas and Osler had loud voices, but his tones were rich and exceedingly magnetic. Other capable judges volunteer similar testimony. Col. George T. Denison of Toronto heard him, and pronounces him the very greatest of Canada's orators. John J. McGee, of Ottawa, the brother of the brilliant orator of Confederation, heard Howe often in the years when he was in his prime, and confirms the universal feeling that the great eastern Canadian had but few peers in the princely art of speaking. Howe was not a rapid speaker when in debate. But when the moments arrived that fervour was at its seething point, he spoke with considerable rapidity, and with burning passion. He seemed to carry everything before him, in a sweeping torrent of overwhelming force. He

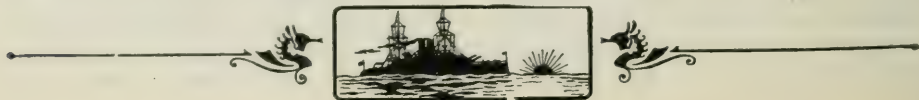
used his hands and arms and body all very freely during the course of an important speech, indeed, during the course of almost all of his speeches. He used notes but memorized very little of the address he was about to deliver. Some of the passages in his more elaborate efforts display indications of verbal preparation, and perhaps of memorizing; but in this, for a public man, he was not singular. Some of Bright's perorations were carefully committed to memory, and the famous speech which Sir George Foster delivered in Parliament just preceding the fall of the Tupper administration rings towards its brilliant close as if it had received a verbal preparation in advance.

Howe was a most industrious reader, without which no man can be a truly peerless orator. Demosthenes and Cicero must have had access to libraries of untold wealth, which although inscribed upon parchment, have been lost in the mists of the ages, and have not come down to our time. And in addition to reading extensively, Howe possessed a remarkably retentive memory, and was thus enabled to use to great advantage phrases, expressions, quotations and allusions which he previously had either read or heard. Longley calls him the greatest orator in Canada; and although he had not the reverberating thunders of Douglas, nor the fascinating rhetoric of Punshon; although he had not the logical precision of Blake and Osler, nor the grace of Chapeau and McGee, he moved to stern deeds the eastern section of a mighty Dominion and held for years in his hands the destinies of an ancient province and a highly enlightened people. I heard Douglas, palsied but powerful; blind but brilliant; with wizard imagery and golden tongue; when the plumed pinions of his eloquence were bearing him, like an eagle, through the skies. He was

the greatest prince of speech that I have ever heard. If a greater existed in Howe, the orator from the ocean-guarded realm of earliest morning, then his conqueror must have been a Domitius Afer or an Æschines indeed.

The richest of the many oratorical treasures of Howe may be said to be contained in that speech of prophecy and promise which he delivered in Halifax on May 15th, 1851, when he eloquently pleaded for a railway system sweeping over Canada:

"With such a territory as this to overrun, organize and improve, think you that we shall stop even at the western bounds of Canada, or even at the shores of the Pacific? Vancouver's Island, with its vast coal measures, lies beyond. The beautiful islands of the Pacific and the growing commerce of the ocean are beyond. Populous China and the rich East are beyond, and the sails of our children's children will reflect as familiarly the sunbeams of the South as they now brave the angry tempests of the North. The Maritime Provinces, which I now address, are but the Atlantic frontage of this boundless and prolific region, the wharves upon which its business will be transacted, and beside which its rich argosies are to lie. Nova Scotia is one of these. Will you then put your hands unitedly, with order, intelligence and energy, to this great work? Refuse, and you are recreants to every principle which lies at the base of your country's prosperity and advancement; refuse and the Deity's handwriting upon land and sea is to you intelligible language; refuse and Nova Scotia instead of occupying the foreground, as she now does, should have been thrown back at least behind the Rocky Mountains. God has planted your country in the front of this boundless region; see that you comprehend its destiny and resources; see that you discharge, with energy and elevation of soul, the duties which devolve upon you in virtue of your position. . . . I am not a prophet, yet I venture to predict that in five years we shall make the journey hence to Quebec and Montreal, and home through Portland and St. John, by rail; and I believe that many in this room will live to hear the whistle of the steam engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days."





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENT OF THE TRADES AND LABOUR CONGRESS



WHAT made Tom Moore seem so much "bigger" than all the other men who spoke the first time we heard him is not easy to describe. It was not physical size, though there is nothing of "a lean and hungry look" about his five-foot-nine of comfortably covered framework. It was not the reserve strength betokened by clear-eyed health and the quiet nerves of a personality whose body has long since become the obedient servant of its owner. It was not even that quality of self-reliance peculiar to the man who has learned to keep himself unaided afloat on the economic midstream when his business or professional protagonists are being rafted paternally on its by-water shallows.

He seemed to speak from the heart of human life, they from its outer crust. He faced its tragedy boldly; they did not. He has for his aim "not to concern himself at all about the few at the top but to get a better life for the millions at the bottom"; and he has nothing in his platform needing apology or concealment. The life of the millions of to-day does not square with Christian ethics. In some way a capitalistic aristocracy

has been reared in place of "the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth", and the labour leader is freed from any necessity of clothing its naked selfishness with a fine-spun cobweb of time-worn economic theory. It is this frankness, this moral and intellectual honesty, the compelling force of his earnestness as well as the facts at command and the clear terse English in which they are stated, that made Tom Moore dwarf the others both as man and speaker. Some complain that he lacks "that touch of passion which makes a man most eloquent when it makes him most unreliable" but the heat is there though as a rule (not always) controlled. He confessed to "feeling hot all over" when one speaker, quite unconsciously, assumed shallowness of economic thought as characteristic of trades-unionism.

There are no men outside of political science departments more widely read on economics than labour leaders, while their daily opportunity of facing economic theory with economic fact gives them a certain advantage over even the university professors they meet in the Workers Educational Association. Economics, if not the labour leaders' meat and drink, is his golf, his tennis and his grand opera.

The protest of trades unionism against man being treated as "a producing animal" is echoed by the econ-



MR. TOM MOORE,
President of the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada

omic doctrine that wealth is only a means to an end and that end the realization of a spiritualized personality. While scientific management if it threatens to speed up production at the expense of converting the worker into a dehumanized cog in a huge industrial machine is criticized by the law that the source of wealth is the applied capacity of the worker and whatever limits his ability and initiative limits his output. The fact that the report of the Commission on Industrial relations practically endorses all the demand of the Trades and Labour Congress proves that they were not considered unpracticable, and that Mr. Moore and the two other labour representatives on that commission were able to make good their policy.

Tom Moore makes one think of President Eliot's statement that it is "not the tools he uses but the use he makes of them that educates a man" and Dorothy Canfield's criticism: "Culture is dust and ashes if the spiritual foundations of life are not well laid".

Mr. Moore and his friends are leaders in a group. Some of them are more radical than he, and are fighting materialism outside and inside the labour movement. They believe that a "nation has a soul as well as a body" and needs a political organization to express the one as well as an industrial organization to direct and control the other. They are themselves the best argument to support their demand for a share in the councils of both.

Tom Moore was born in the north of England about forty years ago and worked as a carpenter from twelve-and-a-half years of age. He lives, when at home, in Niagara and is a Protestant. His knowledge of the American and Canadian trade union movement has been secured as a member of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. He has held all the local offices, and for the past ten years he served as a general officer. Being first business agent for Niagara Falls district, for the last seven years he has been general organizer throughout Ontario and, when instructed by the International office, in other parts of the Dominion. Last September he was elected President of the Trades and Labour Congress by a majority of forty votes out of a total of about three hundred and thirty. This Congress has now a membership of one hundred thousand and is the largest labour group under one head in Canada and acknowledged as the official representative of Canadian labour by the American Federation. It has had a rapid growth since Mr. Moore took office, as has had trades unionism in general, which now totals in Canada two hundred and fifty thousand.

Mr. Moore has been hooted at by extremists and sarcastically dubbed "safe and sane" by socialists but he carries out the policy that elected him unruffled by either.

He realizes that some extreme opinion is as reflex of reactionary legislation and a general protest against a return to the old pre-war haunting dread of poverty and unemployment. He thus sympathizes with men whose policy he does not approve and bears ill-will to no one.

"Just you ask ——", naming a radical socialist, "what he thinks of me," he said throwing back his head in a great laugh.

"I am a firm believer," he writes, "in the power of trades unionism to bring ultimate justice to the worker but also believe that greater attention should be paid by the worker to political

action and that every trades unionist should belong to the working-class political party and in that way assist to elect men from the ranks of the worker to the various municipal, provincial and federal government bodies". He believes in the strike as an industrial, never a political, weapon, and then only to be used as a last resort, but when necessary has shown no hesitancy in employing it with full effect. It has been a good thing for Canada to have had a man like Tom Moore at the labour helm during this flood time of unrest. A keen, fearless but a constitutional fighter who has not lost faith in the machinery of Canadian democracy, even if his allies consider it has of late grown rusty, nor in the growing democratic spirit of our people. If he agrees with a more radical leader that "Civilization has been won by the struggle of the man underneath for liberty, carrying the rest along with him; it has never been the gift of the man on top to the man below", he may be counted on to see that liberty gained for the man underneath will be secured also to the rest "he carries along with him".

ISA M. BYERS.

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CANADA'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE INTERNATIONAL METEOROLOGICAL CONFERENCE.

IN this month of September is to be held at Paris an international conference of the Allied nations to discuss meteorological questions of common interest. In particular the conference will discuss the upper air currents with a view to future air service. This meeting of experts at Paris will be preceded by a gathering in London which will occupy itself with meteorological matters as they may affect especially the British Empire and the means of communication between its component parts.

Canada will be represented officially both at the preliminary conference in London and the international conference in Paris, by Sir Frederick



SIR FREDERICK R. STUPART,
who represents Canada at the Meteorological Conference

Stupart, Director of the Meteorological Service of the Dominion and of the Magnetic Observatory at Toronto. He has devoted his life to the investigation of atmospheric phenomena and the dissemination of information on this difficult but intensely practical subject and has been claimed as "the most eminent weather authority" in this country.

He is the son of a Devonshire man, Capt. Robert Douglas Stupart of the Royal Navy, and was born near Toronto in 1857. He was educated at a private school and Upper Canada College, and as a boy of fifteen or sixteen entered on his life work of the scientific study of weather problems. He also became greatly interested in astronomy, and in 1902 and 1903 was President of the body which during one of his terms of office changed its

name and standing from the Toronto Astronomical Society to the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada.

In his presidential address to this society in 1903 Sir Frederick (then Mr.) Stupart sketched the history of the observatory, with which he had even then been connected for more than thirty years.

The Toronto Observatory was established (at the instance of the British Association for the Advancement of Science) by the British Government in 1839, when it was arranged that several observatories in different parts of the Empire should be placed under the Ordnance Department of the Army and that observations should be taken by officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Artillery. Lieut. Charles B. Riddell, the officer appointed for this duty in Canada,

chose Toronto as the most suitable place for the magnetic Observatory and the University of King's College granted a site for it. The first Observatory was a log building, covered outside with rough-cast. The magnets were suspended in September, 1840, nearly eighty years ago, and, day by day, ever since, the movements of the magnetic needle have been faithfully watched and recorded.

This little Observatory was succeeded in 1855 by a stone building on the same site. This in its turn was removed in 1907 to make way for the Physics Building and Convocation Hall of Toronto University. It was, however, rebuilt of the original materials on a spot to the east of the Main Building, to be used as the astronomical Observatory of the University.

Earlier than this, in 1892, the introduction of trolley cars into Toronto caused artificial electric currents and ruined the Observatory for magnetic observation, which since that time has been carried on in the village of Agincourt, though the headquarters of the Meteorological service have remained in Toronto, and are now housed in a fine new building on Bloor Street West.

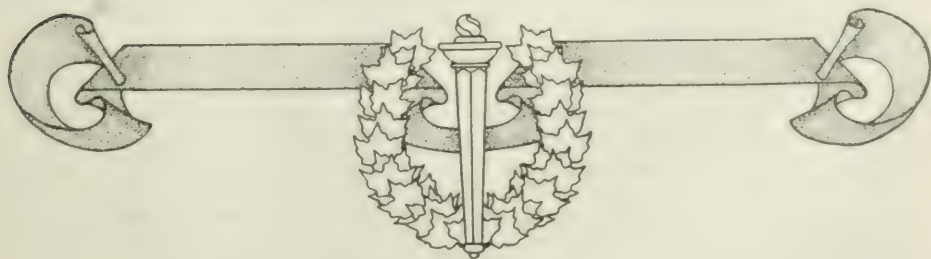
Sir Frederick Stupart "took part in a magnetic survey along the coast of Labrador in 1884, and subsequently spent a winter at Cape Prince of Wales in Hudson Strait". The exact-

ing nature of the work may be imagined from the fact that the scientists "obtained a whole year of tri-hourly observations and on two days of each month during the year readings of the declination were made each minute, as they were also made during the year at many points within the Arctic Circle".

To the general public another side of Sir Frederick Stupart's work may appeal more strongly. In 1876, Professor Kingston, then Director of the Toronto Magnetic Observatory, decided to begin a "Weather Service in Canada", and from that time weather forecasts have been issued from Toronto "based wholly on Canadian weather charts and the judgment of an official at the Toronto Observatory". A few years later the task of issuing these "weather probabilities, as they were called, devolved upon Sir Frederick Stupart, and the newspapers dubbed him by the quaint title of "Old Probs". The service has grown wonderfully in effectiveness, and each year is the means of saving vast amounts of perishable goods, of shipping and, consequently, of human lives.

There are now fully equipped observatories at Victoria, Winnipeg, Montreal, Quebec and St. John, and hundreds of stations at which people take observations of rain, and temperature, and so forth.

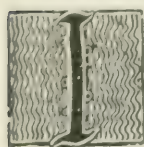
EMILY P. WEAVER.



THE LIBRARY TABLE

THE GAY-DOMBEYS

BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON. Toronto:
The Macmillan Company of Canada.



It is not an adverse comment upon the artistry of this book when one confesses that, upon closing its pages and laying it down, one sits awhile wondering about Sir Johnston. Without ever invading the area of the reader's mind Sir Harry has possessed it. He has neither imposed nor insinuated himself but he has become pervasive. Without insistence or egotism, through his book, he has become present to the reader's attention, provoking thought.

If, in doing this, however delicately he may have accomplished it, Sir Harry had set himself up between the reader and his work, no matter what he might have had for display, he would have blocked the view. But Sir Harry has not set himself up between his work and his public. With an uncanny subtlety and mysterious success he is presented to his public in his work, no showman, no third person, but an inherent, inevitable presence. If it is to be said in one word: Sir Harry Johnston has seemed to put himself into his book, which means that this book "The Gay-Dombey's", is, to make a proper use of that fatuously abused phrase, a human document.

Sir Harry is in the book throughout as a sort of symbol, a symbol of a certain strata of late 19th century English life. It is after this manner that he will come into the minds of certain readers and remain there,

potent, pervasive, largely and mysteriously personal, an individual raised to the significance of being an index of humanity. The characters of the book are an enlargement or embellishment of himself, or, better, the come and go of the life of the book, the weaving and interweaving of character and event, is Sir Harry Johnston under the microscope, the concrete and detailed visibility of a segment of mind. The author who can, with such casual poise and inevitable deftness, set out the life he has gathered in his brain, is among those for whom we reserve the name artist.

The "Gay-Dombey's" as a book has no appearance of method. It is made up of queer excerpts from long letters descriptions of room interiors, mixed up chapters, vivid and suddenly quenched conversations. It is all casual as a slowly gathered sunset or a hesitant dawn, and it has a measure of the final effect and beauty that is the result of that casualness. One hesitates to use the great words of praise for fear of misusing them, yet the impulse is insistent to call this book significant among latter day novels that can be considered works of art.

The book portrays a strata in society and individuals whose morality is open to question in the light of what are generally considered fundamental standards. One feels as one reads that over all that epoch and its children there plays a delicious amusement and an exquisite pity that is too disinterested in the event and too engaged in contemplation to bother over much, a sort of supra-spirit that is Fate or God, or a something in

the human mind that is Fate and God. The book closes with a sad kindness born out of disillusionment touched with humour.

Is this the real mind of Sir Harry Johnston, as, having lived vividly the life of the Empire, he writes a book now when the years have come upon him? In the chapter headed disillusionment there seems the confessed apprehension that there is a secret of human happiness and that so many missed it in that time of Empire building.

*

SUICIDE OF MONARCHY

By EUGENE DE SCHELKING. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

WHETHER or not this book is authentic revelation it tells what the man on the street is beginning to imagine is true. If a King has cucumbers for dinner he may be cross afterwards and insult an ambassador, so spoiling a treaty. If an ambassador's dinners are not sufficiently exquisite and desirable a great power, represented by the ambassador may fail in projects. If the wives of diplomats quarrel over mourning apparel there may be a war. Mr. de Schelking talks particularly about the Russian and German court and diplomatic circles. There is a lonely odour of backyards and scandal about his book and like all scandal it seems absolutely true because it is so circumstantially told. If Mr. de Schelking is a sincere and disinterested revealer he has performed a service. His book will strengthen the notion that is in so many minds to-day that, not specially or particularly this king business, but the whole business of secret diplomacy as it has been conducted, must be overhauled in the light of fresh standards. Treaties and trade agreements and the issues of war and peace must no longer be dependent upon the jealousy or envy or vanity or lust of a king or diplomat as Mr. de Schelking indicates they have in the past depended. If Mr. de Schelking's picture of European conditions prior

to the war and after is a true one there is indeed need of reconstruction in the ways of doing national and international business. Something of the nature of Mr. Wilson's "open covenants openly arrived at" must be achieved if not by Mr. Wilson himself then by the peoples who are stirred up by books like this one.

*

THE RISING OF THE TIDE

By IDA M. TARBELL. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

MISS TARBELL is an earnest personatory person a little addicted to commonplace. This recent book of hers is not out of character. She takes a certain American town and gives it a name and she takes certain American types of individual and gives them a name. Then the story goes on to a certain conclusion. Really that is all. As a story the book is interesting. As a treatise on morality for people at war it is not profound. As analysis of character it is negligible. Miss Tarbell has, as it were, gone out with a camera and photographed certain things and individuals. As many of us are interested in photographs, and like somehow to look at things and individuals when flattened and stereotyped, we will buy her book. If Miss Tarbell had been an artist she would have written a different book.

*

JAVA HEAD

By JOSEPH HERGES REIMER. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

IT is a relief to read this charming novel after the many "up-to-date" stories encountered nowadays on all hands. There is about the whole book a delightful fragrance, at once of lilacs in a garden, of opium, of spices from the East, of wharves and cordage and the commingling odours of shipping, of delightful women, boisterous ship masters and all the distillations of life to be found in a seaport such as Salem, Massachusetts, at the beginning of the great clipper ship

era. It is really a fine spectacle and a lovely relish worthy of the pen of Conrad. Few, if any, Americans of to-day write with so full a flavour, with so much real colour, with so fine an appreciation of the depth and breadth of the canvas. Here and there one comes across such passages as this, poured in, as gravy:

"It was past seven, the air was so sweet with lilacs that they seemed to be blooming in her room, and the sunlight died slowly from still space. By leaning out of her window she could see over the Square. The lamplighter was moving along its fence, leaving faint twinkling yellow lights, and there were little glances from the windows on Bath Street beyond.

"A gayety of her morning mood was replaced by a dim kind of wondering, her thoughts became uncertain like the objects in the quivering light outside. The palest possible star shone in the yellow sky; she had to look hard or it was lost. Janet, stirring in the next room, seemed so far away that she might not hear her, Laurel, no matter how loudly she called. . . . But already Laurel was oblivious of her: she had seen a familiar figure slowly crossing Washington Square—her grandfather coming home from Captain Dunsack's."

And again:

"He was now on Derby Street, in a region of rigging and sail lofts, block and pump-makers, ship's stores, spar yards, gilders, carvers and workers in metal. There was a strong smell of tar and new canvas and the flat odour that rose at low water. Sailors passed, yellow powerful Scandinavians and dark men with earrings from southern latitudes, in red or checked shirts, blue dungarees, and glazed black hats with trailing ribbons, or in cheap and clumsy shore clothes. There was a scraping of fiddle from an upper window, the sound of heavy capering feet and the stale laughter of harbourside women."

✱

THE BETROTHAL

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

THERE are so many delicate touches, so much mystery, so much symbolism and so much play of imagination about Maeterlinck's work that one finds it difficult to make a satisfactory review of it. It should suffice, however, in this instance mere-

ly to record the fact that "The Betrothal" is a sequel to "The Bluebird". In this book Tytyl is in the period of adolescence, at the time when he is beginning to see into life and to want some one to share it with him. Favourite characters of "The Bluebird" reappear, and altogether "The Betrothal" is a delightful book.

✱

BOOKS RECEIVED

—"The Principles of Citizenship", by Sir Henry Jones. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"A London Lot" (Fiction), by A. Neil Lyons. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.

—"A Treasury of War Poetry", edited by George Herbert Clarke. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

—"From Father to Son" (Fiction), by Mary S. Watts. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Branding Iron" (Fiction), by Katharine Newlin Burt. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

—"The Canadian Parliamentary Guide", by "M.P." Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

"Vimy Ridge and New Poems", by Alfred Gordon. Toronto: J. M. Dent, and Sons.

—"Leaders of the Canadian Church", edited by William Bertal Heeney. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

—"Production and Taxation in Canada", by W. C. Good. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

—"Reading the Bible", by William Lyon Phelps. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Book of the Cave", by Sri Ananda Acharya. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"The Home and the World" (Fiction), by Rabindranath Tagore. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

—"Impressions of War", by Frank Carrel. Quebec: The Telegraph Printing Company.



INTERIOR STUDY

From the Painting by
Mary E. Wrinch.
Exhibited by the
Ontario Society of Artists



THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 6

FROM CHATHAM TO HARPER'S FERRY

BY FRED LANDON

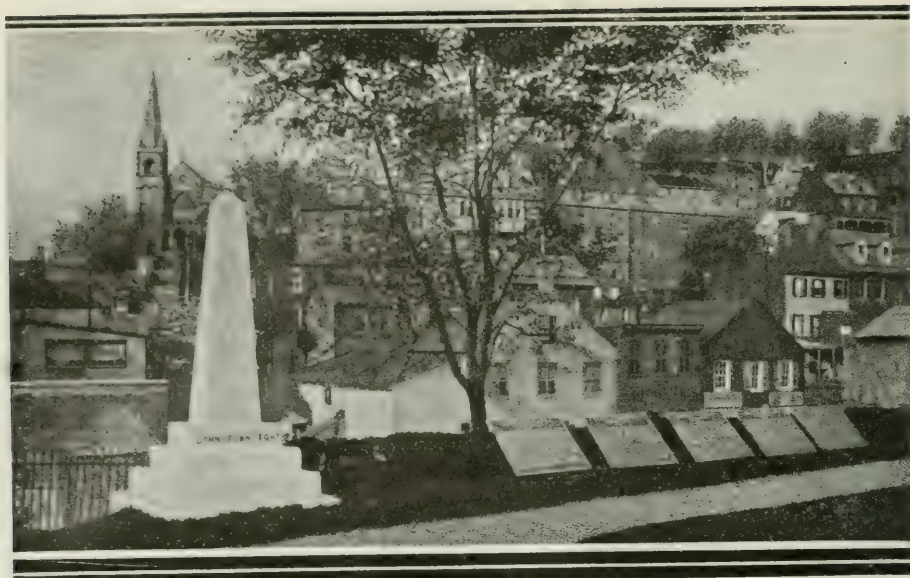


SIXTY years ago this month John Brown and his men made their famous raid on Harper's Ferry. It was the most dramatic incident in the slavery struggle before the Civil War. Though the plan to free the slaves was doomed to failure from the start, there persists the feeling expressed by Gov. John A. Andrew at the time that "John Brown himself was right". Emerson and Thoreau in America and Victor Hugo in Europe vied in their tributes to his life, but time has paid the greatest tribute of all in the fact that "his soul goes marching on". The old song that northern boys of 1861 sang as they marched to battle was sung again half a century later by the youth of Britain, Canada and America once more going out in what seems to be the age-long struggle for liberty, democracy and righteousness.

John Brown, Puritan, fanatic, call him what you will, lived with the one

idea that slavery was a great evil. His duty was to strike at it whenever and wherever he could. To that end he gave his life, enlisted the ardent support of his own family and others and finally made the complete sacrifice upon the scaffold at Charleston. Yet Brown himself rose to more dignity of purpose and moral grandeur during the weeks in prison awaiting death than ever before in his life. Like Paul he had fought a good fight, finished his course, kept the faith, and was now ready to be offered.

The Harper's Ferry Raid of October, 1859, has special interest for Canadians because it was in the little Western Ontario town of Chatham, in May, 1858, that the plans were laid which came to fruition in Virginia more than a year later. Brown had long meditated a bold stroke against slavery, convinced that the "milk and water principles" of the abolitionists, as he called their moral suasion ideas, would never accomplish the great end



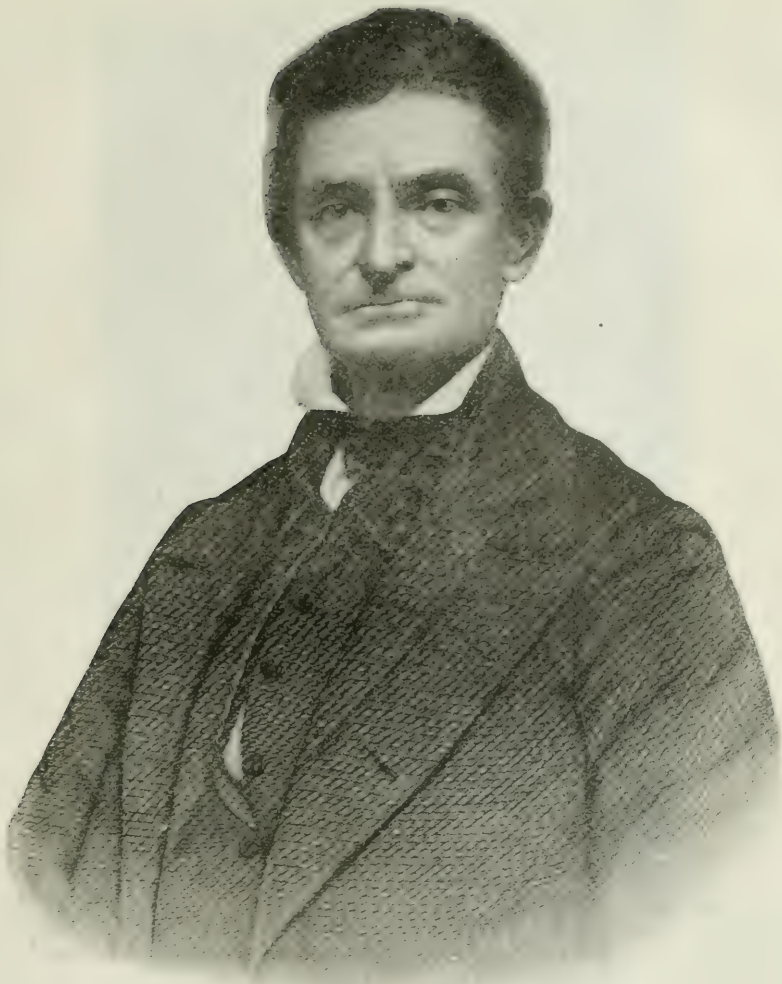
John Brown's Fort and Tablets, Harper's Ferry

of freeing the negroes from their bonds. Direct action, a phrase that has significant meaning to-day, was Brown's idea of the way to rid the country of the evil, and in the early part of 1858 he laid before some New England friends a plan by which he felt that the power of slavery could be broken. Briefly, he proposed to gather about him a small band of trusty followers, occupy some remote fastness in the Virginia Mountains, and from there make raids upon the slavery areas, seizing the slaves and adding them to his band. He was convinced that within a short time he would make slaveholding so precarious and unprofitable that he would have the South on its knees. He expected aid both from the free negroes in the northern states and from the refugees in Canada, who at that time numbered about 40,000. So confident was he of success that already there had matured in his mind a plan of provisional government for the forces he would command and for the territory he would occupy.

The Eastern friends to whom he communicated his plan were astounded, and appear to have made effort to

dissuade him from carrying it out, but Brown was determined to go ahead. Feeling that they must not desert him. A fund of \$1,000 was raised, and the understanding was that Brown would act as soon as possible in order to lessen the chances of the authorities hearing of it. Accordingly Brown proceeded to Canada, and to Chatham there came in the second week of May, at Brown's invitation, a company of forty-six men, of whom but twelve were white. For two days they deliberated over the plans, the full import of which probably few other than Brown himself really appreciated. The constitution for the provisional government was considered and adopted, officers were elected, and then the party scattered.

Chatham had been chosen as the place of meeting because of the fact that it was one of the most important negro centres in Canada; indeed, a majority of the 40,000 or more negroes in Canada at the time were located within a radius of fifty miles. Among the refugees were many men of intelligence, education, and daring, some of them already experienced in slave raiding, and Brown was justified in



John Brown, whose soul "goes marching on"

expecting their active assistance. There were also secret organizations among the refugees which had as their object to assist fugitives and resist their masters. Help from these societies might be looked for and John Brown is quoted as stating at the Chatham convention that he expected all the free negroes in the Northern States to flock to his standard, that he expected the slaves in the South to do the same and that he wanted as many of the Canadian refugees to accompany him as could do so. But this seems to be a misunderstanding

of Brown's plans. Hinton, his biographer, is nearer the truth when he says that Brown never expected more aid from the negroes than would give his plan its first impetus. It was not mere numbers that he wanted, but rather quality. A few men thoroughly loyal to his plan could do more than a rabble of a thousand.

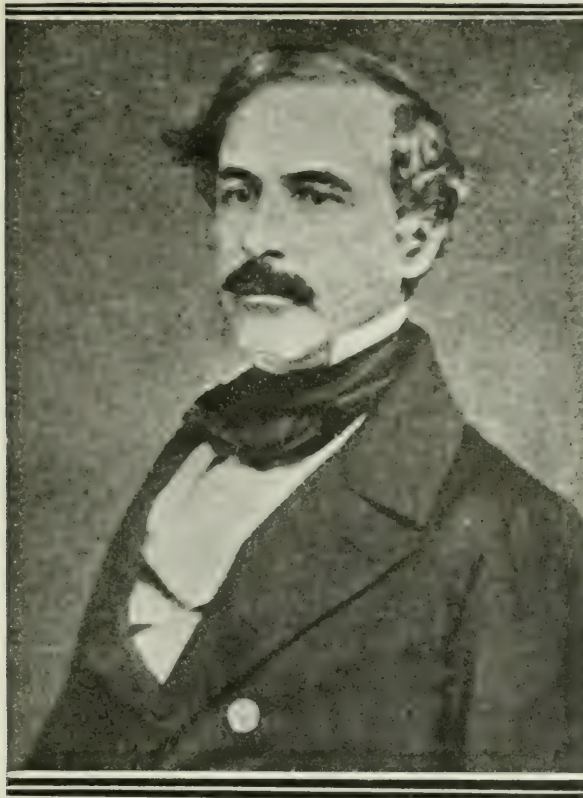
Had it been possible to strike the blow immediately after the Chatham meeting there might have been a different story to tell. Frank B. Sanborn, one of the New England friends, says he understood from Brown that



Dr. Alexander Milton Ross, a distinguished Canadian,
who moved in sympathy with John Brown in his anti-slavery campaign

he would strike about the middle of May, 1858. But a treacherous follower revealed the plans to Senator Henry Wilson, the eastern supporters were panicstricken and the whole scheme had to be postponed. Brown was penniless and dependent upon his New England helpers and so had to submit. He went west to Kansas that summer and it was more than a year before he would carry out his plan. With dramatic suddenness there came on Monday morning, October 17th, 1859, the startling news that a body of armed men, some of them Negroes, had seized the government arsenal at Harper's Ferry, taken possession of the town, cut telegraph wires, stopped trains, killed several people and was

holding others as hostages. Wild reports spread through the south and east that slave insurrection had broken out and that the country round about Harper's Ferry was menaced. Later in the day it became known that it was old "Ossawatamie" Brown, of Kansas fame, who was at the head of the outbreak. He was reported to be holding out, with a few of his followers, in an old fire-engine house which was surrounded by militia and United States troops under command of Col. Robert E. Lee. Finally came word that the outbreak had been suppressed, that Brown was wounded and a prisoner and that most of his followers were dead or captured. The South began to breathe easier.



Colonel Robert E. Lee,
who commanded the troops that captured John Brown

It is only in the light of what took place after the collapse of the Harper's Ferry enterprise that Brown can be properly understood. His attack upon Harper's Ferry was an attack upon the State of Virginia, upon the United States government and upon the whole economic system of the South. Any man of judgment could foresee that it would fail. But what might seem folly to others was not folly to Brown, not more so than Joshua's plan to take a fortified city by the blowing of trumpets. Emerson saw pure idealism in Brown's act, an idealism that would sacrifice everything for the business in hand and take the consequences without fear or murmur. Brown had broken laws but he believed that his purpose was greater than any law, and his own death, he realized, would do more to

arouse the American conscience on the slavery issue than even the success of his plan would have accomplished.

And so he died on the scaffold on a bright December morning, looking out over the smiling country within whose bounds existed the abominations which he had sought to destroy. Europe, as well as America, was moved by his death. Victor Hugo, from France, wrote: "In killing Brown the Southern States have committed a crime which will take its place among the calamities of history. . . . As to John Brown, he was an apostle and a hero. The gibbet has only increased his glory and made him a martyr".

In Canada the raid on Harper's Ferry made a profound impression. Despite the secrecy surrounding the Chatham convention there were quite a number of Canadians belonging to



The Court House
in which John Brown was tried and sentenced

the anti-slavery group who knew what had taken place there and knew, too, that Brown was meditating a bold stroke. The raid was reported in detail in the Canadian newspapers and commented upon from day to day. *The Globe* of November 4th, 1859, pointed out that Brown's execution would but serve to make him remembered as "a brave man who perilled property, family, life itself, for an alien race". His death, *The Globe* held, would make the raid valueless as political capital for the slaveholders and the South might expect other Browns. References in *The Globe* to the Chatham convention indicate that its editor, George Brown, was well informed with regard to the proceedings there and knew the relation of

the convention to the events at Harper's Ferry. In a later issue of *The Globe*, Brown, with discernment, declared that if the tension between North and South continued civil war would be inevitable and "no force that the South can raise can hold the slaves if the North will that they be free". On the day of Brown's execution *The Globe* said that "his death will aid in awakening the North to that earnest spirit which alone can bring the South to understand its true position" and that it was "a rare sight to witness the ascent of this fine spirit out of the money-hunting, cotton-worshipping American world". The prediction was added that if a Republican president were elected in the approaching contest nothing short of a dissolution of

the union would satisfy the demand of the South.

The special interest taken by *The Globe* in American affairs and its sane comment on the developments in the slavery struggle were the result of George Brown's intimate acquaintance with the issues in the United States acquired during his residence there before coming to Canada. The feeling of the Canadian people on the death of John Brown was shown by memorial meetings held in several cities. In Toronto a large gathering assembled in St. Lawrence Hall at which the chief speaker was Rev. Thomas Kinnaird, who had himself attended the Chatham convention. He told of a conversation with John Brown in which the latter had declared his determination to do something definite for the liberation of the slaves, and, if necessary, perish in the attempt. The collection that was taken up at this meeting was forwarded to Mrs. Brown at North Elba, N.Y. At Montreal a similar meeting was held in Bonaventure Hall, attended by more than a thousand people who expressed their views by strong resolutions. Among those who occupied places on the platform of this meeting were some of the most prominent men of Montreal. Similar meetings were held in Chatham, Windsor and at other points in the western peninsula of Ontario where the negroes were numerous.

The slaveholders of the South were by no means blind to the fact that the abolition movement had friends and supporters in Canada; that there was, in fact, an abolition group there actively at work for their undoing. It is possible that they knew of the Chatham convention. In his message to the Virginia legislature after the Harper's Ferry raid, Gov. Wise made reference to Canada as a seat of abolitionist activity. "One most irritating feature of this predatory war," he said, "is that it has its seat in the British provinces which furnish asylums for our fugitives and send them and their hired outlaws upon us from

depots and rendezvous in the bordering states." Speaking again, on December 22nd, 1859, to a gathering of medical students who had left Philadelphia in protest, the governor said: "With God's help we will drive all the disunionists together back into Canada. Let the compact of fanaticism and intolerance be confined to British soil". *The New York Herald* quoted Wise as calling upon the President to notify the British Government that Canada should no longer be allowed, by affording an asylum to fugitive slaves, to foster disunion and dissension in the United States. The Virginia governor seems to have had the idea that the President might be bullied into provoking trouble with Great Britain. "The war shall be carried into Canada," he said in another of his outbursts.

A part of the Tory press in Canada took sides with the South, *The Leader* terming the attack on Harper's Ferry an "insane raid" and predicting that the South would sacrifice the union rather than submit to the North. The viewpoint of *The Leader* may be further illustrated by its statement that the election campaign of 1860 was dominated by a "small section of ultra-abolitionists who make anti-slavery the beginning, middle and end of their creed". As to Lincoln, he was characterized as "a mediocre man—a fourth-rate lawyer".

Canada's relation to John Brown's plans became known, of course, after the collapse of the Harper's Ferry raid. The seizure of his papers, the evidence given at the trial and before the Senatorial investigation, all confirmed the suspicion that there was extensive plotting against slavery going on in Canada. In the report submitted by the Senate committee the proceedings at Chatham were stated to have had as their object "to subvert the government of one or more of the states, and of course to that extent the Government of the United States". Questions were asked by members of the committee that indicated a belief that there was a dis-

tinely Canadian end to the Harper's Ferry raid.

In the actual carrying out of the raid but small assistance came from Canada. Of the twenty-one men who marched out with Brown that October night only one could be described as a Canadian. This was Osborne Perry Anderson, a Negro born free in Pennsylvania who was working as a printer in Chatham when Brown came there, and who threw in his lot for the grand adventure. He is described by Hinton as having been "well educated, a man of natural dignity, modest, simple in character and manners". He wrote a pamphlet account of the raid, from which he escaped unhurt, and later served in the northern army during the Civil War. He died at Washington in 1871.

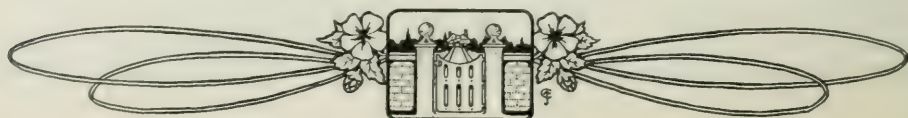
The question naturally arises, Why was the aid given to John Brown by the negroes of Canada so meagre? That Brown himself had counted on substantial help from the Canadian refugees is certain. John Edwin Cook, an associate, who made a confession after the raid, said that both men and money had been promised from Chatham and other parts of Canada. Yet, apart from Anderson, only one other Canadian seems to have had even an indirect part in the raid. The exception was Dr. Alexander M. Ross, of Toronto, who, by agreement with Brown, went to Richmond, Va., before the blow was struck and was there when the news came of its unhappy ending. Ross was evidently placed in Richmond to keep watch on the official attitude should the plan succeed and the abduction of slaves be thereby rendered possible.

It is known that there was some effort during the summer of 1858 to get the negroes in Canada enlisted, this work being in charge of John Brown, Jr., assisted by Rev. J. W. Loguen, a well-known negro abolition-

ist. Together they visited Hamilton, St. Catharines, Chatham, London, Buxton, Windsor and other places organizing branches of The League of Liberty among the refugees. But the letters of John Brown, Jr., show that there was not the same enthusiasm that had been manifested at Chatham in May. "Canada and the freed refugees therein proved a broken reed," says one writer, though there is some evidence that there were a few Canadians prepared to join in but who were late for the raid on Harper's Ferry. The real reason for the failure of the Canadian negroes to respond seems to be that there was too long delay after the plans were laid. The Chatham convention was held in May, 1858, while the Harper's Ferry raid did not take place until October of the next year. Warlike ardour had cooled off in the meantime, the magnetism of Brown had been withdrawn and new engagements had been entered into. Had Brown been able to move at once from Chatham there is little doubt but that he would have received substantial support from the refugees in Canada.

In a purely material sense the Harper's Ferry raid accomplished nothing; indeed, for the moment it seemed a setback to the abolition cause. After events, however, showed that it played a very important part in precipitating the conflict between slavery and freedom. John Brown made the North come face to face with the problem that Lincoln enunciated when he questioned if the nation could long endure half slave and half free. When the North elected Lincoln its purpose had been declared. Within a year and a half after John Brown died the Civil War had begun and the first regiments that went to the front sang as they marched,

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on".



WATERTON: CANADA'S NEW NATIONAL PLAYGROUND

BY AUBREY FULLERTON



HERE is a place, full of pleasant sights, where two countries meet. A long international border-line leads up to it over the plains and goes on past it through a maze of mountains. Almost hidden by its own hills, and a bit out of the way to boot, it is one of those places apart, the finding of which is always a delight, a surprise, and an adventure.

Out of three thousand-odd miles of boundary between Canada and the United States, twenty-two miles cut through wonderland. To be sure, there are many other points at which the two countries share the wonders and beauties of their far-stretched border, but into the few miles where Waterton Lakes Park touches the American Glacier Park more of nature's grace has been put than into an equal compass almost anywhere in the world. Another such piece of boundary is not to be found on any map.

Many people do not know Waterton Lakes Park. More's the pity, for it is greatly worth knowing. It is inviting, too. To be just a little out of the way, to be half-hidden, and to be full of sights, are a union of attractions above the usual. Furthermore, Waterton is the people's own, being part of the national parks system.

To find this pleasant place one goes to the southwest corner of Alberta, where it joins the northwest corner of Montana. The Rocky Mountains

are there at their prettiest and daintiest, if not their grandest, and one will see that the Governments of Canada and the United States chose wisely when they chose these neighbouring corners as people's playgrounds. It was not necessary to lay them out or to create landscape effects in them: they were parks ready-made.

Until 1914 Waterton Lakes Park was a very little place of only fourteen square miles. Its original proportions did not take it far enough south to touch its American neighbour, but in September of that year it was enlarged to 423 square miles. There was thus added to it a block of lake and mountain country that carried it to the Montana border and gave it a frontage there of twenty-two miles. Glacier Park had been established since 1910, and the Waterton enlargement rounded out a continuous international playground, nearly equal in size to the Province of Prince Edward Island.

Three lakes and a river give the Canadian park its name. There is an upper Waterton Lake, so truly international that it is partly in Canada and partly in the United States, and there are two smaller lakes after it, making in all a sixteen-mile course from head to foot. Waterton River flows north from the lakes to join the Belly River into the plains of Southern Alberta. In terms of area or volume neither the river nor any one of the lakes is at all important, but for their beauty's sake and for that



Sofa Mountain, at entrance to Waterton Park

of the hills that encircle them they are of Canada's best and richest.

It doesn't matter whether one stands at the lower lake-front and looks out to the head, or goes to the upper end of the chain and looks down to the foot—there is a wonder-view, bewitching, colourful, and satisfying, from either vantage-point. That from the Canadian side focuses on Mount Cleveland, which is the highest peak in Glacier Park, and which lifts ponderously from just beyond the head of the upper lake. Reversed, the view carries on from range to range of closely packed hills, not too big and not too cold, with a silver waterway through the valley. And away to the north is the long line of the Canadian Rockies.

From half a hundred points and turns along the shore, between the head and the foot of the lake-chain, are to be had views that are almost or quite as fine, if less international in their perspective. The vicinity of the Waterton Lakes is rarely favoured in the shaping and colouring of their hillsides. There is not so much of the majesty and grandeur that one finds in some other parts of the Western

hill-country, but the mountains, set close around the lakes, are warmer and more friendly. Fortunately, fires have been kept out of the district, and the lower levels are thickly spread with evergreen. Above the tree-lines are rocky reds and greens, for though other mountains are made of granite and cold gray trap, these are of cheerful shale and sandstone. They are varied in contour, and lifting to not too difficult heights of from 5,00 to 9,000 feet, they are always in an inviting and familiar mood.

In this group of friendly hills are Sofa Mountain, a landmark that identifies the opening to the Park from away out on the prairie; Sheep Mountain, its sister of the Wilson range; Goathaunt, more often shortened to Goat; Black Bear, a natural zoo of bruins; Sleeping Indian, Saw Tooth, and Flat Top, so named because of honour of some otherwise forgotten maiden; and Citadel Peak, a companion summit to Mount Cleveland. There are touches of snow on some of these heights, and back of Citadel there is a small glacier field. Cleveland is king of all the other peaks, by reason of his 10,437 feet.



Citadel Peak, one of the glories of Canada's new National Park

It is on a sunny day that the witchery of the place makes itself felt most clearly. The colours then come out almost riotously. Streaks and patches of sandstone green, mixed with the bright red of the shales, catch the glints of sunshine and give a liveliness that one does not often find in mountain regions. The more common tones of forest, lake and sky fill

in the details of a picture that impresses one with its daintiness and richness rather than its majesty, and even in the shadows or the moonlight the outlines are graceful, not awesome. Waterton is always memorable for its colours and shapes.

Of course, there are waterfalls. Several streams, born among the hills, empty into the lakes, and every



Twilight effect on Upper Waterton Lake

one of them means tumbling water somewhere on the way. Cameron Falls, on Cameron Creek, are a show feature of the tourists' Park.

A trail leads out from this Cameron Creek to Oil City, fifteen miles "in back". For there is other wealth grace in this mountain region. As long ago as 1886 petroleum seepages were discovered thereabouts, and a stampede resulted. Oil City sprang up, and for a time was a busy camp

in the heart of the wilderness. Several borings were made, and oil was really found, but not in sufficient quantities to warrant development. The quest is not over, however, and men say it will yet be successful.

It was directly through the oil stampede that the Waterton district was first opened up. Stories of its peculiar beauty and charm were brought back by parties that went in to prospect, and the Dominion Gov.



The glacier field back of Mt. Citadel



From the head of the Lakes, American side, looking towards Canada

ernment investigated. In 1895 a tract of fifty-four square miles was set apart as a forest park. This reservation was reduced in 1911, when all the parks were cut down, but was restored and enlarged three years later. In its present proportions it is a strip of approximately twelve miles' width along the western edge of Alberta, from the Montana border to the South Kootenay Pass, and in size is the fifth largest of the national parks.

The international boundary crosses the upper Waterton Lake three miles from its head. A stone monument near the shore marks the ending of the United States and the beginning of Canada, and beyond it the boundary is carried on into the wilderness in a thin straight line which the surveyors have cut through the woods. The cabins of the Canadian and United States forest rangers are near at hand, on their respective sides of the international fence-line.



The Nest of Hills, as seen from the foot of the Lakes, looking southwards to Glacier Park

Fire-ranging, policing, and statutory regulations for the protection of game are signs that the Government is landlord hereabouts. A complete development scheme was halted by the war, but will now likely be resumed. The work that has already been done was the construction of a motor road into the heart of the park, the selection of a townsite, and the clearing of several public camping grounds and boulevards. In due course, there will be a park town, subject, like Banff, to Federal laws and regulations, and the beauties of the border country will have more to see them. A beginning has been made in twenty cottages built on lots leased from the Dominion Parks Branch by summer dwellers, the vanguard of Waterton's future population.

The completion of the motor roads on either side of the border, so that sightseers may make the grand tour of the two parks, and the provision of more and better accommodation for visitors, will make the popularity of Waterton as a holiday resort quite secure. Things are in embryo as yet, but even so, there are such essential features as a modest stopping-place, a post-office, and a gasoline launch service up and down the lake. As to recreation, there's good fishing, and ample opportunity for mountaineering, but never a gun to be seen or fired, for that is the law of the Canadian national parks.

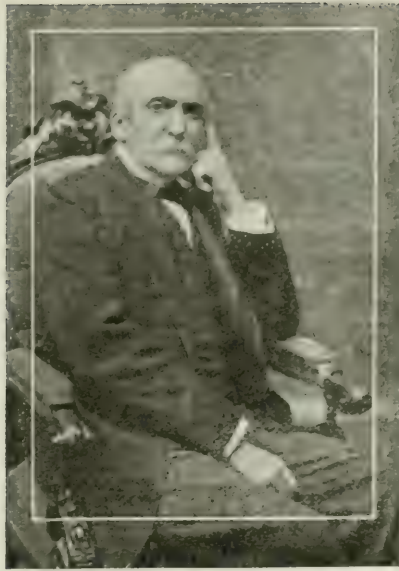
The Waterton Lakes are the logical summering place for all Southern Alberta and the Crow's Nest country. Motor roads lead to them across the

prairie from a half-dozen towns, whose citizens are now forming the habit of holidaying and week-ending in the Park. So, too, the tide of travel from farther away is beginning to assume proportions. It isn't hard to get there. A little out of the way, to be sure, is Waterton, and tucked well down into the corner among the hills, but a main line railway brings one to the best of it.

Not least of Waterton's delights is this ride into it from over the plains. The foothills are of themselves a sight worth traveling for, and their mystery and fascination grow as every mile brings them nearer. The immediate approach to the Park is veritably an entry into wonderland, where one is too bewitched with changing scenes to be surprised at anything in particular.

It is the distinctive excellence of this gem of national parks that it has the beauty and variety of a mountain world compressed into small and appreciable compass. There is something of every grace that adorns the show-places of the larger Rockies in the other Canadian or American park reserves, and there is something of every charm that beautifies the Alps; but it is all on an easy scale that comforts rather than awes. One feels at once on friendly terms with Waterton, and the friendship never palls. It's a dainty, lovable, appealing kind of place, which happily enough belongs to the Canadian people, and which Canadian people ought to know for the joy of knowing a rare possession.





NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN

GREAT CANADIAN ORATORS

BY ALBERT R. HASSARD

III.—NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN



ANADIAN DAVIN surely may be called, because although he was born and educated in Ireland and received his start in the world in England, it was to Canada that he gave the full-blown flower of his manhood's genius and talents. He became, indeed, the silver-tongued pioneer prophet of the plains, the journalistic beacon-light of Western Canada for many years, the brilliant, wayward and mysterious Nicholas Flood Davin. Shortly before his death I heard for the one and only time in my life a speech which fell from the honeyed lips of this wizard of Irish Canadian eloquence. On that occasion he addressed an open-air meeting in Riverdale Park, Toronto. The vast multi-

tude of people that flocked upon that quiet summer evening from every part of Toronto to hear him was sufficient, if I had known nothing more about him than that, to impress me with the measure and the merits of his fame.

Davin was born at Kilfinane, in the south-western Irish County of Limerick, on the thirteenth day of January, 1843. As a boy he took to learning with great avidity, and in consequence of his taste for letters, his parents gave him an excellent education. At first he received private tuition in his own home. This continued until he was ready for promotion, when he was sent to Queen's College at Cork. There, as a student, he acquitted himself with great credit. Later he attended a college in England which in

those days bore the same relation to London University that Victoria College in Ontario's educational metropolis bears to the University of Toronto. Leaving this last institution when he had attained the age of twenty-one years, he entered without delay upon the study of law and associated himself with the Middle Temple in London. During the ensuing five years he devoted himself to his legal studies. In 1868 he was called to the bar as a barrister at law. He joined one of the circuits, with the intention of proceeding to the practice of his profession. Suddenly, however, he relinquished his intention and during the remainder of his life in England gave to the calling for which he had studied so carefully no further consideration whatever. This forsaking of his profession, at its threshold, was very likely to be ascribed to the proverbial difficulties, which, in the middle of the last century, confronted nearly every man who sought to earn a livelihood as either a solicitor or a barrister, in England. Contrary to experience in America, the chances of the average man making a living in the practise of the law fifty years ago in England were so remote that only those men who were possessed of tireless patience, accompanied by some independent source of income, might ever hope to achieve it. There were fortunes to be had by the favoured few, who persevered to the end; while starvation awaited men of real genius who, in any other occupation, or in any other country, might have achieved a competence without much difficulty. There are on record a score of books which emphasize this assertion. A burlesque upon the experiences of a struggling, yet brilliant, English barrister, and at the same time, not so much of a burlesque as to conceal the genuine truth, is to be found in Sir Rider Haggard's world renowned tale, "Mr. Meeson's Will". The practise of law in England, therefore, offering but a phantom inducement, Davin in 1868 entered the

House of Commons press gallery as a newspaper reporter. There he remained in attendance upon his duties for nearly two years. In 1870, war having broken out between France and Germany, he was sent as war correspondent to the former country, as a representative of *The Irish Times*, and also of *The London Standard*. He did not content himself with learning of the progress of the conflict from afar, but true to the spirit of daring, which is supposed to be a characteristic of the true Irishman, he resolved to actually risk his life where bullets were flying, in order to acquire at first hand the most accurate accounts of the fighting for publication in his journals.

To the very heart of hostilities, then, the young correspondent hastened. At the Siege of Montmedy Davin was wounded, and although the wound was not serious, still it ended his career in France during the remainder of the war. For the war closed unexpectedly. With more courage than wisdom the French urged forward their untimely and hopeless cause. The thrilling eloquence of Gambetta melted before the energy of Bismarck, and very soon German victors from beyond the Rhine pitched their tents within the sound of the voices from the Tulleries, and soldiers clad in Prussian uniform sojourned under the shadows of the gorgeous towers of Notre Dame.

It is scarcely necessary to pause long enough in the narrative to offer any reflections upon the correspondent or the cause upon this occasion. The work of the correspondent was performed with that honest industry which is naturally to be expected from an Irishman. The cause ended then in the wrecks of the hopes of Frenchmen. Forty-four years later France and Germany again came into contact in an armed struggle for supremacy. That struggle until recently was still raging. The end came suddenly, terribly, yet inevitably for our foes. This always was expected. Germany in 1914 aimed to occupy

Paris. The nearest the invader ever reached was in September, 1914, when she was hurled back from the banks of the Marne. Since then German armies have been steadily retreating from the French Capital instead of approaching it. Month by month, farther and farther from Paris they go. Month by month French triumph drew nearer. Ultimately the sanguinary invaders passed out of France, humbled, crushed, dispirited, defeated. Thus France, after the lapse of nearly half a century, signally avenged German treachery and barbarity of, not merely 1914, but also fifty years ago.

Returning to England when his wounds had healed, Davin spent the two years following in an indecisive attempt to choose between law and letters. In July, 1872, he unexpectedly conceived the idea of emigrating to Canada. This he at once proceeded to accomplish, and in the late summer of that year he found himself in Toronto, then as now, the literary metropolis of the Dominion. In that city he secured a position on *The Globe* newspaper, which was then under the powerful domination of the great editor and statesman, George Brown. For a year or two Davin wrote editorials upon *The Globe*, and at the same time contributed, as a special writer, to its literary and foreign columns. He subsequently joined the staff of *The Mail*, then striving to pilot the uncertain fortunes of the recently discredited and overthrown Conservative party to a safe haven. Becoming wearied of journalism, Davin now turned his thoughts to his old profession, the law. He was called to the bar of Upper Canada Law Society, the illogical name which for many years has been applied to the official law society of the Province of Ontario. To the profession he applied himself with diligence for a time. In 1876 he was appointed by the Government to conduct an inquiry into some irregularities which were alleged to be prevailing in the Normal School at Toronto. As a result of the investigation,

amendments in the administration of the affairs of that important educational institution were made, and although more than forty years have passed since then, no whisper of any defects in that department of public instruction has been uttered since that time.

During these years which were passing by, Davin, besides attending to the wants of his clients in his Chambers and in the Courts, travelled through different parts of Canada, and delivered lectures on political and literary topics in many places. The lecture bureau was then at the height of its fame on this continent, and in the absence of rural mails, daily newspaper deliveries, and moving picture exhibitions, in the more unsettled parts of the land, the occupant of the lecture platform exercised an extensive sway wherever his voice was heard. Davin's finished eloquence, his rich stores of learning, to which he was constantly adding, together with his pleasing Irish accent, won their way into thousands of hearts, and his fame as an orator and a lecturer became established and increased as the days went by.

In 1880 Davin's former employer, George Brown, was shot by a printer named Bennett, who had been discharged by Brown from his position upon *The Globe* newspaper. After lingering in great agony for a short time, the great statesman died as a result of the shooting. Bennett was arrested for the crime and the difficult task of defending the accused man fell upon Davin. The partially informed public too often confuses the murderer's crime with the counsel's brief, and bestows upon the lawyer much of the unpopularity which only the criminal deserves. This is partly due to the fact that from the time a crime is committed until vengeance is executed, the lips of the prisoner are sealed, and his lawyer is the only person who is heard to say anything on the culprit's behalf. The confusion is particularly noticeable,

whenever the crime is marked by any unusual enormity, or if the victim be of fame or standing in the land. The timid lawyer shudders in the presence of this unfavourable prospect. Indeed, this situation proved so embarrassing a few years ago, when Czolgosz murdered President William McKinley, that it became almost impossible to secure the services of an eminent Counsel to undertake the prisoner's defence. Yet, unfortunate though the murder of a great man may be, the cause of his murder is precisely the kind of a case that the ambitious lawyer yearns to obtain. With skill he can point out to the jury, and through the jury to the vast multitudes who never stood in the courtroom, that while the lawyer properly accepts his responsibility and proposes to perform his task with all his powers, in an endeavour to secure either his client's acquittal or a reduction of his punishment, at the same time he must be regarded as in no way placing in issue his personal feelings in the transaction. The client and not the counsel is on trial. The client's guilt and not the lawyer's skill is the issue joined in the indictment. And while it is true that many a cause has triumphed because of an advocate's belief in its justice, at the same time a far weightier element than merely one man's faith in another man's innocence has always been necessary to secure an accused person's immunity from punishment. Witnesses have to be examined and cross-examined with deep and invisible strategy, evidence must be piled up and fitted together, the law with all its manifest subtleties must be wisely understood and skilfully applied, judges and juries must receive careful, although not condescending, consideration, and an atmosphere favourable to the prisoner must be created, in order to secure that greatest of all a lawyer's desires, namely, the acquittal of a man, who is in grave danger of being severely punished upon a serious charge that is hanging over his head.

With eminent ability and unusual courage, Davin proceeded to the defence of the highly unpopular Bennett. Many of the modern tactics in the conduct of criminal defences, which have been wonderfully developed in modern times, were unknown forty years ago, and of course the prisoner's counsel is not to be blamed for not knowing how to employ them. The trial resulted in a verdict of guilty of murder. Bennett paid with his life the penalty of slaying the powerful statesman Brown, who, with all his faults, and they were not by any means a few, held before the eyes of Canadians, for a generation, political ideals which were supremely worthy of the inhabitants of the new Dominion.

Two years before the Bennett murder trial, Davin successfully contested the riding of Welland at the Federal Elections, and represented that constituency in parliament for the following nine years. Previous to that time he had taken a very active part in addressing political gatherings throughout Ontario upon the current public issues. Chief among these was the National Policy, just at that time suggested by Sir John A. Macdonald as a certain remedy for the declining political fortunes of Canada. The test came, in 1878, at the polls, and the National Policy triumphed, with the result that Sir John was returned to power. Davin's eloquence in no small degree contributed to the triumph, for it was in Ontario that the hardest part of the battle had to be fought, and there it was that the silver tongue of Davin was often heard just immediately preceding the elections.

Soon after the victory, Davin was sent by the new Premier to Washington and other parts of the United States in order that he might acquire information, which would be helpful in enabling the government to establish a more satisfactory system of Indian Schools in Western Canada than had been previously in existence there. After some months' absence from Canada upon this mission Davin

returned. Armed with the necessary information he transferred his services to Manitoba that he might apply the knowledge which he had gained while abroad to the new and rapidly developing province of the West. His visit to the prairies profoundly impressed upon his poetic and practical mind the vast possibilities of the world which lay beyond the stormy waters of the wonderful Lake Superior. He himself had come as an emigrant from the old land beyond the ocean, and he realized that there were countless others eager as he for adventure and for homes, who, in days to come, would gladly forsake their ancient abodes in the crowded cities of exhausted kingdoms and worn-out republics, to traverse, as he had done, the same broad expanse of water, and seek new dwellings upon the exhaustless prairies, where the wilderness would bud and blossom with the golden harvests of the future, and where millions of waste acres would transform as if by magic into grain-producing soil. He saw the populous cities, which would lose their shining spires in the starry vaults of Heaven, as genius and energy would mingle to plant new Birminghams and new Torontos along the inviting banks of the deep and sombre rivers of the West. He saw the mighty railways which would flash their glittering pathways away towards the smiling sunset and the frozen crested mountains, while over their gleaming surfaces would sweep westwards the trainloads of architects of newer provinces, and eastwards the countless thousands of bushels of wheat to feed the hungry populations in the other continents of the world.

And so he resolved that he would establish a permanent abiding place away out towards the beckoning sunset lands of fancy and of plenty, where the northward moving rivers sparkle towards the Arctic Ocean, and the lakes unknown to commerce sleep beneath the northern star. Thither he would go to that country where the ripening grain makes a golden

Paradise of the West, that vast territory which one day must be supremely considered when those problems of a larger world, involving the welfare of the human race, are hungering for an ultimate solution.

Davin settled in Assinaboia in 1882, and for a time devoted himself to practising law. He defended a man named Macdonald, upon a charge of murder, and succeeded in saving the prisoner from the scaffold. He also pleaded successfully many other difficult causes. But it was the larger realm of literature, with all its golden opportunities, which called to him with a siren's voice from the vast and spacious solitudes of the West. In March, 1883, he established *The Leader* newspaper, in the Town of Regina, which, from a small prairie trading village has developed until it is to-day the mighty City of the Plains. Davin's new journal was the first newspaper printed west of Winnipeg. It became the strong voice of whatever public opinion there was among the fast-increasing population of the territories; and in addition it swayed the public mind from Red River to the Rocky Mountains. It was no country newspaper, with two or three columns of inconsequential local news, badly spelled and worse edited, supported by a few columns of already composed telegraphic despatches, copied from some antiquated encyclopaedia, or antediluvian calendar. On the contrary, it was as daring as *The Times*, as up to date as *The Globe*, *The World* or *The Mail and Empire*, as modern as a bulletin, and with force, courage, intelligence, and literary gifts contributing to making it a publication of importance—one whose favour was worth courting and whose hostility was a thing to be feared. That newspaper is still in existence, and is still a journalistic factor in Western Canada. It is read around many a fireside with comfort while the storms and the coyotes are howling without; and the family that has some bread and *The Regina Leader* in the home in the dreariest winter feels not alto-

gether bereft of provisions and literary companionship for days and nights which are both bleak and cold. That paper still stirs the Western mind; and whatever power it exercises over the political and literary life of the prairie provinces is due to the impetus which was given to it, in the pioneer days when the radiant genius of the brilliant Davin was shining through its columns of varied information and complaint.

■ In his newspaper, upon the public platform and in parliament, the eloquent editor was a conspicuous champion of the rights of the people who dwelt in the West. Frequently he was long years in advance of his time in the advocacy of causes which meant better things for his country. He repeatedly pleaded with the Government for the adoption of a policy of immigration which while it might not have wholly discouraged the settlement of Alberta and Saskatchewan by the degenerate exiles of unenlightened European states, would at least have helped to relieve the British Isles of a portion of their overflowing populations. That policy, if pursued, as it ought to have been, would have established some impression of the culture of Oxford and Glasgow, of Dublin and Belfast, beyond the confines of Manitoba, there to become infused in the minds of the denizens of unlettered countries, with the prospect of turning these immigrants to our country into a great and intelligent people as the years went rolling by. In May, 1895, Davin stirred the Canadian Parliament with his eloquent appeal to give women an equal share with men in electing the Parliamentary representatives of the people. The vote on his resolution in favour of Woman's Suffrage showed a vast majority hostile to the proposal, forty-seven members voting in its favour, while one hundred and one, including both Prime Minister and Opposition Leader, voted against it. Twenty-two years elapsed before that verdict of Parliament was reversed in this country, and even then there

came but a partial reversal of the vote which had been previously taken. Had it not been for the outbreak of the war in Europe, followed, as it was, by the inevitable political confusion which accompanied it in all countries, and out of which many long-delayed national reforms have issued, it is very probable that the golden vision of woman's suffrage would not have become a reality in Canada for many years to come.

During the quarter of a century during which Davin sat in Parliament, he achieved the reputation of being one of the most scholarly figures in public life in Canada. He had a masterly knowledge of many languages; he could read fluently the ancient classics, and he spoke with ease several of the modern European tongues. He is the only English-speaking Member of Parliament who ever addressed that august body in any other than his native language. Except that he had a very noticeable Irish accent, he spoke the French, not of an English University or a Canadian College, but as if he had been a native of Paris or Versailles.

He was for many years a powerful advocate of a reform in the illogical tariff laws of Canada. He had an enlightenment, which many public men lacked, and which enabled him to perceive that an extreme tariff policy could not be consistently defended as beneficial in periods of commercial distress in both Ontario and Alberta, and for both the farmer and the manufacturer. In politics one finds the only modern product of men's brains in which inconsistency is a supreme virtue. Davin however did not see it that way at all. He, perhaps foolishly, applied a little logic to the science of government, and decided that a policy which kept many poor without enriching others was senseless. In spite of the policy's antiquity—for many of its lovers traced it almost all the way back to Adam—he sought to amend it. He did this, notwithstanding the fact that many petty politicians regarded as an outrage any at-

tempt to amend a worn-out institution, which was devised and employed with great effect to meet a mighty political exigency that had long since passed away.

And so he voiced that sentiment to be found poetically expressed by Tennyson in his famous political and patriotic lyric, "Hands all Round":

Let England's oak forever live,
With stronger strength from day to day;
That man's the best conservative,
Who lops the mouldered branch away.

And in taking this radical stand, he sought to "lop away" some of "the mouldered branches" of the ancient tree, the National Policy, because of the existence of which, industrial Canada had prospered so invidiously for a few years after the downfall of the Mackenzie administration, and in spite of which Canadian commerce has flourished triumphantly ever since.

For many years Davin was the one outstanding parliamentarian of the West. He was the most learned and scholarly man in public life to be found between the rock-embracing shores of Lake Superior and the golden sands that were kissed by the gentle ripples of the Pacific Ocean. He forsook his editorial chair and left his newspaper to the tender mercies of the office boy and the deputy assistant helper to the printer while he assumed his place at Ottawa during each session of the Dominion Parliament. There he flashed in eloquence before the members as the intellectual whirlwind from the wilderness and the prairies. His speeches contained innumerable quotations that many of his fellow members had never heard of, from countless writers whom they never knew. During his leisure hours he wrote with indefatigable activity. He published his most famous book, "The Irishman in Canada", a comprehensive encyclopædia of the lives of many members of the cheerful and unconquerable race that had emigrated to this country from the Emerald Isle. That book

abounds in information, poetry, eloquence, and wit, and is a library of knowledge in itself. He wrote dramas and editorials, reviews and criticisms, and of course it was impossible that a man of his attainments could resist the temptation of writing beautiful verse. He published "Eros, an Epic of the Dawn," during his residence in Saskatchewan, it being the first book that was printed on the prairies. For nearly twenty years he capably managed and edited *The Regina Leader* pouring into its columns the flashes of wit and the breadth of wisdom for which he was renowned. His paper grew in circulation and in power, and would have made him a rich and influential man, had he not been blasted with the faculty so common to Irishmen, of being possessed of marvellous gifts without knowing well how to use them. As the money came, so it went, and he was no richer at the end of a year than he was at its beginning. He had, however, what is far better than money, and that is honour and respect, while the great men of Canada saw in him one of the very foremost of this new country's adopted sons. The literary pioneer of the prairies, he brought back from the vast expanse of treeless acres which lay beyond the Red River and under the engulfing shadows of the Rocky Mountains, a portion of its problems to the Dominion Capital, and within its parliamentary halls he nobly voiced these mighty problems in perennial complaints.

He was made the first President of the powerful conservative association of the Northwest Territories. He fittingly and brilliantly represented Canada at Boston, the American domicile of culture, on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of Queen Victoria. Goldwin Smith, with his unerring literary instinct, viewed him as one of the comparatively few public men of Canada who combined political sagacity with broad literary culture. Davin's captivating graces, his poetic soul, his vast and generous

Irish heart, his splendid oratory, and his abounding wealth of information placed him in a premier class among the people, and he was honoured and loved as much as he was respected and admired in every part of Canada.

Davin married in 1859 a lady, Elizabeth Reid, who for many years shared with him his varying vicissitudes of fortune. The wife of a great man makes a mistake in predeceasing her husband, particularly when she has formed his haven in times of vast political, commercial or social storms. This, Davin's wife unfortunately did, and threw a shadow over his later days, which nothing earthly could dispel. It is true that he did marry again when considerably more advanced in years. He was subjected to political and financial reverses, which could not but severely try the fine sensibilities of a man of his unusual type. He suffered defeat in his last contest for the seat in Parliament which he had held so long. Possibly this defeat, marked as it was, by some circumstances of humiliation, intensified the bitterness of his later days. On a beautiful Autumn day in 1901 this great man, with a nature sensitive in the extreme, perished in the City of Winnipeg, by his own hand, a lamentable victim of that nameless ailment which eats away the hearts of men of exquisite feeling, when ill, which are not to be found in the text-books of the doctors strike impaired bodies and tortured minds down to suffering and to death.

Davin's winning oratory graces many columns of the newspapers of last century and many pages of the official debates of the Canadian Parliament. I have sometimes thought that his most brilliant effort was made on the day when the melancholy tidings of the death of the great Sir John Macdonald were conveyed to the sad-hearted members of the House of Commons. Sir Hector Langevin spoke in sorrowful and broken tones and paid a fitting tribute to his dead colleague who lay in Earnscliffe at rest after the restless life of so much

glory and so many achievements. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then at the zenith of his oratorical renown, followed on behalf of the Opposition in one of his matchless efforts. When the brilliant tribune of French Canada had resumed his seat, another speaker was to enshrine in fitting language the memory of the dead. The two preceding orators had come from the East, and it was eminently appropriate that there should be heard on that impressive occasion a voice laden with a wonted tribute from the Canada of the silences and the promises, the Canada beyond the smoking cities and out past the well-tilled farms, the Canada of the skyward soaring eagle, and of Davin. And so the orator of the West arose in his place in Parliament and nobly added to the tributes which already had been uttered his splendid eulogy of the famous statesman who was no more. Closing with his notable speech on that occasion, David said:

I think, sir, it would be unbecoming, if I may venture to say so, that I should remain silent on this occasion, and that no expression should be given of the way the Northwest feels at this supreme hour. For myself it would be hard not to express a sense of grief at such a time as this, because it so happens that for some years I was brought closely into contact with him whom we mourn at this time, and I was able to see into those features of his character which were probably of more value to the world than the great abilities which struck the superficial observer. Mr. Speaker, the man whom we mourn here to-day was emphatically a great man. When I came to Canada first his friends, misdoubting that they might have formed a Provincial conception of Sir John Macdonald, used to come to me and ask how he would compare with the great men in England. I said he was the equal of the greatest of them, and when I knew him intimately and was brought closely in contact with him, I became more and more convinced that far from doubting whether he could stand beside the greatest of them, few of them had the varied qualities, the extraordinarily varied and complex qualities, that are necessary to make a political leader such as was Sir John Macdonald. Ranging over the field of history and recalling the names of the men who have reached the heights which it takes a lifetime to climb, it is hardly possible to find one who

has possessed the varied qualities of the great man who the other day was leading in this House. You may find great powers of intellect, great powers of statesmanship, far-reaching views, great powers of oratory, but where will you find, conjoined with all these, that politeness that never fails, that delicate consideration for the feelings of others, the exquisite urbanity that distinguished Sir John Macdonald, that ever and anon played like light and shade in

"Le bon sens ironique et la grace qui rit". Sir, the measure of his great abilities are the difficulties he overcame. . . . These very buildings emphasize the Imperial cast of mind of the great man who is gone. . . . In truth he was not only a Canadian, but an Imperial statesman—the brightest gem in the British Crown was polished and set by his hand. I have read somewhere of a child who planted a tree which ultimately shaded his old age, and with the dews of evening watered his grave. Sir John Macdonald was in that position, because he found Canada a petty province, and he leaves it something like an Empire. At this moment a nation more important than the nation over which Elizabeth ruled weeps the loss of a states-

man who helped to build it up. . . . The qualities which were most extraordinary in that remarkable man were the kindness of heart, that alchemistical power which transmuted all that came near him into gold, which made of every foe that came within its influence a friend or a devotee. . . . We may build statues to him in these grounds, monuments will arise to him in Kingston, but the real, the grandest monument to Sir John Macdonald, will be the one that Canada feels it her privilege to cherish for so great a personality. But even should we never erect a statue to his memory, humanity will keep his memory green, for he belonged to that rare race of men who enchain the memory of mankind. Sir, language was applied to a great countryman of his, a great Scotchman, not a statesman, but belonging to another order of activity, which might well be applied to the great statesman we mourn:

"Dead heroes in marble from memory fade,
But while hearts shall weep where your
ashes are laid;
And earth's proudest priesthood like phan-
toms pass by,
But thou art the priesthood that never can
die".

In the November number Mr. Hassard will describe the great oratorical qualities of Louis Joseph Papineau.



OUT OF REACH

BY BEATRICE REDPATH



HARTLEY STEVENS was one of those who are cursed with a chronic dissatisfaction in possession. As a child it had been the toys in the shop windows that had cast a special glamour over his infant soul; the ones in his own nursery were tarnished by the fact of ownership. And it had persisted with him, he was completely conscious of it, but it was beyond his power to alter it, any more than he could have altered his blue black hair or his eyes, which had a curiously persuasive appeal for women. He spoke of it as a complex of his nature, unfortunate, but unalterable!

He had in fact, no understanding of those who were not the same. How should one continue to find satisfaction in possession? The very idea of possession suggested satiety. He could arrive at no conclusion but his own. The others, who felt differently, were only those who had become stupefied through living, dulled to the keener perceptions of the senses through animal content. He preferred not to be one of these browsed creatures.

He had known Dinah Manners for some years, known her when as Dinah Lawson he had met her repeatedly, but without particular notice. There was nothing to notice about her then. She had been a nice enough girl, but girls bored him. They always appeared to be summing up your possibilities as a prospective husband, and he had no thought of getting married. The French idea of keeping the girl safely in the background

until she was married, appealed to him as one other countries might copy to advantage. He liked married women; they were safe.

But Dinah Manners, with the luxurious sense of the Manners' money as background, and the Manners' money to clothe her exquisitely, had become a personality not to be overlooked. She had needed the setting of good clothes, her beauty, if beauty it was, was not of the kind to go unadorned. Perhaps it was not beauty at all, for before she had been married he had never noticed any signs of particular good looks. But now it was perfectly evident to anyone with discriminating taste, that she was exceptionally pleasant to look upon. There was a finished perfection about her that pleased. But it was not so much this that counted with Hartley Stevens, it was the fact that she was out of reach!

He met her one afternoon at a crowded musicale, and he had persuaded her to let him steer her out into the open air, away from the overheated rooms. There was time for a walk in the park. Why waste time and make demands on one's good temper, by being jostled about, and having to speak to people one would ordinarily avoid? And she acquiesced, with a shyness that he found very attractive.

The half dusk enclosed them in an isolation that was conducive to confidences. Before them rose the battlements of skyscrapers, floating and nebulous now, their solidity replaced by lines of light. An electric sign with winking persistence was pro-

claiming the virtue of its merchandise to the first faint flicker of stars. Its shrieking vulgarity was incongruous, incompatible, with the beauty of the shadowy park. The giant reservoir, like a small lake, lay to the right of them, the lights from the buildings back of it like serpents of chased gold wriggling across the water. An occasional limousine passed stealthily, its white glare of light making fantastic the skeleton trees.

She was wistful, subdued, as their conversation dropped from the lightness of laughter to a semi-seriousness of tone.

"Life is such a delusion," she said with a sudden wistfulness and Hartley Stevens imagined that she should have substituted marriage where she spoke of life, "it holds out such promises, but they are dead sea fruit."

"You are young to have come to that conclusion," he said, "I don't know. I find life worth while. As long as there is always something just beyond our reach. That seems to me the whole solution of it."

She looked ahead thoughtfully. He could smell the fragrance from a bunch of violets that she wore. He was interested in her, and he liked her profile outlined clearly by the black water beside them, it indicated character, a strength beneath her apparent tranquillity. The whiteness of her throat had the quality of ivory.

"I suppose so," she responded doubtfully, "and what we grasp crumbles to ashes?" Her tone was rumbled interrogatively.

"I've always found it so," he answered.

He was wondering what was the disillusionment that lay back of her words. He knew David Manners as a man some ten years older than himself, cold, self-contained, and extremely egotistical. Prone to imagine that he was the man of most consequence in the room at any time, and that his verdict should settle any discussion. He was respected for his business capacity as much as he was disliked for his personality. He could well

imagine how he would dampen any young ardour of loving, if it was love that was the foundation of her marriage, and not money as most people supposed. He too had previously summed it up as a marriage for money, but speaking to her now it was difficult to believe so. She was very young, nearly twenty years younger than the man she had married. He could see how the man of forty would dazzle her, she would mistake his air of consequence for power, and take pride in what later became a bore. And with what young ardour she would come to marriage. Her romanticism would weave for any man she married a garment with which to cloak his faults, while she would build on any good points he possessed, till her structure would overtop her vision. But his final cold acceptance of her ardour would be as water poured on flame.

He could fancy what had prompted her remark about life, and he was sorry for her in her young disillusionment. What a gamble marriage was! He was content to think that he would never be fool enough to be lured into it. All around him he could see his friends paying the several prices of their folly; he was thankful not to be one of them.

Rather diffidently, as he left her at her door, she asked him to come in to tea some afternoon. She was usually at home and she would be glad to see him. He accepted with an alacrity that brought a glow of pleasure into her face.

And he found it very pleasant at the end of an afternoon to drop in at her house on his way up town. She was a good listener and appeared interested in most things. He liked to talk when he knew each word was valued. He felt a pleasant sense of well being, beside her fire, the tea table between them, and the long pleasant room behind him, low in key, a background and not an obtrusion. She was as a piece of delicately wrought ivory, he thought, in a sombre case, that heightened by con-

trast the smooth precision of her corn-coloured hair, the small oval of her face. They sustained the note of friendliness, it was comradeship, but comradeship between a man and a woman. There was always the sense that something else might lie behind the shield. Neither of them probed to find out, he preferred to balance on the threshold, and with her the intimate pleasure of their friendship sufficed. To lose it would mean disaster. She was afraid to lose what she had found, lest her loneliness should encompass her again.

Several times David Manners came in and joined them for a few moments while he took a cup of tea, before going for his usual ride in the park. He appeared to Hartley Stevens as smug and self-satisfied. His manner towards his wife showed how sure he felt of her affections, he had no hint or suspicion of her fancy ever wandering. When he was in the foreground he occupied it completely, there was no room for any intruder. His manner was as one who allows himself to be admired, he would not notice in his complete self-occupation, that there was any lessening in worship.

"I'm glad that you can find time to come in and see Dinah," he remarked with a shade of patronage in his manner, "she's too much alone. She should go out more. Plenty of exercise makes a normal mind. I've always taken plenty myself," he said, thrusting back his shoulders with an air of satisfaction, as though exhibiting himself as a fine example of good habits.

Hartley Stevens regarded him calmly. He wondered how she could ever have married him, but he remembered how young she had been. He noticed her constraint when he was in the room, a forced amiability that was unnatural to her. She made a conscious effort to please, because her will went so far in the opposite direction. And yet he was undoubtedly kind, generous, a good husband. But all his good qualities went for

nothing beside the exasperating quality of his egotism. Everything he did and said was shadowed by it. It tarnished the lustre of any kindness.

"There's that Directors' dinner to-night my dear," he said pausing as he left the room, "I won't be in until late."

The atmosphere of constraint vanished as soon as the curtains fell together behind him. Hartley Stevens wondered as he looked at her, sitting with her face half averted, what was in her mind. For the first time he was conscious of something different in his own, and he fancied that he was communicating it to her. He rose and stood leaning against the mantle shelf, one hand in his pocket, while he looked at her reflectively. He liked her immobility, her hands were linked ivory against the black velvet of her dress. It gave him the sense of something held in reserve, a useless expenditure of energy was an irritation and an annoyance. So few can attain the art of sitting motionless.

He spoke on a sudden impulse. "Don't sit alone here all evening. Come out and have dinner. We'll go to a theatre."

She looked up quickly, half in doubt, hesitating perceptibly for a moment, and then smiled, frankly pleased.

"That would be nice," she said, "David hates theatres, I haven't been to one for ages."

The evening had been a success, he had made every effort to have it so. They had dined at a restaurant, and the music, the flowers and lights had imbued them with a sense of gaiety, of *joie de vivre*. He had never seen her like this, eager to be amused, meeting laughter half way. Beside her own fire she was more meditatively serious, to-night she was irresponsibly glad to be alive. He was immensely attracted to her. Later they had gone to see "Marriage", and had laughed together over the biting Shavian wit. It had pleased her by its

subtleties, and he had joined in her laughter.

"But there is a kernel of truth that lies hidden in all he says. It is not all just sarcasm and fun," she said thoughtfully, as she leaned back in the taxi on the way home, in a foam of white tulle. But he was impatient of words, and had no interest at that moment in meditating on the philosophy of it.

"Marriage . . . marriage is of no account," he said quickly, "this is what counts," and though she was startled she did not resist. She even responded with a sudden uncontrolled emotion.

The taxi stopped with a sudden jar and he followed her up the steps in silence; as the door opened to let her in he said a brief good-night.

The old sense of comradeship could not return. They could not retrace, it was an impossibility to go backwards. At times he pondered over her intensity; although he was immensely attracted to her, he preferred to keep affairs like these away from deep waters. He disliked turbulent scenes, raw emotion; she was not one to give way to such, but still she was a trifle too intense, a trifle too young to the way of it. She was altogether charming, and her firelit room with the wide shadowed spaces held an insistent appeal for him. Well-worn words were new to her, she was unused to the usage of them. And she was utterly lonely in her life. She did not speak of her husband, for she was conscious of the loyalty her position demanded.

She would listen with a characteristic earnestness as he said the words that came to him so easily, he did not care to remember that it was because of oft repetition. And in a manner she was different from the others; he had no desire to destroy a certain aloofness in her that was part of her charm. He was satisfied as things were; the borderland had always held a distinct pleasure for him, he had so often stepped over and found disenchantment.

"There is no other way but to laugh and be gay," he said holding both her hands in his, "any other way leads to quicksands and remorse. I want to keep you as you are. Let the fires we light be not the ones that burn to ashes. There is too much of sympathy and understanding between us to let us risk destroying it. Let us build up something finer and more lasting. Comrades aren't we?" he said, kissing her in a manner that denied his words.

He thought his renunciation of what he could have had so easily was very commendable. "It must be everything or nothing," he added, pulling her down on the sofa beside him, "and since it can't be everything, it must be nothing. But we can be everything to each other in a rather fine way," and she assented to all he said, because there seemed nothing else to be said.

He was pleased that he had saved her from pitfalls that might have led her down pathways to deep remorse. He considered that he had done something quite heroic. She was a trifle too intense for the everyday current of life, things appeared to go deep. He cautioned her about other men, he would teach her that she must never step over the threshold. She was not the kind to do so without disastrous results. And she listened to it all only half heeding; her attention wandered when he gave her such advice, and she waited for his next caress.

He was entirely satisfied with the course that he had taken. He had so very nearly gone further, but he was afraid of her intensity. It would not have passed lightly over, and emotional scenes wearied him. He saw plainly that she cared for him more than he wished, but she was married, they could be good friends, that was all. But he continued to see a great deal of her, it had become a habit to drop in on his way up town, a habit that he had no desire to break, though occasionally it appeared that it would be the wiser course to follow. At

times he thought her radiantly pretty, and she was always interested gay or thoughtful, following the track of his mood. He felt too that there was depth to her, she was expanding beneath their friendship; he felt a growth, a change and development since he had first met her. If things had been different, if she had been free, and if he had ever contemplated marriage at all, he fancied that she would have been the wife he would have chosen. He could not imagine anyone who would better meet his demands. She had all the qualities that he required and much more besides. It was a pity that she was married to such an egotistical beast, but marriage after all, what did it count? She could have her friends and make her own life. He was surely showing her how to do so. He would make every effort to do all that he could for her, for he was really fond of her, and he was so content with the way that he had taken.

He urged her to go out more, to see more people; her life which was so secluded increased her intensity about all that came near to her. He would lessen that trait in her. "It is best to take things lightly," he explained to her continually.

But she was much alone. David Manners seemed to live his life entirely outside of his own home. Hartley Stevens imagined from an occasional remark from her that there was a chill of constraint growing up between them, and from what he heard from outside sources that not finding the wealth of admiration he demanded in his own home he was seeking it elsewhere. She was too honest to be able to disguise her feelings, her very effort would be apparent that it was effort. Well, all the better, it would leave her freer to choose her own friends.

He was so sure that he had placed their friendship on a firm basis; he congratulated himself with a sense of secret satisfaction that he had done so. He had not often denied himself the fruit that was ripe to his hand.

He felt that he had done something quite splendid. He did not take into consideration that he had taken this way in reality because of his avoidance on principal of deep waters. He was therefore quite unprepared for her emotional outbreak.

"I can't, I simply can't go on with it," she burst out, the words gaining force from long suppression, "I can't go on living with a man I detest. Don't you see how impossible it is?"

She had put down her cup of tea untasted. He had dropped in to see her according to his custom. The lights had not yet been lit, only the firelight flickered across the room, picking out points of colour to accentuate, or sparks of light from a piece of brass or copper, in the low-toned setting of the room. As she looked at him her clear amber eyes were question points of light. Her look was an appeal for help.

He did not answer immediately for he felt as though he had no response to make. The little chill of self-possession that he had always felt in her was gone; flame burned within the ivory, he saw the glow of it in her face.

"Oh, take me away from it," she said, her voice low and breathless. "If you care as you say you do you can't let me go on like this."

He felt a need of diplomacy, he spoke carefully, choosing his words.

"How can I?" he asked, "when I know so well what it would mean. Won't you trust me when I tell you it is impossible. If you were free, oh, my dear, if you were free, do you think I'd hesitate. But as things are it is impossible. I know you so well, just how sensitive you are, and just what it would mean for you. I know, oh believe me when I say I know! I am so much older than you, so much wiser in the way of the world . . . I know about such things. It would be unhappiness for you first and foremost. I'm sure of it or I would not hesitate. I know how hard it must be . . . do you think I don't know, and don't admire you correspondingly? It

is just that. . . . I admire you too much besides loving you, to let you do such a thing. My dear, if it wasn't you I was thinking of I'd take you away this instant. Oh, you know that!"

But she remained unconvinced. She sat upright in her chair, her hands on either arm, looking away from him into the shadows. He could see from her expression that he had not brought her around to his view of it. Her chin was tilted with a suggestion of defiance. She was the kind that appeared so easily persuasive on the surface, but whose determination was backed with steel. It was her youth, her extreme youth and spirit of romanticism that made her consider such things were possible. You do not run off with another man's wife in a cold-blooded fashion like this. Such things were undoubtedly done, but he had always experienced a tolerant pity for any who were foolish enough to do so. They inevitably found themselves in a more uncomfortable position than formerly. There were the Holton Derwents . . . he knew for a fact that they had been regretting the step they had taken ever since; they were as bored with each other as they had been formerly dissatisfied. People eyed them askance and left them alone, and who wants to be left alone after the first great ardour has died? But he could not explain it to her in this way, she was too young, too romantic. He came over and sat on the arm of her chair and touched her hair lightly.

"If you were free, my dear," he said, "but, oh, I know what is best for you. I couldn't do a thing that I was sure would bring you unhappiness, however much I might want it. Don't you suppose its hard for me too . . . My dear, you don't know. But I would rather suffer than see you led into greater unhappiness. One must look at all sides of it. Oh, I know . . . I know!"

"Then," she said a trifle wearily in her acceptance of it, "life is to go on like this for always. Other people

have taken their happiness; why can't we?" "Oh," she added, white faced and quivering, "I can't bear it."

Assiduously he tried to make her see his way of it, interlarding the hardness of the facts with a tenderness that appeased, and softened her stark determination for a vital break from such conditions. But he left her a little puzzled himself, a trifle perplexed at the course of things. He had never wished to do other than skim the surfaces. That had been the rule that he had held to, and he wished for no infringement of that rule. He had always passed by the depths where tragedy lurked with a careless shrug, depth of emotion was a bore! If she were older she would have learned that lesson, her youth was too impetuous; she would strive with her insufficient young hands to stem the tides, to turn them aside to her own pleasure, but he was not so foolish as to think it possible, or even desirable. He concluded after some thought that a business trip that had been hanging over for some time would be of inestimable value just at present. That was it. In a month's time things would have become more settled, they would have regained a normal balance.

But she in her innocence was to frustrate his motives of the least possible disturbance. He saw the next afternoon as soon as he came into the room, that something had restored her; something had occurred either within her mind or outside of it, to give her a clearer vision. The restless flood of her emotion was arrested or spent; he felt a mental equilibrium that satisfied him that his hurried business trip was perhaps unnecessary. This was in the first moments, for suddenly she made the announcement casually which was to so upset all his preconceived ideas.

"He is going to give me a divorcee," she said with the utmost calm.

His amazement left him without words. He looked at her in startled interrogation while she continued quietly.

"It appears that he is in love with another woman, has been for some time. He came in last night and saw that I had been crying . . . and I told him the truth. He was very cold, very concise. He said he would be entirely satisfied to let me be free. That he would give me ample proofs. He was quite calm about it. He agrees with me that it would be best to have it arranged as soon as possible. I saw my lawyer this morning." She paused, she hesitated and faced him, searching his face which he had effectively masked for the moment, "And so," she added, "I will be free!"

Yes, that was the bomb shell. She would most certainly be free. Hartley Stevens strove in that moment to collect his thoughts. It had come so simply, so suddenly, without any scene, any disturbance. That would be her way; she was opposed to scenes. He felt that he was not rising to what the situation demanded of him, but he did not know what to say under the circumstances. He felt no corresponding elation at the idea of her freedom. He objected to divorces, but he was not narrow-minded enough to lay particular stress on that point. No, the main fact was otherwise, but it lay half dormant in his sub-consciousness . . . the bars were down . . . she was no longer out of reach.

"Yes," he said thoughtfully, "you will be free. Some way I can't connect you with a divorce. I've always held you so aloof from the tangible realities. You seemed a dream person, shut away in this big room, with the firelight and the shadows, from all the outside glaring actualities. I liked to think of you so. That none of the sordid, everydayness of life could touch you. No, I can't connect you with divorce, its not you somehow. You are a dream person, you must not be soiled from contact with the world. Oh my dear, I don't know how I feel about it. Of course you will be free, but it's at a price."

He felt that he was talking so as to allow himself time to think, to consider. Words came to him as a cloak

to cover up the uncomfortable moment, for he frankly admitted to himself that it was uncomfortable. He could still postpone the moment when he must appear definitely glad. When he must fully consider the fact of her freedom. For the present it was allowable that the remaining circumstances should occupy him. He must hide from her his inner consternation. But even so there was a tinge of surprise in her voice, a note of condemnation for his words.

"You think then that it was not sordid, the life I have been living? You may have built up your fancies about me, but they were unreal. You did not face the actual reality of it. To be free . . . to me it is like coming out from a noisome place where I have been stifling."

"Oh, I know my dear, I know what it must mean. It is the publicity I hate for you. Caring as I do you must understand my distaste for it."

There was no doubt whatever that he was greatly disturbed. The more he considered it the more he wished to push the whole idea of it away from him. There was only one apparently natural or possible outcome to the whole affair, and he had no desire for it. But the divorce would take some time to be arranged, and meanwhile the business trip abroad that he had planned would come in even more opportunely than he had been previously aware of. It was the only way out of a difficult situation. He thought it over carefully that day after he had left her and decided to explain to her that it would be better for everyone concerned, were he not in New York at the time.

And she was sensible enough to see it in the same light. She told him that she quite agreed with him.

"I think I would be much happier if you were away," she said, "for feel-as you do about it, it would be easier for me to go through with it while you weren't here."

He was relieved that she took such a sane view of it, and once on the

steamer he tried very successfully to put all thoughts of it away from him. It was sufficient to live in the present, life is too full of surprises to take any thought for the future.

The letters he received from her were frankly herself. She had never obtruded her affairs upon him, and now as usual she placed them in the background, merely mentioning casually that the divorce was going through. She hoped that he was enjoying himself as well as doing business, and she advised him not to hurry back. New York was not pleasant at this time of year, cold wet winds were their daily fare.

And he delayed. He had not taken a holiday for some time and he felt that he owed himself one. Also in London he met an American woman whom he found charming. She was returning in a short time herself to join her husband in America, and she was nervous about travelling in war time. What more natural than that he should wait over for her? It seemed in fact the only courteous thing to do.

He had quite made up his mind that his marriage with Dinah Manners would take place shortly after his return. He was not exactly adverse to it, but neither did he feel any enthusiasm. But he had led her to believe that his one desire was to marry her if only she were free. There had been no hypocrisy in it at the time, he had really thought that he had meant it. But then there did not appear to be any possibility of such an occurrence. Now that she was free, the desire had fled that was all. It was the old fact that had followed him through life, the fruit on the lower branches was without flavour; it was only that which was out of reach that tempted him. But he would go through with it. He was not a cad, and no doubt he would be as content as most.

Meanwhile the trip was all that was pleasant. Mrs. Hazen was vivacious and gay, she was also well learned in the game, her arts rivalled

his; there was no fear here of emotional depths. She skimmed the surfaces as lightly as he could have desired, culling her pleasure but steering clear of the reefs. She was a delightful companion for an ocean trip, good looking in a rather obvious way, with bronze hair and a figure that showed to advantage on a wind-swept deck. He was exceedingly sorry when the trip was over, and made plans to see more of her on landing; he would see her the next afternoon at her hotel. Meanwhile it scarcely seemed worth while to let Dinah know that he was back. He would be so busy that he would not have time to see her for a few days.

And Mrs. Hazen's charms were none the less apparent in the tea-room of her hotel. She seemed to make the other women in the room pale into insignificance. She had an air of being well aware of her own value, and she impressed her value upon you till you began to accept it as authentic. Hartley Stevens admitted to himself that he had rarely met a woman whom he admired as much. He was in the midst of a flattering remark when he chanced to lift his eyes to the table directly across from them, to meet Dinah Manners's cool quiet gaze fixed upon him. He started visibly. She bowed and smiled, and as he came across to her table, she gave him her hand in her usual half shy, half friendly manner. She was sitting with an older woman whom she introduced as her aunt. He felt himself stumbling over his words in a manner that irritated him, but she helped him out by taking upon herself the burden of the conversation. To his question of when he could see her she appeared to exhibit a very spontaneous and natural regret.

"I'm so sorry," she said, her clear eyes on his face, "but I'm leaving for the south to-morrow. I've had so many colds. It's been a dreadful winter. The doctor wants me to go away till the warm weather comes," and she gave him her address at a hotel in Florida.

There was no disguising the fact that he was relieved. He would be very much occupied with a number of affairs, and by the time she returned they could arrange matters far more comfortably. He disliked undue haste in anything; besides he found her looking pale and tired. It may have been in contrast to Mrs. Hazen's striking appearance, but undoubtedly a couple of months in the south would do her good. He had no chance to ask her for any particulars about the divorce as he would have liked to have done; she was leaving the following day at an early hour, and that night she was dining with some friends. He sent her a great bunch of roses with an affectionate note, and felt that he had thus fully atoned for his sin of omission in neglecting to let her know of his arrival. He was pleased that she had shown no hurt feelings, and liked her the better for it. He disliked women who adopted a grievance because of neglect. Undoubtedly if one wished to marry one could not find a more satisfactory wife than Dinah Manners. If one wished to marry . . . ah that was it!

The following months went rapidly. Mrs. Hazen remained in New York and he saw a great deal of her. He would make the most of it while it lasted. He wrote to Dinah to the address she had given him and she wrote briefly in return. Her letter was the essence of friendliness, it touched on matters of common interest, it left him with a sense of pleasant friendship. He wrote an answer in the same vein and then did not hear from her for some time. The weeks went quickly and occasionally he wondered that she did not return sooner from her trip. But he had much to take up his attention, and he did not have time for conjectures.

So he was completely astonished in his turn to meet her one afternoon coming down the Avenue. It was a day redolent with spring. The tops of the 'buses were crammed with humanity, swarming up into the sun-

shine, while the tall buildings seemed to be drinking in the sun till they shone, whitely splendid. At the more crowded corners the boys were out with trays heavy with violets and starry camelias. Children rolled their hoops in the parks with shrill cries of joy. Everything was alive, pulsating with the spring. She seemed also to emit the same radiance, he had never seen her looking better was his thought as she stopped to shake hands with him, smiling and friendly.

"Where am I living?" she repeated after him, with a curiously quizzical expression, "you don't know then, that I was married to Vincent Fane three weeks ago?"

He stared at her unbelieving. She had the same manner of announcing an overwhelming fact as though it was completely unimportant. And this was a thunder clap! He had imagined himself almost married to her, but now he was looking at her without listening to what she was saying. He was striving to diagnose the state of his feelings, while she talked on unconcernedly. At one time he would have imagined that he might have felt relieved at such a piece of news. But he felt curiously defrauded! Her charm as she stood there enveloped him. She had raised the bars between them again, and she was unapproachable . . . she was out of reach!

She did not appear to be unhappy, and he knew her well enough to know that she would not have married unless she had cared. It had not been just to step gracefully out of a situation that threatened to become embarrassing, that she had married Vincent Fane. She had made some mistakes, but this was not one of them. He continued to stare at her with a slight frown, answering her questions without thought, for he was engrossed with the fact of how greatly she was to be desired.

And for the first time, running like an undercurrent beneath his thoughts, he felt a distinct distaste for this complex of his nature, this permanent dissatisfaction in possession!



THE APPLE ORCHARD

Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE MAGISTRATE

BY COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON

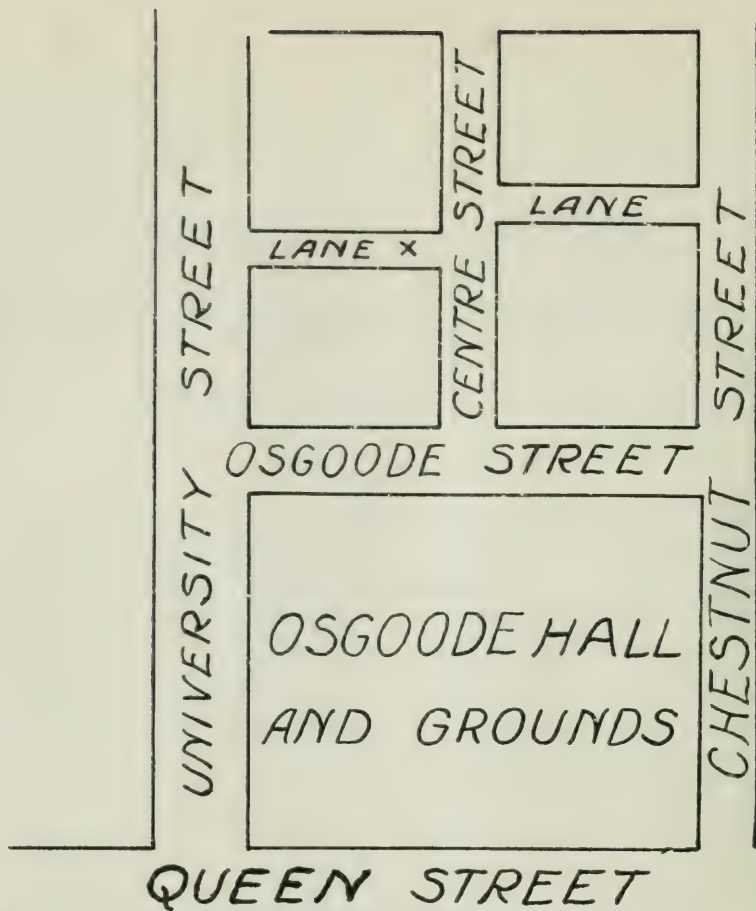
THE DIAMOND ROBBERY



NE of the most interesting cases I ever had was in connection with the robbery of a valuable diamond ring. One evening some thirty years ago, a commercial traveller, for a Montreal piano factory, was in Toronto on business, and happened to have entered a tavern on Queen Street, a short distance west of Osgoode Hall. He had a glass or two of liquor there but was quite sober. He had on his finger a fine diamond ring, worth more than \$600. He was chatting with some people in the bar-room when eleven o'clock came, at which time the bar had to be emptied, and the place closed for the night. About a dozen men left the bar, and some of them stood outside a minute or two before separating. When the commercial traveller started to go east towards his hotel, a short red-headed man said, "Oh are you going that way. So am I," and they walked eastward. On the way the red-haired little man suggested that the traveller should accompany him to a friend's house, where they might have another glass before they went to bed. The traveller consented, and on reaching the corner of the Osgoode Hall wall, they turned north, then east along Osgoode Street to Centre Street, which was the first street running north. They turned up this street to the first lane, then turned to the left into it. They had hardly

entered when two tall men who had been hidden jumped on the traveller and with the assistance of the red-haired man threw him to the ground and stole his ring. He yelled "Help! Police! Robbers!" at the top of his voice. It happened that just at that moment a policeman and two police recruits were walking down Chestnut Street, and hearing the cries, ran down the lane, and approaching Centre Street saw three men over one on the ground who was screaming for help. The three men heard the policemen coming, and ran as hard as they could towards University Avenue. The older policeman passed two of the fugitives, leaving his probationers to secure them, and chased and captured the one in front. It was winter time and there was snow on the ground. The three prisoners were captured; the foremost one only getting a few yards out of the lane, the others being caught in it.

The next morning the three prisoners were in the dock charged with Highway robbery. The ring was not discovered on them, but the deep snow prevented any possibility of finding it. Mr. Murdock appeared to defend them. The first witness was the complainant, who told me the story just as I have related it. He identified the red-haired man among the prisoners positively, could not be positive about the two taller men, as it was dark, but said that if the two



How the diamond robbery took place. The small x shows the exact spot

men in the dock were those caught by the officers, they were the men, as he saw them captured. The next witness was the policeman, who said he was coming down Chestnut Street and when opposite the lane, heard the shouts for help. He with his companions ran at full speed down the lane — the lane from Chestnut Street was about its own width or a little more to the north of its continuation from Centre Street west, so that they did not see anything until they got close to Centre Street when they had a diagonal view, and saw the three men over the other, who was yelling for help. On his approach the men ran off at once, but they were all caught

after a sharp chase. The two recruits corroborated this story, and the Crown Attorney closed his case.

Mr. Murdock then put in his defence. He said that his clients had nothing to do with the robbery. That they had come from the eastern part of the city and on arriving at University Street they had turned north along the Osgoode Hall wall, and on reaching the first lane had heard the shouts for help. They ran down the lane and found the complainant lying on the ground yelling and calling for help. They had just reached him when they heard some men running towards them from the other direction, and becoming frightened they ran away and were caught.

There was also an attempt to prove an alibi showing that they had been in an eastern part of the city. This alibi failed as they had plenty of time to have gone the short distance to the west, and to have met the complainant at the tavern. Mr. Murdock also said that his clients were respectable farmers' sons from Alliston, a village about fifty miles from Toronto, and were men of good character. Mr. Murdock did not seem to have much confidence in the story of his clients.

I was uneasy, however, and called the traveller back to the witness box, and said, "Are you positively certain, that the small red-haired man is the same man you saw at the tavern, and who walked with you to the place where you were robbed?" I am positive sir," he replied, "I walked with him talking to him under the lights of the streets, had an excellent opportunity of seeing him, and am quite sure he is the man, and besides, your Worship, he was not out of my sight for a second, for I saw him caught in the lane". I then said: "Could you not have been knocked senseless for a few seconds?" "No," he replied, "I was in full possession of my senses all the time."

The case was finished, and ordinarily I would have sentenced them to the Penitentiary at once, but for some reason I was uncertain, and to the astonishment of the Crown Counsel, I remanded them for a week.

Thinking over the case after the Court was over, I felt uncomfortable. As far as the case was concerned, it was absolutely proved, and it was not on circumstantial evidence, it was direct, positive testimony, showing that the prisoners had been caught in the act. It was a serious case, a Penitentiary offence, and yet I had a doubt, and was worried about it. I went to the Chief Constable, and told him to send me a detective whom I would want for a few days, and to supply him with funds to take him to Alliston.

Detective Burrow came to my room shortly afterward. I told him I

wanted to see him about the diamond robbery. Burrows said it was a very clever capture by the constable, and a very clear case. He was very much surprised when I told him I was worried about it, and I gave him my directions. I told him to go to Alliston, a small village in the country, and pretend to be an agent for the sale of fruit trees. I told him to put up at the tavern, and talk fruit trees to everyone—that he could in that way in the day time move about among the farmers and talk to them without exciting suspicion, and I said, "The whole country side will be talking about these three young men who are in prison on remand. In the grocery shop you can talk trees, and listen to the talk about this robbery case—the same way in the tavern bar-room, find out what is the belief in the neighbourhood, as to the guilt or innocence of these young men, and find out some way or other, whether any of these men were ever away for any length of time in a large city, or whether any of them have ever lived away in the States."

Burrows came back in a few days and came to my room and said that he was puzzled about the case. He told me there was not a soul he could find that would believe one word of the story, and he had found out positively, that none of the three had ever left their farms for more than a few days, and none of them had ever been in the States. I said at once, "Then we have the wrong men. This was a piece of skilled scientific criminal work done by old hands, and farmers' sons never did it. Their story was true, the man was knocked senseless for long enough for the transposition to take place, and he has not known it", and I told him to go to the tavern where the traveller had met with the red-haired man, and said, "I think you will find that one of our own crooks a red-headed small man who looks like the red-haired prisoner, was there that night, and when you find that out you will be able to tell who his chums were".

Burrows left and made these inquiries and either the next day or the following day, he came to me, and told me that he had found out all about it, told me the names of the three men who were all in the tavern that night. I said at once that the red-haired men looked very much alike. Burrows went on to say that they had knocked the man senseless, and escaped through a disreputable house just opposite to where the man was robbed. He asked me if he should lay charges against the real criminals, but I advised him not, as the traveller had been so positive, and insisted on identifying the wrong man, and that therefore we could not do anything.

The next day the three young farmers were up on remand, and when called, Mr. Murdock asked to put in evidence of good character, and he had all the best people of their neighbourhood present to give that in mitigation of sentence. I stopped him at once and told the prisoners that I was going to discharge them, that I was satisfied that they were absolutely innocent, that I regretted very much having kept them in jail for a week, but that I did so in their interest and I discharged them. The Crown Attorney was astonished and came up to the front of my desk, and asked me what was the matter, that he never saw a clearer case. I said, "I will tell you after Court". Murdock came up shortly afterwards in his quaint way and said to me quietly, "Heaven! Colonel what struck you? I had the Warden and the Reeve and the Parsons, etc., all here to speak for them. I said, 'there has been a mistake, Your clients' story was quite true.'"

Now referring to this case I think I may say that I do not believe another judge in Canada would have taken the course I did. I knew it was irregular, and contrary to every rule of legal evidence, or legal procedure, but I have always felt that my first duty was to do justice, justice above everything, and to set legal quibbles at defiance. And while this was the

most irregular procedure in my experience, it is the one of which I am most proud, and to which I look back with the most satisfaction.

To finish with this matter I may say that within a year all three of the real thieves were up before me for different crimes clearly proved and they must all have thought that I had eaten something that had disagreed with me, and put me in a bad temper, for I took a serious view of their cases, and gave them severe sentences.

*

HUMOROUS CASES

Some cases are humorous in their character. On one occasion a batch of twenty or thirty citizens were summoned for not registering the birth of their babies within the thirty days prescribed by the law. I fined the educated people and those in comfortable circumstances one dollar and costs each, because I thought they should know of the law, and could afford to pay the fines, but the poor labouring men, who lost their wages while attending the court, I treated more leniently, allowing them to go with a caution. One wealthy barrister, a friend of mine, had to plead guilty, and I fined him and said to him, "Now, don't let this occur again". He had a large family, and he used to tell the story afterwards as his experience of the Police Court, and repeat the warning I had given him not to let it occur again, and he would say, "and I never have".

Another man's name was called and a Queen's Counsel answered, and said the registration had been neglected, and excused his client on the ground that he had only been a few months from England.

"Then he had no excuse, because the laws of registration are well understood in England." Then I asked, "What is the defendant's position? What does he do?"

"He is a doctor."

"Then there is no excuse whatever in his case. Two dollars and costs."

"But," said the Q. C., "you only fined the others one dollar and costs."

"Yes, I know, but when a man appears by counsel he is entitled to more consideration."

The lawyer told me afterwards that his client was delighted with my action and paid the extra dollar cheerfully, to have the joke on him, and that he had chaffed him a good deal about the value of his services.

*

SNOW CASES

Another class of case which gave me a good deal of work, but which now is always done by the other police magistrates, was the failure to clean the sidewalks of snow, and a very large proportion of the respectable citizens have been summoned for neglect of the provisions of the snow by-law.

On one occasion the late Sir William Howland, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, was summoned for not having the snow cleaned from the sidewalk in front of a vacant lot he owned. When his name was called his secretary answered, and said he was authorized to admit the charge and to pay the fine, and wished to explain that Sir William Howland had paid a man for cleaning it and the man had neglected it. I fined him one dollar and costs or ten days, the usual fine. The secretary paid it and went away.

Meeting Sir William at my club, he referred to it and told me of the trouble it was to watch over various vacant properties. A year elapsed, and the same thing occurred again. The

secretary answered the name, made the same excuse, and pleaded guilty.

"It will be one dollar and costs or ten days," said I, and then suddenly I said: "No, I will not make that ten days, I will make it eight days."

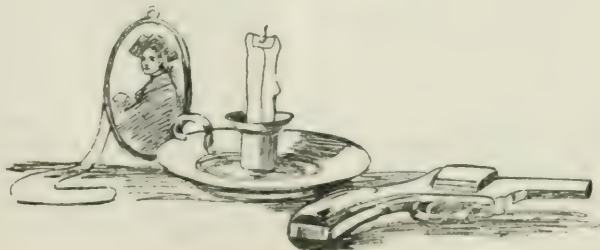
The fine was paid, and after court I went to my club to lunch. Sir William came in to lunch also, and I beckoned him to come over to my table. I joked him about being up again, and he laughed over it, and we discussed other matters, but just as I was leaving he said:

"Oh, Colonel, I wanted to ask you something. My secretary said you first said one dollar and costs or ten days and then you changed it to eight days. He could not understand the meaning of it, nor could I."

"Did you not see the meaning of that, Sir William? Well, I will explain. You had the privilege of paying the fine or of serving the term if you chose, and it suddenly struck me that if you chose to serve the term it would just keep you in jail till the day after Christmas, whereas eight days would let you out the day before Christmas, and as we were old friends, I could not bear the idea of your being in on Christmas, so I arranged it as I did. I think it was a very kindly, thoughtful act."

"I do not think anybody else in the world would have thought of it," he said, laughing heartily. I heard that he often afterwards told the story, saying he had got favours from me that I had not given to anyone else. He was a very fine old gentleman, one of the Fathers of Confederation, and lived to be ninety-six years of age.

(To be continued.)



THE PROBLEM OF THE TEACHER

BY E. E. BRAITHWAITE



HERE is nothing in connection with our educational system that is more important than the calibre and character of the teachers. Next to the home, and, doubtless, in many cases even more than in the home, the greatest influence brought to bear upon our boys and girls is that of the teacher. Indeed, during their waking period the teacher has the children for a larger number of hours than the parent. It is not only their intellectual progress, therefore, that is to be considered, but also their higher well-being, in every respect.

The opinion is freely expressed by many authorities that in our day this noble profession which has towered as so splendid a bulwark of our civilization is rapidly degenerating.

The editor of a widely circulated American magazine writes: "The teaching profession is going down hill, and your children are suffering". The opinion of the president of a leading university is that "for several years the teaching profession has been gradually impoverished by its failure to attract young men". The president of a college of technology confesses that "the trouble is that some of us as teachers are dead. We died long ago. We have been buried under six feet of abstract facts and formulas. We had a funeral service on notebook computations. . . ."

A prominent educator declares that there is a very pressing need at the

present time for "a larger body of the finer type of teacher, with force of character, high ideals, and a personality that radiates a mental stimulus and a moral inspiration". A recent convention, composed largely of prominent business men, in passing a resolution regarding a needed improvement in educational matters, based it on the declaration that "the whole public school system is about to deteriorate in standard through the lack of a sufficient number of high ability entering the profession".

The deplorable condition of affairs in the United States was brought out in a recent bulletin of the National Education Association containing the indictment that at the present time more than one-half of the public school teachers of the country are immature, they are short-lived in the work of teaching, their general education is inadequate, and their professional equipment is deplorably meagre. This was backed up by the following array of statistics. Out of approximately 600,000 teachers, 100,000 are from seventeen to nineteen years of age, 150,000 are not more than twenty-one, and 300,000 are twenty-five or less. One-quarter of the whole number serve not more than two years, and one-half not more than five years. There are 100,000 who have had less than two years of education beyond the eighth grade, 200,000 have had less than four years beyond the eighth grade, and 300,000 have had no special professional pre-

paration for teaching. It is claimed that a year ago there were 50,000 vacancies in the teaching staff of the public schools, and that 120,000 quite inexperienced teachers had to be placed in the schools for the very purpose of keeping them from being closed altogether.

Or, putting the situation in another way, out of the twenty million boys and girls in the public schools, one million are being taught by teachers whose education has been limited to seven or eight years in the elementary schools; seven million by those who are scarcely more than boys or girls themselves, and whose appreciation of their responsibilities must in consequence of their youth and inexperience be extremely slight; while fully ten million are being taught by teachers who have had no special preparation for their work, and whose general education is quite inadequate.

The principal of the Illinois State Normal University says that the United States needs about 110,000 teachers annually, yet the graduates of the normal schools and other teacher training institutions of all grades in any year do not reach one-fourth of this number.

It would be interesting to have corresponding statistics for our Canadian schools. In some of these respects it is practically certain that our showing would be better than that of our neighbours, *e.g.*, in the matter of the professional training of our teachers, thanks to the insistence of some of our officials who have laid strong emphasis on this. But in some other respects, such as the immaturity of our teachers, the short period of continuing in the profession, and the lack of men, our situation would, doubtless, rank pretty much the same as that of our American friends. The numerous columns of advertisements for teachers carried by the daily papers, not only previous to the opening of the school year, but often at other periods as well, are eloquent of the constant movement of teachers and the disturbance which this must

surely make in the work of the schools.

This is too serious a situation to be allowed to continue, as it strikes at the very vitals of the nation's welfare and progress. The schools of all grades form the most important and industrial plants we have in the country.

American statistics are again those that are most readily available to put the force of this in a concrete form. According to *The Nation* (New York) the United States has a million dollars invested in school plants, spends nearly a million a year in the running of these, employs nearly three-quarters of a million teachers, and has twenty million pupils attending these schools.

Theodore Roosevelt once said at a meeting of the National Education Association: "You teachers make the whole world your debtor; and of you it can be said, as it can be said of no other profession, save the profession of the ministers of the gospel themselves, that if you did not do your work well, this republic would not outlast the span of a generation."

A Rotarian convention during the present year declared the public school system of the United States and Canada to be "the greatest force in the country for the educational, moral and social development of the youth of our countries, the greatest means for developing a proper and intense spirit of patriotism, love of country, and an understanding of the underlying principles of freedom and liberty".

To account for the defects before-mentioned, there can be no doubt that the matter of insufficient salaries plays a very large part, though that may be far from the whole explanation. Teachers are far from being influenced as a class by financial considerations primarily, as has been abundantly proved by their self-sacrificing careers. But there are limits to what even teachers can endure.

According to the latest complete figures available for the United States, those for the year 1915, the

average salary for all the public school teachers in the country was less than \$550, while the average for twelve States was less than \$400, and in one State the teachers were paid as low as sixty-four cents a day. Even in Pennsylvania, the second richest State in the Union, according to a recent bulletin issued by the State Board, the average salary of male teachers was \$710, and that of female teachers \$510. In Massachusetts, too, up to a year or two ago, before the enactment of a minimum salary bill, two thousand teachers were receiving less than \$550, while in our own Nova Scotia ninety per cent. of the teachers have been actually receiving an average of less than \$310. In view of the conspicuous place Nova Scotia has taken in education, this might almost seem an argument for keeping salaries at the lowest possible point, but the fallacy of this scarcely needs to be pointed out.

These figures make a tragic comparison with the \$1,275 which New York City pays to its garbage collectors, or the \$1,095 it pays its street-sweepers. As the superintendent of schools in Buffalo recently put it: "We are actually paying the unskilled labourer employed in construction a higher wage to work with sand, lumber and stone, than we pay the teacher who is to work with our own boys and girls." The women high school teachers of a large city in the South receive less pay than the negro janitors in the same buildings.

This kind of comparison holds good in a general way of the teachers in the colleges and universities as well as in the elementary and secondary schools. A high university official puts it this way, "A motorman gets sixty cents an hour, a professor, eighteen cents", which prompts the question attributed to the president of Harvard, when addressing a body of Harvard alumni: "Which is worth more, gentlemen, minding the train, or training the mind?"

The editor of *The American Magazine* says, "It's a joke—the pay that

teachers get, especially when you consider the years of preparation they put in, during which they spend money rather than earn it." A public school teacher writes, "I would suggest that as long as normal school graduates receive less money than street-sweepers, high school principals and superintendents less than section foremen, country school teachers less to teach the farmer's children than he pays his hired men to feed his hogs, there is not much to lure men and women into teaching as a permanent profession."

President Hibben of Princeton has treated this matter of salaries at considerable length in a recent publication, and in the succeeding paragraphs much is borrowed from his excellent article.

Of the nine members of the staff of the Economics department of Princeton before the United States entered the war, seven left for war work, and five have since definitely resigned their university positions. One who had a salary of \$1,400 from the University is now receiving outside of university circles a salary of \$5,000, and \$1,000 more for expenses, though he was willing to come back to the University for \$3,500. Another who had \$2,000 is now drawing \$5,000 from a big banking house. A third is receiving twice what he had before, with the promise of \$1,500 more within a few months.

The head of a university department said recently: "I am willing to guarantee that within sixty days I can place any man on my staff in the business world at a salary at least double the amount he is receiving here. Within two weeks I have turned down seventeen requests from outside sources to recommend such men." These things show that many professors are making great sacrifices in order to go forward with their arduous professional duties.

The President of Yale University said in a recent address: "The annual contribution of the faculty to Yale, measured in money, measured

by the difference between what they get here and what they could receive elsewhere, amounts to at least 200,000 each year, and it is not improbably twice that sum. . . . In most of our departments we still stand on the salary scale of 1910. . . .

"Shortly before the close of the war, the manager of a great munitions plant came to the head of the department of chemistry in a certain college with the plea for the release of one of his assistant professors.

" 'We need this man badly,' said the manager. 'In fact, we must have him.'

" 'But,' remonstrated the head of the department, 'our laboratory would be crippled. He cannot be replaced.'

" 'How much are you paying him?'

(The department head named the salary.)

" 'Let him start work with us in the morning and I'll double that figure.'

" 'We haven't the money to meet your offer,' replied the head of the department. 'But if you take this man from us, you mustn't expect us to continue sending you the trained chemists he has been turning out.'

"This statement set the munitions man thinking. Presently he shook his head. 'You're right,' he exclaimed. 'Keep your man. With us he would be mighty valuable, but here he is indispensable.' "

According to recent figures from ninety-two state universities and colleges, the salaries in these institutions show an average maximum for full professors of less than \$3,000, and an average minimum for instructors or but little more than \$800.

The earnings of the class of 1901 of Princeton, compiled after the members had been out of college for ten years, shows the income for various classes to average as follows: Brokers, \$18,900; manufacturers, \$6,098; transportation men, \$5,875; lawyers,

\$4,995; mercantile men, \$4,773; physicians, \$3,094; accountants, \$2,365; teachers, \$1,780. According to statistics given by a prominent normal school worker, the United States appropriates on the average three times as much for the training of its future lawyers, doctors, engineers, business men and farmers as for the training of its teachers.

Some cases are nothing short of distressing. After paying for his rent, coal, life insurance, medical attendance, and a few similar necessities, one professor found that he had only \$11 a month left to provide food, clothing, books and amusement for each member of his household. Another member of the teaching staff had to do the heavier part of the family washing, as his wife was not strong enough to do this and there was no money to get any hired help.

But there is beginning to be a recognition of the need and a waking up to meet the same. The United States Congress has recently introduced a bill carrying an appropriation of \$100,000,000 per annum for the improvement of education, one-half of which is to be for the increase of salaries, and \$15,000,000 for the better training of teachers.

The individual institutions are also taking steps to remedy the situation. Harvard is appealing for an increase of eleven million in its endowment, the proceeds from a part of which are to be devoted to this purpose. Princeton is asking for fourteen million. In Buffalo a school building programme has just been approved, involving an expenditure of \$8,000,000, and including a considerable increase in the compensation of the city's teachers. On both sides of the line something is being done to add to the remuneration of teachers of all grades, from the lowest to the highest. The amounts in most cases, however, are very meagre compared with the increase in the cost of living.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

An untimely
death

LOUIS BOTHA will always be associated with a miracle in British history. Lord Milner believed that there was danger in the wide measure of freedom granted to South Africa under the new constitution. If he was wrong it was because Botha interpreted the constitution and repaid the trust of Great Britain by loyal acceptance of the obligations and responsibilities of British citizenship. He could have filled South Africa with unrest and confusion and have kept Dutch and English in perpetual antagonism and conflict. Great as was Botha's power, it was tested to the utmost when the world war came and he required not only that South Africa should be loyal but should sacrifice its sons and its treasure in alliance with the Empire which had conquered the Dutch Republic not so many years before.

He who had himself commanded Dutch forces at war with Great Britain took command of South Africa against Germany and staunchly championed the Empire as the supreme guardian of free institutions. His attitude was peculiarly influential in the United States while Washington was making the great decision. A cause to which Botha could give himself with complete conviction carried an appeal to Americans which they could not finally resist. Indeed the action of Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa not only stimulated the spirit of the British people but was greatly instrumental in drawing the United States into the conflict. During the war there was a great desire that Smuts should visit the United States where speakers from Australia and Canada were always heard with attention and respect. It was felt that the Dominions had no natural relation to the quarrels of Europe and that only a just cause could produce such unanimity of feeling. Botha in the United States during its years of indecision would have been more powerful than an army of German propagandists.

There is grave foreboding over the immediate future of South Africa. A sullen feeling persists among a section of the Dutch people. Ever since the Republics were defeated there have been suspicion and discontent which even the appeal and the example of Botha could not overcome. Hertzog and his allies are eternally active. They aim at revolt and separation from the Empire. It is doubtful if Smuts, brilliant and

courageous though he is, has such authority with Dutch and English as Botha possessed. There was apprehension that even Botha would not easily survive the next general election. Never was the magnanimous soldier and the devoted patriot more sorely needed in South Africa than when he was taken away, "Untimelier death than his was never any".

II

WHEN one reads or hears Billy Sunday one thinks of the injunction not to judge lest we be judged. Baseball jargon is strangely crude and irreverent in the pulpit. The evangelist would be at least as impressive with a coat on his back as in his shirt sleeves and with his collar removed. Pantomime and gesticulation give no force to a sound message. But Sunday does bring sinners to repentance, and for his work's sake he is honoured by many people who dislike his language, his manner, and his methods.

Sunday and
Moody

There is a striking contrast between Dwight L. Moody and Billy Sunday. Moody had repose and dignity. He was singularly persuasive and impressive. He was reverent, too, and he inspired reverence in his congregations. One feels that if he had used the language or the devices of Billy Sunday he would have lost half his power even with the sort of people to whom Sunday makes his most effective appeal.

It is often suggested that ministers and public men must "talk down to the people". But it is not so. For example, there are no better speakers in the British Parliament than the representatives of Labour. They use simple, direct scholarly language, and many of their speeches will bear comparison with those of men who have had all the advantages of university training. This is just as true of labour leaders in the United States and Canada. Many of the radical speakers at the open forums in Toronto last winter expressed themselves with remarkable felicity and distinction. They would have been far less effective if they had imitated the oratorical eccentricities of Billy Sunday.

But most of us do not like evangelists. We may conceal our prejudice, but we know that it exists. We all flinch when sentence is pronounced. Moody had composure and dignity, but he was reviled. Sunday has neither, and upon him falls the judgment which fell upon Moody. Augustine Birrell asked a Cornish miner how it was that they were such a temperate people, and the miner replied solemnly, raising his cap. "There came a man amongst us once, and his name was John Wesley".

III

FROM Chicago, that great reservoir of moral influences in America, a new reform movement is to be unloosed upon mankind. The "leg" is to be abolished and the legitimate stage "purified". "Dope," which is American for drugs, is to be banished. So, according to Lucy Page Gaston, "the cigarette and tobacco in all its forms, now sapping America's youth must go". Lucy insists that "hundreds of industries have sealed the weed's doom". Thus this branch of the crusade will

The new
crusade

Stood by the
Cellars

be easy. No one must be discouraged just because contemporaneously with the organization of the new movement a proposal at Washington to confiscate liquor in cellars and drive the owners into the criminal classes where they belong received only three votes in Congress. One suspects that many of the wicked Congressmen have cellars, and doubtless they were shocked by the suggestion that they had any other duty than to reform other people.

What if the British workman who says, "No beer, no work", were put upon the Chicago diet, no beer, no ballot, no pipe or cigarette? It is fitting that Lucy and her allies should start at the bottom. But if the dress may not be high why should the neck be low. One trusts that the reformers will carry on in "the true spirit of democracy". Nothing could be more fatal than any suspicion of consideration for "the classes". What, after all, will the world gain if dresses are elongated to the boot top if there is no proportionate neck elevation?

Has Lucy weighed the practical considerations which are involved in her revolutionary proposals? Think of the artists required by the March of Reform to do their "stunts" in long dresses. Those who may think for a moment that "stunts" is inelegant have not been schooled in the beauties of the language of Chicago. To abolish the ballet, is not such a simple problem as the purifiers may think it is. Are the front seats to be left empty and the door receipts to be reduced until the sheriff takes over "the plant"? If youth is to lose its "eig" and age its ballet, who will want to be young and where will age find its consolation?

Would be
hard on the
bald head

The bald head, of course, will lose its evil preeminence and perhaps even become a sign of virtue. But why should the rest of us who have been good and kept our hair suffer in order to restore bald heads to the odour of sanctity? No doubt the cigarette is too promiscuous. The smoke of its torment goes up day and night, and probably many youths would take their meals more regularly and run errands more swiftly if they were less faithful to the higher duty of smoking incessantly. But moderation is not a virtue with the reformers of Chicago. Either the cigarette or the boy must go, and naturally one votes for the boy.

But the cigar and the pipe are likewise condemned. Here is a prospect which appals the stoutest heart among the unregenerate. If man may not smoke how will he bear the trials of domestic infelicity? He will "talk back" while his wife lectures, and what tragedies may result! Think of the lonely night in the hunting-camp after the pipe is banished or the strain of waiting when the fish will not bite. Must we chew gum and think upon our sins and be happy or unhappy as we are repentant or regretful? What will become of the Cigarmakers' Union? Must it be deprived of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Against the thought even Mr. Gompers and the One Big Union would unite in a resolution of protest. We beseech the moral Bolsheviks of Chicago to spare us the pipe and the cigar even if cigarettes are to be exterminated and legs concealed by dresses which

trail upon the ground. The cellar will empty itself if the reformers will exercise just a little patience.

For "dope" we offer no plea of mercy, although perhaps many cases which suggest "dope" were just born that way. It is the habit of reformers not to allow for the natural dullness of other people. They are too ready to believe that people are "drugged" when they are merely themselves. It is a comfort to feel that nothing is needed to make us happy and virtuous but legislation. If domestic consumption of apples had been prohibited by statute Eve would not have tempted Adam. If St. Patrick had appeared sooner there might have been no snakes in Eden. Fortunately he saved Ireland, and Ireland has been happy ever since. Of course an Act of Parliament excluding serpents from Eden and from Ireland would have accomplished all that St. Patrick could have achieved. But the whole race has suffered by the neglect of the Soviet of Eden to enact the necessary legislation for the protection of our first parents. Moreover, no one would ever have learned wickedness if Columbus had been born in due season and had discovered Chicago before it was too late. If ten righteous persons could have saved Sodom three righteous people of Chicago can save the Universe.

'Dope' or
Natural
Dullness?

According to the despatches Lucy Page Gaston has two allies in her great movement for the regeneration of mankind. Possibly she could do the thing alone, but even the best of us sometimes need sympathy and support. There are evil-minded persons who suggest that human nature reacts against extreme and continuous pressure. But there need be no fear that under the new order inaugurated at Chicago there will be any backsliding. Who doubts that Roosevelt could have reformed spelling if he had only persisted instead of turning aside to govern the United States? Queen Victoria attempted to set fashions in England and failed no doubt because she also was troubled with "the cares of an Empire". But apparently Lucy and her associates have nothing to do but make the world good, like Chicago, and we may regard the thing as done. Fortunately Canada lies alongside the United States and, therefore, we will be regenerated while effete Europe is still wallowing in wickedness. We remember that—

There was an old nigger whose name was Uncle Ned,
He had no tobacco, no tobacco could he beg;
Another old nigger was as cunning as a fox,
For he always had tobacco in his old tobacco box.

But if he is not dead he might as well be, for his cunning will avail nothing against the three just persons of Chicago who have inaugurated the new crusade against the infamies of mankind.

IV

THERE are people who believe that the war will bring back the Puritanism of the Commonwealth and of the early settlements of New England. We cannot think so, nor could we look to such a prospect with any pleasure. The war was a vindication of human nature, and we refuse to be-

In the new era

Play more and
work less

lieve that gloom and depression, mortification of the flesh and repression of the spirit in this world are the necessary preparation for felicity in the next. It is our hope that in the new world that peace has brought to us men will play more and toil less. During the shorter hours of labour they will work harder in the happy prospect of leisure, and in certain security of employment, of provision against sickness and accident and against an old age of poverty and dependence. We will make the parks more than ever the playgrounds of the people. "Keep off the grass" will be the final evidence of poverty of soul and meanness of spirit. In Ontario there are many towns and villages with fair grounds that are used for one or two days in the year and from which during 363 days the people are rigidly excluded. Commonsense and common humanity suggest that they should be kept open during all the summer months for baseball, lacrosse, cricket and football, and there is no sound reason that from such properties enough revenue should not be secured to provide for maintenance and interest on the investment.

In the country forty or fifty years ago any attempt to play ball in the corner of a meadow was regarded as a flagrant defiance of the moral order of the universe. In too many rural communities the old spirit persists. But there is as much reason to provide for field sports in the townships as in the towns and villages. In every school section we should have public sporting grounds. The school yards should be open to the children after school hours and on Saturdays and holidays. There should be social centres in every community. Cinematograph exhibitions should be provided by the State and under public control. No greater agency of popular education than the cinematograph ever was devised. It may be as powerful for mischief as for instruction, information and elevation. But if it must be subject to regulation it must also be recognized that recreation and entertainment are legitimate human needs that cannot go unsatisfied.

The churches can afford to get closer to the sports of the people. It is more easy to save souls in healthy bodies, and less difficult for clergymen who are comrades of the people in their games and recreations to exert a beneficent influence over their thinking and doing. The men's Brotherhoods organized in connection with so many churches become valuable social, municipal and political forces. The pulpit may be less powerful but the spoken message still carries more authority than press, book, or pamphlet. The war, a Presbyterian minister, in true Presbyterian phraseology, has said "was a grievous trial of faith alike on the spiritual and the intellectual side". But even in the war there was more religion than there ever was in any other war, and after all the Sermon on the Mount has more meaning for mankind than it ever had before.

Pay clergymen
decent salaries

One feels sometimes that the ministers of all the churches should organize a strike or a lockout to compel the congregations to pay decent salaries. The salaries of clergymen are one of the flagrant scandals of our civilization. It is impossible to believe that religion thrives on poverty either in

the pew or in the pulpit. If there is a class of men on earth who give continuously more than they receive it is clergymen and we only begin to display a decent liberality towards teachers in the schools and universities. If we will we can use ministers and teachers far more freely in the general activities of the community to their own advantage and to the great advantage of the State. As it is there is no class of men who can be less fairly described as slackers or shirkers in the public service and they deserve a co-operation that they do not generally receive. The "high cost of living" bears more cruelly upon teachers and clergymen and the clerks in shops and business houses than upon other classes. They were among the first to feel the pressure of high prices and are among the last to benefit by general advances in wages. An unorganized minority they are neglected in political platforms.

They give more
than they
receive

A CALL TO PEACE

I HEAR the trumpets sounding, there is shouting in the skies,
But the earthly mists and vapours hide the glory from mine eyes,
They are sweeping through the sunlight across God's holy ground,
And all the Courts of Paradise are jubilant with sound.

The chosen of the Nations, death winnowed out the best,
Through the Calvary of the ages they entered into rest,
Shall the Earth for which they perished still reek with hate and lies,
And shame their bloody sowing and mock their sacrifice?

O Brothers of the workshops! O Brothers of the fields!
Shall we scorn the peace that blesses, the joy that service yields?
Shall we set the earth to singing and ease its pain and fret,
Or feed the Seven Devils and wound and murder yet?

And you of many acres, of mills that grind to gold,
You shall neighbour with the feeble and have mercy for the old;
For not with wages only can we build Jerusalem,
And walk beside the Master or touch His garment's hem.

Still Head and Hand are Comrades, and if there be divorce,
Come waste and want and ruin and the brutal rule of force;
And all that men have builded within the walls of time
Falls tumbling into chaos and perishes in crime.

So let us answer bravely to the trumpets in the skies,
And walk in proud remembrance of their utter sacrifice,
And keep the earth they watered with their anguished sweat and blood
A clean and wholesome dwelling for all the Sons of God.

JACK

By VIRGINIA COYNE

HE put aside the garment that he wore,
For it was torn and rent beyond repair;
He laid it down with all the pains it bore,
And left it over there.
I think that he was glad to leave it there,
Though he was young, and life lay all before,
Though he had everything that makes life fair—
He was so tired of war.

For he had seen his comrades tried and true
Put off their rended coats and slip away;
I think his gentle heart was torn in two,
He had no wish to stay.
It would have punished him to let him stay,
Those memories would linger his life through,
Yesterday would forever tinge to-day—
All this God knew.

I loved the form that used to bear his name,
The pure, blue, kindly eyes, the lashes black,
The sunny smile, the big and generous frame—
All these I would call back.
My yearning heart would call them each one back;
Yet they were but the smoke that hid the flame,
The hall-marks of the Soul alone I lack—
His Soul is still the same.

He put aside the garment that he wore,
It hindered him, he laid it all aside.
Still he is mine, just as he was before,
His love has never died.
Though he is dead, *my* love has never died,
Though he is dead, *his* love is strong and sure,
And he and I so firmly are allied—
Death only binds us more.



IN "THE WARD", TORONTO

From the Painting by
Lawrence Harris

PLAGUE AND PESTILENCE

A REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF EPIDEMICS

BY R. K. GORDON



WE have learned to know a swifter and more silent foe than war. The victims of its sudden and brief offensive in the United States are many times the number of Americans who have fallen in France. In Canada more than half as many people have died of influenza as have fallen in four years of war. Scenes we knew only in the pages of Defoe's "Journal" have been re-enacted in our midst. Once more doctors have confessed their ignorance, and men have turned to quacks and charlatans. Hoary superstitions have revived and passed current as explanations of the catastrophe. The old cry of poison has been raised once again, and men have displayed, as they have ever done under such a menace, selfish fear and heroic self-sacrifice.

Plague and pestilence have helped in different ways to shape the destinies of nations. Springing oftentimes from war, they have in return decided the issue of many a campaign. Under their terrible threat men have set up idols, established patron saints, and mortified the flesh; at other times, with the recklessness of those about to die, men have cast aside religion, given a loose to their passions, or displayed a cynical indifference to their own danger and the sufferings of their fellows. "And in that day did the Lord God of Hosts call to weeping and to mourning, and to baldness, and to girding with sackcloth: but behold joy and

gladness, slaying oxen, and killing sheep, eating flesh and drinking wine: let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." Literature and language bear a deep imprint of the long series of epidemics which have scourged Europe. Churches, statues and paintings have been offered to appease an angry deity, or to express the thankfulness of a people delivered from the "noisome pestilence".

Primitive man thought plague was caused by magic, and in magic he sought its cure and prevention. In course of time he came to believe that the calamity was the act of a wrathful supernatural being, whom by various means he tried to propitiate or control. Plague was evidence of the signal displeasure of a god. The Old Testament views plague as the stern visitation of God upon a stiff-necked and murmuring people.

When the Israelites rebelled against Moses in the wilderness fiery serpents were sent among them. "And much people of Israel died . . . And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived." The imitative magic employed by Moses—the healing of like by like—appears also in the plague which smote the Philistines when they brought the ark to Ashdod. "The hand of the Lord was heavy upon them of Ashdod, and he destroyed them, and smote them with

emerods, even Ashdod and the coasts thereof". The ark was moved to Gath and then to Ekron, but the plague still followed from city to city. When they besought their priests and diviners for deliverance they were commanded to make golden images of their emerods or swellings.

The Old Testament also illustrates the decisive influence of plague on the fortunes of war, by the fate of the Assyrian host under Sennacherib. The Book of Kings tell us that "it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses". The swiftness and completeness of the visitation are well expressed in Byron's poem—"The Destruction of Sennacherib":

Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn
hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and
strown.

For the angel of Death spread his wings
on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he
passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly
and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved—and
for ever grew still!

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on
his mail:
And the tents were all silent—the banners
alone—
The lances unlifted—the trumpet unblown.

Some of the figures of speech applied to plague and pestilence in the Old Testament are interesting because of their widespread use among various peoples. One such occurs in the description of the plague which resulted from David numbering the people against the will of God. The epidemic lasted for three days and 70,000 people died. "And David lifted up his eyes, and saw the angel of the Lord stand between the earth

and the heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Jerusalem." When the plague was stayed, "the Lord commanded the angel; and he put up his sword again into the sheath thereof". The image of the drawn sword which is finally sheathed when the angry deity is appeased became a commonplace in the annals of pestilence. When Rome was being ravaged by plague in 590 A.D., Gregory the Great headed a penitential procession through the streets, and there appeared on the summit of Hadrian's mole "a bright sun-arrayed angel, standing with a reeking bloody sword in his hand . . . which, in all their sights, on his arm, he wiped and put up". The mausoleum of Hadrian became the Castle of St. Angelo, and a bronze figure of an angel on the summit still commemorates the tradition.

Serpents and arrows are also ancient and common metaphors for pestilence. The plague in the wilderness is symbolized as fiery serpents. The serpent has figured and still figures in the beliefs of many peoples as the bringer, or as the averter of pestilence, or as both. The telling language of the ninety-first psalm has interesting parallels in more than one literature. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor the arrow that flieth by day. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." The arrows of "noisome pestilence" are also found in the Iliad, when Apollo avenges the carrying off of the maiden Chryseis by sending upon the Greek host the dread shafts of plague. The god "came down from the peaks of Olympus wroth at heart, bearing on his shoulders his bow and covered quiver. And the arrows clanged upon his shoulders in his wrath, as the god moved; and he descended like unto night. Then he sate him aloof from the ships, and let an arrow fly; and there was heard a dread clanging of the silver bow.

First did he assail the mules and fleet dogs, but afterwards, aiming at the men his piercing dart, he smote; and the pyres of the dead burnt continually in multitude. Now for nine days ranged the god's shafts through the host." At last the Archer-god was propitiated by the sweet savour of hetacombs of bulls and goats, even as Aaron stayed the plague which followed the death of Korah, Dathan and Abiram by the atoning fumes of incense.

The first detailed description of a pestilence-stricken city is that given of Athens by Thucydides. The city, beleaguered by the Lacedaemonian army without and crowded with refugees and troops within, offered just the conditions for a terrible epidemic. Free alike from medical and theological preconceptions, Thucydides offers no confident explanation of the disease.

"For a while," he writes, "physicians, in ignorance of the nature of the disease, sought to apply remedies; but it was in vain, and they themselves were among the first victims, because they oftenest came into contact with it. No human art was of any avail, and as to supplications in temples, inquiries of oracles, and the like, they were utterly useless, and at last men were overpowered by the calamity and gave them all up.

"The disease is said to have begun south of Egypt in Aethiopia; thence it descended into Egypt and Libya, and after spreading over the greater part of the Persian Empire, suddenly fell upon Athens. It first attacked the inhabitants of the Piraeus, and it was supposed that the Peloponnesians had poisoned the cisterns, no conduits having as yet been made there. It afterwards reached the upper city, and then the mortality became far greater there. As to its probable origin or the causes which might or could have produced such a disturbance of nature, every man, whether a physician or not, will give his own opinion. But I shall describe its actual course, and

the symptoms by which any one who knows them beforehand may recognize the disorder should it ever reappear. For I was myself attacked, and witnessed the sufferings of others.

"The season was admitted to have been remarkably free from ordinary sickness; and if anybody was already ill of any other disease, it was absorbed in this. Many who were in perfect health, all in a moment, and without any apparent reason, were seized with violent heats in the head and with redness and inflammation of the eyes . . . The general character of the malady no words can describe, and the fury with which it fastened upon each sufferer was too much for human nature to endure. There was one circumstance in particular which distinguished it from ordinary diseases. The birds and animals which feed on human flesh, although so many bodies were lying unburied, either never came near them, or died if they touched them . . . Some of the sufferers died from want of care, others equally who were receiving the greatest attention. No single remedy could be deemed a specific; for that which did good to one did harm to another. No constitution was of itself strong enough to resist or weak enough to escape the attacks; the disease carried off all alike and defied every mode of treatment. Most appalling was the despondency which seized upon any one who felt himself sickening; for he instantly abandoned his mind to despair and, instead of holding out, absolutely threw away his chance of life. Appalling, too, was the rapidity with which men caught the infection; dying like sheep if they attended on one another; and this was the principal cause of mortality. When they were afraid to visit one another, the sufferers died in their solitude, so that many houses were empty because there had been no one left to take care of the sick; or if they ventured, they perished, especially those who aspired to heroism . . .

"The crowding of the people out of the country into the city aggravated

the misery: and the newly-arrived suffered most. For, having no houses of their own, but inhabiting in the height of summer stifling huts, the mortality among them was dreadful, and they perished in wild disorder. The dead lay as they had died, one upon another, while others hardly alive wallowed in the streets and crawled about every fountain craving for water. . . The customs which had hitherto been observed at funerals were universally violated, and they buried their dead each one as best he could. . .

"There were other and worse forms of lawlessness which the plague introduced at Athens. Men who had hitherto concealed what they took pleasure in, now grew bolder. For, seeing the sudden change—how the rich died in a moment, and those who had nothing immediately inherited their property—they reflected that life and riches are alike transitory, and they resolved to enjoy themselves while they could. . . No fear of Gods or law or man deterred a criminal. Those who saw all perishing alike, thought that the worship or neglect of the Gods made no difference. For offences against human law no punishment was to be feared; no one would live long enough to be called to account. Already a far heavier sentence had been passed and was hanging over a man's head—before that fell, why should he not take a little pleasure?"

The recent epidemic gives a terrible reality to this arresting description. How humiliating that after more than two thousand years so many of the scenes in the narrative of Thucydides have been re-enacted. He puts no faith in oracles and supplications and emphasizes the spread of the disease by contagion. Long centuries were to pass before this attitude of close observation overcame medical ignorance and theological superstition in the minds of suffering humanity.

Greece fared well compared with Italy, whose heavy and frequent visitations entitle her to be called the Land of Plague. During the fourth

and fifth centuries, Rome suffered an almost unbroken series of attacks, many of them lasting several years. Recourse was had to all kinds of remedies. Prayers, supplications and banquets were offered to the gods; the citizens humbled themselves in expiatory processions. When their own gods proved unavailing, the Romans imported the worship of Apollo and other Greek deities. Actors were brought from Etruria to move the gods by decorous dances, which, in course of time, as Livy tells us, developed into regular stage-plays. The Tiber rose, as if in scorn, and drove the dancers to seek refuge. In vain the Sibylline books were consulted; in vain willing and unwilling scapegoats were sacrificed. The dread visitant worked his will and departed only to come again.

One very curious device was employed more than once to end the scourge. There was an old tradition that a plague had once been stopped by driving a nail into a wall. Accordingly by the authority of the Senate a supreme magistrate was appointed to drive a nail into the Temple of Jupiter. The nailing of evils is an old belief which has existed and still exists among many peoples. In *The Golden Bough*, Dr. Frazer tells how a farmer in Oldenburg during the Thirty Years' War saw plague in the form of a bluish vapour enter his house and dart into a hole in the door-post. The farmer hammered a peg into the hole to keep it there; but unfortunately, thinking the danger past after a little while, he drew out the peg. The bluish vapour came creeping out again and slew every member of the household.

The varied and vain rituals of decaying religion as remedies for plague are scorned by Lucretius in his discussion of pestilence. He will have nothing to do with supernatural agencies. Disease comes "either from without down through the atmosphere in the shape of clouds and mists, or else . . . out of the earth, when soaked with wet it has contracted a taint, being beaten upon by unseasonable

rains and suns". This theory was again put forward during the Great Plague of London. His picture of the horrors of plague—the bitter despondency of the sufferers, their parching thirst, and wild delirious speech, the lack of any cure, the swift contagion from man to man—is borrowed from Thucydides. Beside his rugged earnestness Ovid's account of plague seems a heartless literary exercise.

The sufferings of Italy abated little with the lapse of centuries. The great bubonic plague which swept Europe in the sixth century was as terrible in Rome as anywhere. The panic-stricken survivors could not bury the corpses which littered the streets. When Gregory the Great tried to turn away the wrath of God by a penitential procession, eighty fell dead in the ranks as it moved through the streets.

At least one striking and enduring memorial remains of the virulence of plague which seized Rome in 680 A.D. Tradition declares the disease to have been checked when the bones of St. Sebastian were brought to Rome and worthily honoured by an altar in the Church of St. Pietro in Vincoli. From this time he was received as a patron saint of pestilence, though four centuries had passed since his martyrdom. Denounced as a Christian, he had been condemned by the Emperor Diocletian to be shot to death with arrows. Left for dead, he was nursed back to life, only to be killed soon afterwards in the circus. His connection with pestilence was in fact curiously slight. The ancient association of arrows with pestilence gave him his position as patron saint and made of him a kind of Christian Apollo. In a multitude of pictures he is portrayed as holding an arrow or as pierced by one or more arrows. Such pictures of Sebastian and of other saints and of the Virgin were often painted for banners to be carried in processions through the stricken city. Raphael's Sistine Madonna was originally intended for this purpose.

St. Roch is frequently the companion of St. Sebastian in plague-pic-

tures. Born at the end of the thirteenth century, he spent his life in fearless and devoted ministry to the needs of the sick. He passed through Italy from city to city, wherever plague was raging. At Piacenza he was at last struck down himself, and crawled to a solitary place outside the city when he found that his cries of agony disturbed his fellow-sufferers in the hospital. He did not die, but so changed was his appearance that, when on his recovery he returned to his birth-place, Montpellier, he was not recognized and was thrown into prison as a spy. Here he languished for five years, thinking it his duty to conceal his identity. When he died the cell was filled with radiant light, and the jailer found a writing giving the prisoner's name and declaring that any sufferer from plague who called upon St. Roch to intercede for him should be healed. In paintings St. Roch is usually represented lifting his robe to reveal a plague-sore upon his groin. Often he is shown accompanied by his little dog which, tradition says, brought him food every day as he lay ill and helpless outside the gates of Piacenza. The great pandemic, the Black Death, which broke out about twenty years after his death, gave impetus to the veneration of St. Roch as an intercessor.

The beginning of the Black Death, its resistless march through Europe, its toll of victims mounting by the middle of the fourteenth century to twenty-five millions, and its far-reaching economic results, have been described and discussed by historians. Art and literature also bear testimony to its effect on the minds of men. The usual plague scenes were re-enacted, but on a scale of terrible vastness. Flagellants marched through the streets lashing their half-naked bodies and wailing penitential psalms. Recourse was had to religious plays as in the days of heathen Rome, and with like result. Not one, but many, cities—Rome, Florence, Siena, Avignon, Vienna, London—displayed the wild despair and reckless licence which

Thucydides had observed so long before at Athens. Once more, too, a maddened and helpless populace raised the cry of poison, a cry as old and as fatal as that of treachery in a defeated army. The Athenians had suspected the Lacedaemonians of poisoning the wells; mediæval Christians now brought the same charge against the Jews; and to-day we hear rumours of the Germans having caused the recent epidemic by the same device in Spain. Suspicion against the Jews was strengthened by the fact that many of them practised medicine, and that a more hygienic system of life rendered them immune as compared with the Christians. Religion proved the ally of fear-born cruelty in hideous massacres. The mad persecution was waged in the hope of stopping the plague by propitiating the Almighty and by thwarting

Our firste fo, the serpent Sathanas,
That hath in Jewes herte his waspes nest.

The savage, deep-rooted desire to load upon a scapegoat the ills which flesh is heir to has seldom expressed itself more terribly. Under stress of plague the same blood-lust flamed out again and again in Europe.

The horrors and sufferings of Florence during the Black Death have been described by Boccaccio in a famous passage. "Some there were," he says, "who considered with themselves that living soberly with abstinence from all superfluity; it would be a sufficient resistance against all hurtful accidents. So combining themselves in a sociable manner, they lived as separatists from all other company, being shut up in such houses where no sick body should be near them. And there, for their more security, they used delicate viands and excellent wines, avoiding luxury, and refusing speech of any outsider, not looking forth at the windows, to hear no cries of dying people, or see any corpses carried to burial; but having musical instruments, lived there in all possible pleasure. Others were of a contrary opinion, who avouched that there was

no other physie more certain for a disease so desperate than to drink hard, be merry among themselves, singing continually, walking everywhere, and satisfying their appetites with whatsoever they desired, laughing and mocking at every mournful accident, and so they vowed to spend day and night: for now they would go to one tavern, then to another, living without any rule or measure. . . .

"Yet in all this their beastly behaviour, they were wise enough to shun (so much as they might) the weak and sickly. . . . Between these two rehearsed extremities of life, there were others of a more moderate temper, not being so daintily dieted as the first, nor drinking so dissolutely as the second; but used all things sufficient for their appetites, and without shutting up themselves, walked abroad, some carrying sweet nosegays of flowers in their hands; others odoriferous herbs, and others divers kinds of spiceries, holding them to their noses, and thinking them most comfortable for the brain, because the air seemed to be much infected by the noisome smell of dead carcasses and other hurtful savours." Others fled the city, but fared little better than those who stayed by the sufferers' bedsides. Burials were performed in haste and disorder and the bodies thrown into the first open grave. Men died ilke brute beasts in out-houses and in the open fields.

It is against this ghastly background that Boccaccio places his well-bred and frivolous ladies and gentlemen who tell the heartless and witty stories of the "Decameron".

In England half the population was swept away. Such help as doctors could give was only for the rich. Chaucer's physician, who is described as sumptuously clothed in blood-red and sky-blue,

"Kepte that he wan in pestilence."

The cunning and hardness of the time are conveyed in a telling simile. Those who dealt with him

"Were adrad of him as of the deeth."

The poor received some attention from the monasteries, and in consequence the casualties among churchmen were very heavy. But apparently no class escaped.

Death came driving after, and all to dust
passhed

Kynges and knyghtes, kayseres and popes;
Learned nor lewed he let no man stonde,
That he hit even, that never stirred after.
Many a lovely lady and lemans of knyghtes
Swouned and swelted for sorwe of Dethes
dyntes.

Like the figures in Holbein's "Dance of Death" all had to obey the dread summons.

The vast desolation of the Black Death dwarfs the plagues which succeeded one another through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Benvenuto Cellini describes an epidemic in Rome in 1522-3, of which thousands died daily. Frankly admitting his terror, he tells how he sought recreation and exercise by shooting pigeons among the ancient ruins. Fresh air, however, did not save him from infection, though his attack was not fatal. The desperation of the people led to an extraordinary experiment. If, as many thought, the plague was caused by Satanic malice, and if Satan and his colleagues were the dethroned gods of heathen Rome, why should these sullen and exiled deities not be appeased? Accordingly an ox, its flanks dressed with garlands, was led to the Colosseum and solemnly sacrificed in the old Roman manner. The plague, however, did not abate, and this lapse into paganism was atoned for by expiatory processions.

Thomas Nashe, the Elizabethan pamphleteer, introduces a description of this plague into his novel, "The Unfortunate Traveller". A shrewd journalist, he seized the opportunity when English readers were full of vivid memories of London's visitation in 1592-3. In the same way Defoe published his famous *Journal* in 1722, two years after the great plague at Marseilles. "So it fell

out," Nashe begins, "that it being a vehement hot summer when I was a sojourner there, there entered such a hot-spurred plague as hath not been heard of: why, it was but a word and a blow, Lord have mercy upon us, and he was gone. Within three-quarters of a year in that one city there died of it a hundred thousand . . . Physicians' greediness of gold made them greedy of their destiny. They would come to visit those with whose infirmity their art had no affinity; and even as a man with a fee should be hired to hang himself, so would they quietly go home and die presently after they had been with their patients. All day and all night long car-men did nothing but go up and down the streets with their carts and cry, 'Have you any dead bodies to bury?' and had many times out of one house their whole loading; one grave was the sepulchre of seven score, one bed was the altar whereon whole families were offered." The suddenness of attack is vividly illustrated. "I saw at the house where I was hosted a maid bring her master warm broth for to comfort him, and she sink down dead herself ere he had half eat it up."

This was only one of twelve visitations from which Rome suffered in the course of the century. Venice also was a constant victim. At no slight cost did

She hold the gorgeous east in fee,

for she was the European gateway for both Oriental plague and Oriental commerce. Venice did not rely entirely upon votive churches and paintings and penitential processions. Street ambulances and isolation hospitals were also part of her defensive system.

England was not so well-equipped. It was a shrewd reflection on his country when Sir Thomas More described the well-appointed hospitals of Utopia with their scrupulous cleanliness and cunning physicians.

During the outbreak of 1592-3 the Privy Council expressed surprise that London had no special plague hospital. "In other lands," complains Nashe in "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem", "they have hospitals whither their infected are transported, presently after they are strooken. They have one hospital for those that have been in the houses with the infected, and are not yet tainted: another for those that are tainted and have the sores risen on them, but not broken out. A third for those that have the sores, and have them broken out on them. We have no provision but mixing hand over head the sick with the whole." He denounces the selfish fear of householders who turn their infected servants out to die in the fields. "In Grays Inn, Clerkenwell, Finnsbury and Moorfields, with mine own eyes, have I seen half a dozen of such lamentable outcasts. Their brethren and their kinsfolks have offered large sums of money to get them conveyed into any outhouse, and no man would earn it, no man would receive them. Cursing and raving by the highway side have they expired, and their masters never sent to them nor succoured them. The fear of God is come amongst us, and the love of God gone from us." Like Thucydides and Boccaccio, he describes the defiant levity of men under the shadow of death. "Instead of humbling ourselves . . . and wearying God with our cries and lamentations, we fall a-drinking and boozing and making jests of His trowning castigation . . . On our vine-benches we bid a Fico for ten thousand plagues." Nevertheless wisdom was being gradually learned, though at an appalling cost of lives. In 1592, Stowe tells us, Bartholomew Fair was not held "for the avoiding of concourse of people whereby the infection of the pestilence might have increased".

The phrase "Lord have mercy upon us" first became associated with

plague during this epidemic, and long continued in use. These moving words were often on a printed placard hung on an infected house and surmounted by a red cross. "Write 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three" says Biron in "Love's Labour's Lost", pointing to his lovesick companions.

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of
your eyes:

These lords are visited; you are not free
For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Visited was a common word for infected. "If Christ were now naked and visited," says Nashe, denouncing London's sinfulness, naked and visited should He be, for none would come near Him." The tokens were plague spots and their appearance brought despair. The sinking fortunes of Antony are likened to

. . . the token'd pestilence
Where death is sure.

Ulysses declares of Achilles,

He is so plaguy proud, that the death-
tokens of it
Cry 'No recovery'

But they were not always fatal. Dr. Simon Forman, a celebrated physician and astrologer, and remembered now because he described a performance of Macbeth in 1610, tells in his diary of his infection and recovery. "And the 6 of July I took my bed and had the plague in both my groins, and some month after I had the red tokens on my feet as broad as halfpence, and it was 22 weeks before I was well again, the which did hinder me much." The red marks of plague are mentioned in the curse which Volumnia invokes on an ungrateful city.

Now the red pestilence strike all trades
in Rome,
And occupations perish!

The number of allusions to plague in Elizabethan literature show how frequent were England's visitations.

One of the most famous descriptions of plague is that given by Manzoni in "I Promessi Sposi" of the outbreak at Milan in 1630, which swept away 150,000 lives. With masterly restraint and vigour his narrative moves on with the steady progress of the pestilence from district to district of the doomed city. The stubborn and fatal refusal to admit that the disease was plague persisted till the overwhelming evidence drowned all denials. Poor and rich alike fell victims, and the city became one vast lazaretto. One strange remedy was tried. It was decided to hold a vast procession through the streets, bearing the corpse of Carlo Borromeo, former archbishop of Milan, whose devoted ministries had lessened the horrors of a previous plague in 1576. Three days were spent in preparation, and at dawn on June 11th the solemn ranks issued from the cathedral. First came a long line of people, mostly women, many of them barefoot and clad in sackcloth. Members of the different crafts followed bearing their banners, then the monastic brotherhoods and the secular clergy carrying torches and candles. In the midst, beneath a rich canopy and surrounded with lights, four canons in elaborate vestments bore a casket through the crystal sides of which would be seen the corpse of St. Carlo in pontifical robes and mitre. The living archbishop followed, and behind him came the rest of the clergy, the magistrates in their robes of office, the nobility and a mingled throng. The strange procession passed through every quarter of the town, through streets richly decorated for the occasion and through others sad, silent and deserted. From many windows quarantined sufferers looked down and followed the moving ranks with their prayers. The corpse of St. Carlo was lowered at the intersection of streets where crosses had been erected during the previous plague. Shortly after noon

the procession returned to the cathedral.

The result of this ceremony was what might have been expected. The contact of so many people spread the infection. Our celebrations over the armistice with Germany have been credited with similar results. The fury of the disease left hardly a house untouched. The number and courage of helpers diminished as the need increased. Peasants were brought in from the country to help bury the dead. Heroic self-sacrifice was offset by an increase of crime in the defenceless city. Rumour spread that the plague had been caused by deadly poison smeared upon the walls. Baseless suspicion grew to certainty in the minds of the crazed sufferers, and certainty led to frenzied cruelty. Two harmless men were tortured till they confessed their guilt. The sentence passed on them was savage in the extreme. After being torn by red-hot pincers, they were broken on the wheel, consumed by fire, and their ashes flung into a river.

Milan was not an isolated case in the seventeenth century. Rome, Naples, and the south of France were also ravaged. In 1645 Scotland also was visited. A pretty ballad tells us how Bessie Bell and Mary Gray fled from Lednock House to escape infection and built a bower for themselves.

They theekit oer wi rashes green,
They theekit oer wi heather;
But the pest cam frae the burrows-town,
And slew them baith thegither.

The Great Plague of London has been unforgettably portrayed in Defoe's masterpiece, and has supplied the subject for Ainsworth's novel, "Old St. Pauls". The calamity was heralded by portents such as blazing comets, and many fled the city. Some of the doctors stayed at their posts, one of whom, Dr. Hodges, wrote an account of the catastrophe. "The whole British nation," he says,

"wept for the miseries of her metropolis. In some houses carcasses lay waiting for burial, and in others, persons in their last agonies; in one room he heard dying groans, in another the ravings of a delirium, and not far off, relations and friends bewailing both their loss and the dismal prospect of their own sudden departure; death was the sure midwife to all children, and infants passed immediately from the womb to the grave . . . Some of the infected ran about staggering like drunken men, and fall and expire in the streets; while others lie half dead and comatose, but never to be waked but by the last trumpet; some lie vomiting as if they had drunk poison; and others fall dead in the market, while they are buying necessities for the support of life." Quacks, male and female, drove a flourishing trade with "anti-pestilential pills" and "the only true plague-water", a bottle of which Pepys tried with no ill-effects. The desperation of those shut up in infected houses, the brutality of dead-cart drivers, the lurid horrors of the plague-pits are presented by Defoe with a homely and terrible realism.

But in spite of the devastation ordinary life went on with the quiet persistency of French villages behind the lines during the war. The entries in Pepys's diary remind us of this, while they unmask rather disagreeably the shallowness of his nature. On August 30th, 1665, he confesses: "I went forth and walked towards Moorfields to see (God forgive my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corpse going to the grave; but as God would have it, did

not. But Lord! how everybody looks and discourses in the street of death and nothing else, and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken." The melancholy of the streets and the emptiness of the river depressed his spirits, but at the end of September he can say: "I do end this month with the greatest content, and may say that these three months, for joy, health and profit, have been much the greatest that ever I received in all my life, having nothing upon me but the consideration of the great sickness of the season during this great plague to mortify me. For all which the Lord God be praised!" And when it is all over he writes: "The great evil of this year, and the only one, indeed, is the fall of my Lord Sandwich."

In the course of the eighteenth century plague practically departed from Europe, though its last onslaughts showed no signs of failing power. The terrible outbreak in Marseilles in 1720 is brightened by the heroic figure of Bishop Belsunce, who, unscathed and fearless, acted as pastor, physician and magistrate to his ravaged flock. Pope has immortalized him in his question,

Why drew Marseilles' good Bishop purer
breath
When nature sickened, and each gale was
'death?

In the last two centuries plague and pestilence have played but a small part in literature. We had all but forgotten their lurking threat until we were reminded with cruel emphasis that the enemy was still within our gates.



MIST OF MORNING

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

AUTHOR OF "UP THE HILL AND OVER", "THE SHINING SHIP", ETC.

CHAPTER VII



HIS little episode, designated by Rosme as the Turning of the Worm, made a distinct difference in the lives of the two girls. To be a bully is to be a coward, almost always. Aunt, in her essence, was cowardly, and something in the white heat of Frances as she had turned upon her had warned the old lady that she had gone about as far as it was safe to go.

Her demeanour to Frances changed. She scolded less. She interfered less. The atmosphere of turmoil was replaced by one of comparative, yet ominous, calm. The old woman, feeling the reins of power slipping from her hands, began to watch with silent venom the slave who had so unexpectedly declared for freedom. She had never loved Frances. The girl's natural docility and uncomplaining service had never touched her selfish heart. She had despised her as a weakling, now she feared her for a sign of strength. Hitherto she had not troubled to actively dislike her, as she disliked Rosme; now a swift, shy hate began to grow.

She no longer prohibited the visits of Dr. Holtby. She uttered no more threats of disinheritance, but often with a cruel gleam in her eyes she would look at Frances, waiting for her lover, and the girl would be startled from her day dream by the cackle of her hateful laugh.

Rosme, the interested, watched it all, but without too much anxiety.

She did not see how hate, as causeless and ungrateful as Aunt's, could hurt Frances. She was at this stage blissfully unconscious of the power of mammon. If Aunt wished to leave her old money to some one else—let her! who cared? Frances didn't want her horrid old money anyway!

A sharp shock taught her her mistake on this point. Rosme found Frances one afternoon, white and breathless, in the room they shared and, upon questioning, it came out that Frances was afraid. Frances did want Aunt's money!—some of it. Aunt had been particularly nasty and had said "something". Just what, Rosme did not learn, but the result was that Frances was almost sure that Aunt didn't intend to leave her any money at all.

"Well," said Rosme the valiant, "what if she doesn't?"

Frances said nothing, but she looked at Rosme with dilated eyes.

"You don't want her old money, do you, Frances?"

"But—but Rosme, what could I do?"

There was no mistaking the note of real terror in the girl's voice. Rosme caught it at once and at once her own preconceived ideas began to veer. Frances went on in a low, breathless voice.

"You see, dear, I can't do anything; to support myself, I mean. I have not been taught. The girls who earn their own living are girls who have been trained. They go to business college

or take teacher's certificates, or—or learn trades like dressmaking and things—or nurses. I wanted to be a nurse. But Aunt wouldn't let me try. She said she didn't bring me up to nurse other people. I would have all I could do nursing her. And now—now if she leaves me without anything—”

Rosme, looking into Frances's frightened eyes, had the sense of looking over a precipice into unknown and unsuspected depths. She drew back with a little shiver.

“Aunt daren't!” she declared stoutly.

“Yes, she dare. She cares a little now for what people think, but she knows she won't care after she's dead. Sometimes I think—I think that is what she laughs about!”

This was only too probable, but Rosme would not admit it.

“Mr. Burbage, the lawyer, wouldn't let her make a will like that,” she said comfortingly. “You're all worked up, Frances. There's nothing to be afraid of, really. And, anyway,” with a happy inspiration, “you're forgetting Dr. Holtby.”

A soft blush rose to Frances's cheek. The fear began to die out of her eyes. She had, in her sudden panic of helplessness, lost sight of the fact that she was no longer quite alone in the world.

Rosme noted the change with satisfaction. But, for herself, she felt far from satisfied. There might not have been a Dr. Holtby. What then? The indubitable fright of the older girl had opened the younger one's eyes. And Rosme's eyes, once opened, must probe the depths. Here was another aspect of that problem of the world and the rag-bag. It needed a lot of thinking over.

The first thing to do was to discover, if possible, Aunt's real intentions. This happened to be comparatively easy as Aunt had, that very day, sent for Lawyer Burbage and they had remained closeted together for an ominous period. Rosme had her code of honour and, in its way, it was a strict one, but it did not pre-

clude judicious espionage during this visit. Her conclusion, arrived at from light but significant material, was that, in Frances's case, Aunt was going to be as bad as her word. The continual use of Frances's name and the indignation of the old lawyer was evidence of this. Also Aunt's voice raised in the declaration, “Well, if you won't do it, I'll get some one else who will,” after which the lawyer's opposition sank into disapproving silence.

That same evening, as Frances sat with her serene face bent above some fancy-work, waiting for the now welcome clang of the garden gate, Aunt had suddenly looked up from the evening paper and—laughed.

There was something so cruelly exultant in that laugh that Rosme thought at once, “It's done! She made old Burbage do it this afternoon, so she did!”

Frances pretended not to notice, bending still lower over her embroidery.

“I see that Dr. Hamilton has bought out a big practice in Kingston,” said Aunt amiably. “He'll go far, that young man. It takes money to get along these days. He knew that when he married Tom Butler's girl, and asked for a settlement before the wedding. He was too wise to run the risk of getting the maid without the money.”

“Enid Butler is a very nice girl, and I'm sure he didn't marry her for her money,” said Frances. She said it calmly, but Rosme, and doubtless Aunt, noticed that she had been clumsy enough to prick her finger.

“Yes, yes.” Aunt seemed in high good humour. “Doubtless she thinks the same. They all do—stop that distracting noise!” This last, because Rosme, fearing for the fate of Frances's embroidery, had suddenly begun to play the piano with great vigour and industry.

That night Rosme awakened to see Frances sitting in the window seat in the moonlight. With her fair hair falling over her white night-dress, she

looked younger and more frail than usual.

"Francie."

"Yes, dear, I'm coming. I was just thinking." Rosme felt her shiver as she crept into bed. "Rosme, you don't think—you don't think he really would, do you?"

The point was cryptic and Rosme was half asleep.

"Who?" Do what?" she inquired yawning.

"Dr. Holtby—care about money? You don't think he would be disappointed—if I didn't have any at all."

Rosme was fully awake now and listening to everything.

"He hadn't better be!" she cried belligerently, "why, Francie, dear, he wouldn't be *nice* if he were, would he? And you wouldn't like him if he weren't nice—like that?"

Frances began to cry quietly.

"I'm afraid I would!" she sobbed. "Oh, Rosme, pray that he doesn't, for I can't stop liking him now!"

Here was another puzzle for Rosme. Why couldn't Frances stop liking Dr. Holtby if it turned out that he wasn't nice at all? Such a state of affairs seemed simply silly. One doesn't like horrid people except on Sunday in a kind of Bible way. Rosme was prepared to like even Aunt in a Bible way. But that way doesn't count. And it was certainly not the way in which Frances liked Dr. Holtby. Frances was getting queerer every day!

"If you're worrying about it," said Rosme in a common-sense tone, "why don't you tell him right out that Aunt isn't going to leave you any money. Then you'd know."

Frances lay still and buried her face in the pillow. Rosme felt her soft body grow more rigid.

"Will you?" she persisted. But Frances did not answer and Rosme knew that the course which seemed so easy Frances would never take. She was afraid.

Rosme said no more, but putting a thin, comforting arm across the older

girl's shoulder she lay there thinking, mightily puzzled, until at length she fell asleep.

VIII

Rosme was practising scales. The only time when scales are bearable is when they are the lesser of two evils. In Rosme's case Aunt was the other evil, so scales were quite welcome in comparison. Dr. Holtby, waiting for Frances and trying to shut his ears, did not understand this, so when the player ceased abruptly and whirled about on the piano-stool he said, "Thank Heaven!"

"Would you rather have had Aunt?" asked Rosme feelingly. "Didn't you hear her coming along the hall? She never comes in when I'm practising. That's why I practise so much. And, anyway, I wanted a chance of talking to you."

The doctor intimated that he was flattered.

"What I want to know is," she went on, "are you very fond of money?"

"Very," answered he gravely.

Rosme frowned. "I can't see why," she said, "look at Aunt!"

"I would rather not," said the doctor pleasantly.

"Aunt has always had lots of money and she's not a bit nice. Frances has never had any and she's as nice as can be."

The doctor admitted this.

"If Frances had a lot of money, it might spoil her," cautiously.

"Hum!" said the doctor.

"Do you think Frances will have lots of money?" asked the child.

The doctor was slightly disconcerted. He had, as a matter of fact, expected just that.

"Because she won't." Rosme was in for it now and forged ahead valiantly. "I thought you ought to know. I feel sure," politely, "that Frances would not like you to be disappointed. Aunt made a new will yesterday."

The doctor stroked his chin.

"Did she?" he said at last.

"And she left Frances out."

"Why?" The question was out be-

fore he realized that he was questioning a child.

"Because she doesn't want her to get married."

"To me?" in genuine surprise.

"To anybody. She wants her to stay here and wait on her."

"Oh, I see." Then—"Pleasant old party!" he added ruefully.

In the silence which followed, they could hear Frances singing as she put on her hat. The slightly hard young face of the doctor softened. He forgot that he was worldly wise, that he was only an assistant with his way to make, that he had expected, not unnaturally, that some day the girl he married would be able to give him substantial help. His thoughts turned from himself to the girl upstairs. He had a swift vision of her, a bird in a cage, and only his hand to open the door. In that moment he knew that he loved her. A soft fire began to glow at his heart, a fire into which his half unconscious selfishness fell and perished.

"Well?" said Rosme.

He had forgotten Rosme for the moment. What an odd little creature she was!

"Do I gather," he said formally, "that you are asking me my intentions?"

Rosme caught the note of banter, but her eyes remained serious.

The doctor smiled.

"Do you know," he said, "I don't believe I care so much for money as I thought I did. The respected Aunt may go—oh, here is Frances!"

Rosme watched the lovers depart with satisfaction. Frances need not cry at night any more. Frances was safe.

It was only too apparent, however, that this safety was the result of accident. It might just as well have happened the other way. The underlying problem remained unsolved. Rosme, looking over her cousin's shoulder, had glimpsed an abyss. She could not forget the glimpse.

"I will never be like that!" she told herself. All her virile, independent

soul revolted at the prospect of resigning itself to the caprices of fate as represented by Aunt. She must in some way make some standing-ground of her own; gain some place of vantage from which she could carry on negotiations.

But how to get it? Frances had said that girls who wanted to support themselves must be trained, and training was impossible without Aunt's consent. Besides she was too young. There remained the education which should come before the special training and which she was certainly not getting as things were. The education which Frances had received had already proved its uselessness.

She spoke of it to Mrs. Maloney one day and asked that lady's opinion. Mrs. Maloney thought that education all depended on what you wanted to do with it.

"I want to use it," said Rosme.

"Then governesses and things is no good. You'll have to be after gettin' certifagits," said Mrs. Maloney. "But what would you be wantin' with thim with your Aunt and all. Shure she'll be seein' that you have plenty."

"But if she didn't?"

Mrs. Maloney flicked a whisk of suds from her nose.

"Shure thin you'd be in the divil of a pickle, Miss Rosme," said she.

The child nodded.

"It's independence every young girl should be lookin' to," continued the charwoman. "Let thim stand on their own feet, says I. A girl's not safe unless. A bit of her own money in her pocket, and a bit of since in her head is what a girl needs to go straight. And if you think there's a chance of the old divil double-crossin' you (I mane your Aunt, my dear, and excuse the langwidge) what I say is, don't give her the chance nor the satisfaction."

The result of all this was that Rosme presented herself before Pharaoh with a demand to depart out of Egypt. In other words she told Aunt that she wanted to go to the public schools.

"Do you indeed?" said Aunt with sarcastic mildness. "Well, you shan't. Sit down and compose yourself."

This was not in any way an invitation to be taken literally. It was merely one of Aunt's charming phrases and indicated refusal of the most final order. Rosme was well acquainted with it. She said nothing and left the room.

That afternoon she paid two visits. The first was to the office of Thomas Burbage the lawyer. Lawyer Burbage was a benevolent looking man. He had a kind heart, under excellent control. That is to say, its kindness was never allowed to interfere with business. Nevertheless old Mrs. Ridley and her latest will had worried him considerably. He had found Frances and Rosme Selwyn somewhat on his mind. Therefore he was not exactly pleased to see his visitor.

Rosme sat up straight and dignified in the middle of the big office chair. Her long black legs looked very thin, her small face under its floppy hat, which she wore with a curious French grace, was set and purposeful.

"Well, my little lady," said the lawyer in his heavy fatherly manner, "and what can I do for you?"

"You can make Aunt send me to school," said the little lady briefly.

"Bless me! Don't you go to school? Aren't you being educated?"

"Frances is teaching me, but it isn't like going to school. I want to be able to get certificates and things."

"Whatever for?" asked the lawyer.

Rosme leaned forward, making a comprehensive gesture with her small fine hand. "Mrs. Maloney says that girls ought to be independent and I agree with her. 'Put a bit of money in a girl's pocket and a bit of sense in her head and she'll go straight.'"

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated the lawyer.

Rosme continued. "Tom, Dick and Harry are getting an education and presently we shall all be in the rag-bag. Very well, then—I want to go to school."

The lawyer drummed on the desk with his pencil and managed to suppress a smile. "The rag-bag, eh? Well, perhaps we shall. But in regard to yourself, my dear, surely your Aunt—"

Rosme pointed a slim finger.

It was hard to embarrass Thomas Burbage, but somehow that slim pointing finger affected him unpleasantly. Before he knew it he had blundered at an admission of its accusation.

"She may make a dozen more wills before she dies," he stammered.

"She may not," said the child.

The two looked at each other and it was the man's eyes which fell.

"Well, Miss Rosme," said he after a moment's pause, "if you want to go to school I can't see why you shouldn't. I'll speak to your Aunt about it and do what I can. Though I'm afraid I have very little influence."

Rosme rose and shook out her short skirts.

"Aunt cares quite a bit for what people think," she said. "I am going now to see the minister, and then I am going to see Mrs. Elder Robinson, and others."

"You are a strategist!" The lawyer surveyed her with amused admiration. "If Miss Frances had a little of your spirit—"

"Frances has her own kind of spirit," said Rosme coldly. "Thank you. Good afternoon."

The calls upon the minister and the wife of the chief elder were equally successful. Rosme managed to leave them both with a burning sense of injustice being done to a deserving child. This injustice they each felt it to be their duty to set right. It is always pleasant to set injustice right when some one else is the unjust party. It gives one a virtuous glow. Every one to whom Rosme spoke was quite willing to help.

So without understanding in the least what had happened, Aunt found herself pricked upon all sides by the pricks of adverse criticism. Why didn't she send Rosme Selwyn to school? It was absurd to think that

her young cousin could educate her satisfactorily! School was the proper thing. It was the only decent thing, the only fair thing. It was the one thing which the opinion of society demanded. Puzzled and furious, but true to her instinct for saving appearances, Aunt gave in. Rosme was sent to the public schools.

The day consent was given, Rosme ran with her triumph to the closed

room. The mother had no message for her to-day, but surely the militant maid smiled approval! And, oh it was sweet, that first victory—the dawning sense of self-dependence!

The next summer, Frances married Dr. Holtby and Rosme passed, first of her class, into the Milhampton collegiate.

So she, too, set out into the untrod-den land of youth.

(To be continued).

APPLE-BLOSSOM AND CHERRY-BLOOM

By BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

APPLE-BLOSSOM and cherry-bloom,
 Whispy sounds in the willow;
 A drifting breath,
 (Was it life or death?)
 That lightly touched my pillow.
 Was it a dream of dawn or down?
 Apple-blossom and cherry-bloom!

Shasta daisies and poppies tall;
 Rushes and reeds in the hollow;
 It seems so long,
 But I heard a song,
 A song my soul must follow.
 Over the mountains I heard it call—
 Shasta daisies and poppies tall!

Apple-blossom and cherry-bloom,
 Falling—falling—falling!
 The way o' wind,
 Is it only kind,
 When calling—calling—calling?
 Death at the shuttle, Life at the loom—
 Apple-blossom and cherry-bloom!

WHEN THE CRITIC SMILES

BY DONALD G. FRENCH

AUTHOR OF "POINTS ABOUT POETRY" ETC.



CRITIC, you have frowned unmindful of just honours," wrote the poet Wordsworth, and we might take the reproof to ourselves if we did not endeavour to show the brighter side of our contemplation of the work of our Canadian writers.

While we cannot measure the merits of literature as though with a yardstick, it will be well to begin with some conception of what we are to expect from our poets and novelists. Are we to set up as our standard the great "classics" of the ages, or are we to look for distinctive Canadian types?

My contention, which has been expressed on other occasions and through other mediums of publicity, is that we must always remember that Canadian literature (and the literature of the English-speaking colonies or countries) is a branch of the great tree of English literature which grew by centuries rather than by months or years, and whose broad basic principles are the same everywhere.

That we should produce a literature which will be national in the sense that the literature of France is one national literature, that of Russia another, that of England another, is to ask that we accomplish the work of centuries in a day. The fusing of the race elements of the Dominion and the molding therefrom of a new race with its own individual characteristics, must precede the making of a truly distinctive national literature.

Let us remember that Canadian literature must derive from its parent stem, English literature, much of its literary form, phraseology, style, and literary traditions, but that it may be distinctively Canadian in so far as it portrays the life, the work, the thoughts and feelings of the people of Canada.

Before deciding as to whether or not we are to demand the "classic" standard in style, or in breadth of subject, I would like you to consider two types of mind into which we may divide the race of everyday human beings. I must admit literary "borrowing" of the idea for my illustration (from Max Eastman's "Enjoyment of Poetry"): We look at the people crossing the water in a ferry boat. They divide into two classes: one interested in crossing the river; the other, in getting across. We shall find the first class on the upper deck, viewing the surroundings, alive to the blue of the sky, the wash of the waves against the boat, the warmth and joy of the sunshine. The others are shut up in the downstairs cabin, or sit staring at the deck or into vacancy. One class is interested in living; the other in getting through life.

What has this to do with the poet, and, to a certain extent, with the writer of fiction? Just that his work is to enable us to see, hear, and feel more as we are crossing the river—it is for him to enlarge our enjoyment of the crossing—to help us to newer and broader experience. When we

try to set down definitely what the poet's message to us should be, we find that we can scarcely say he has a message at all—his message is too elusive. But when we remember that poetry is not an object of knowledge, or of information, but that it represents personal experience on the part of the poet, then we may read sympathetically and understandingly and undergo in imagination the experience of the poet.

Now what shall we ask our Canadian poets to help us to in the way of experiences that we cannot get from the recognized "classic" English poets? When we have Wordsworth, the great interpreter of nature, for example, why need we a very "school" of Canadian nature poets? Just because one can (as Tennyson puts it) "dabble in the fount of fictive tears" over the sorrows of imaginary heroines and miss seeing the sufferings of one's next-door neighbour; because one may rhapsodize over "O to be in England, now that April's here", and get none of the joy of watching the bursting April buds on Canadian trees; because one may revel in the gorgeous hues of a French canvas sunset and miss the abundant glories of a Canadian evening sky. We need our own poets and imaginative writers (even tho' they be not "classics") because we need someone to help us to see more, hear more, feel more, here and now while we are crossing the stream.

There are several names that stand out in Canadian poetry for their interpretation and appreciation of nature, while even the least known minor poets can hardly fail to contribute something to this phase of our literary production—Canada is too much a country of the out-of-door life not to breathe forth its enjoyment of the Great Open at every pore. I shall try to touch briefly on the outstanding and distinctive features of our chief "nature-poets" and then pass on to the consideration of other phases of Canadian experience embodied in the songs of our Dominion.

Miles and miles of crimson glories
Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze;
Miles of shoreland, red and golden,
Drifting into dream and haze.

To typify in a single poem or in a short quotation the "specialty" of each poet may not be always possible, but the perfection of colouring, atmosphere, and scenic description of Wilfred Campbell's "Lake Lyrics" is, to my mind, concentrated in this quatrain from "Lake Huron". In passing, we may remark that Dr. Campbell's patriotic verse in "The Sagas of Vaster Britain" have a force and depth and passionate loyalty, while many other poems such as "Unabsolved" and his "Poetical Tragedies" show skill in the revelation of the human mind, as well as strong dramatic power.

Bliss Carman's special contribution as a nature-poet has to do with the sea. Let me try to crystallize the essential distinctiveness of his "field" by this excerpt:

I was born for deep sea faring;
I was bred and put to sea;
Stories of my father's daring
Met me at my mother's knee.

I was sired among the surges;
I was bred beside the foam;
All my heart is in its verges
And the sea wind is my home.

The sea as "a grave-digger"; the eerie tale of the phantom ship in "Nancy's Pride"; the joyous restlessness of spring in "The Sailing of the Fleets", are but a few instances of the underlying motive that stirs Bliss Carman's splendid muse to her best efforts.

I take as an exemplification of Archibald Lampman his "Winter Up-lands":

The frost that stings like fire upon my
cheek,

The loneliness of this forsaken ground,
The long, white drift upon whose powdered
peak

I sit in the great silence as one bound;
The rippled sheet of snow where the wind
blew

Across the open field for miles ahead;
A far-off city towered and roofed in blue,
A tender line upon the western red;

Then stars that singly, then in flocks
 appear
 Like jets of silver from the violet dome,
 So wonderful, so many, and so near,
 And then the golden moon to light me
 home—
 The crunching snowshoes and the singing
 air,
 And silence, frost, and beauty everywhere.

This extract exhibits the wonderful mastery of language which is found in Lampman's work; with the simplest words he impresses clear, vivid and striking pictures. His mood is dreamy, quiet, and contemplative. He suggests, but does not force, the moral or spiritual application.

What Carman did for the sea that surged into the land-locked bays of the seaside provinces, Charles G. D. Roberts did for the countryside in his "Songs of the Common Day":

These are the fields of light and laughing
 air,
 And yellow butterflies, and foraging bees,
 And whitish wayward blossoms winged as
 these,
 And pale, green tangles like a sea-maid's
 hair,
 Pale, pale, the blue, but pure beyond com-
 pare,
 And pale the sparkle of the far-off seas,
 A shimmer like these fluttering slopes of
 peas.
 From fence to fence a perfume breath
 enhailes
 O'er the bright pallor of the well-loved
 fields,
 My fields of Tantrammar in summer-time;
 And scorning the poor feed the pasture
 yields,
 Up from the bushy lots the cattle climb,
 To gaze with longing thro' the grey mossed
 rails.

—"The Pea Fields."

The sonnet is with Roberts a very popular mode of reproducing impressionistic pictures of Canadian landscapes. Some of these sonnets can scarcely be distinguished from Lampman's, but it always seems to me that Lampman got nearer to nature and felt himself part of it, while Roberts stood off and watched it with the artist's eye.

Pauline Johnson's attitude toward nature may be deduced from a single line in the "Homing Bee":

You are belted with gold, little brother of
 mine.

For we find, in all her nature poems, that she does not regard nature as a thing apart, nor does she employ it as a background for philosophic, moral, or religious reflection, but rather looks upon nature as something of which she is a part. Aside from this, however, her poems of Indian life are valuable as an interpretation of the aboriginal mind by one of its own race. She interprets with great skill their feelings and conditions in such poems as "Ojistoh", describing the slaying of her captor by the wife of a Mohawk chief; "As Red Men Die", portraying the stoical heroism of the Indian captive; "The Cattle Thief", in which the Indian prisoner justifies himself for stealing the white man's cattle.

From the view of the Indian through the eyes of one of his own race we turn to an interpretation of Indian life and thought as it appears to an alien, in the characteristic poems of Duncan Campbell Scott. No better type poem can be suggested than "The Half Breed Girl":

She is free of the trap and the paddle,
 The portage and the trail,
 But something behind her savage life
 Shines like a fragile veil.

And the poet portrays for us the soul torn by the strife between two heritages of ancestry, in a very climax of that strife:

She covers her face with her blanket,
 Her fierce soul hates her breath,
 As it cries with a sudden passion
 For life, or death.

The range of subject and depth of thought in the work of Isabella Valancy Crawford almost diverts us from our stated plan, but in adherence to it we will take "Malcolm's Katie" as exemplifying the individual note of Miss Crawford's genius. This is an epic poem of pioneer life in Canada in which we find a most realistic picturing of the Canadian landscape as it changes at the touch of the seasons:

The South Wind laid his moccasins aside,
 Broke his gay calumet of flowers, and cast
 His useless wampum, beaded with cool
 dews,
 Far from him northward; his long, ruddy
 spear
 Flung sunward, whence it came, and his
 soft locks
 Of warm, fine haze grew silvery as the
 birch.
 His wigwam of green leaves began to
 shake;
 The crackling rice-beds scolded harsh like
 squaws;
 The small ponds pouted up their silver
 lips;
 The great lakes eyed the mountains, whis-
 pered "Ugh!
 Are ye so tall, O chiefs? Not taller than
 Our plumes can reach," and rose a little
 way
 As panthers stretch to try their velvet
 limbs
 And then retreat to purr and bide their
 time.

Quite naturally we associate with the name of Ethelwyn Wetherald that of the Canadian robin,—but she writes also of the whitethroat, the indigo bird and many others, and helps us to enter into spiritual and emotional enjoyment of the birds of our native woods.

Two singers whose names seem to be fittingly coupled together are Alexander McLachlan and William Wye Smith. Both were Scots and in the land of their adoption looked back to the old land for their models and for many of their themes, but both were filled with an almost exultant joy in the spirit of freedom and independence which each found in the new land. They recall, too, the atmosphere of the early days of Canada.

Hurrah for the grand old forest land,
 Where freedom spreads her pinion!
 Hurrah with me for the maple tree!
 Hurrah for the new Dominion!

So sang Alexander McLachlan, while the corresponding note is found in Wye Smith's

Here's to the Land of the rock and the
 pine!
 Here's to the Land of the raft and the
 river!
 Here's to the Land where the sunbeams
 shine,
 And the night that is bright with the
 North-lights' quiver!

At the outset we recognized that Canada was a nation made up of many elements. One of the influences that will go toward molding these into a harmonious and unified whole is a better understanding of race by race. What William Henry Drummond has contributed to that end is a sympathetic interpretation for us of the life of the French-Canadian habitant. There are songs of the canoe, the log-jam, the woods, of fishing, and of hunting, all sung in the quaint English of the French-Canadian. The many little studies of child life show the tender relation which exists between parents and children in these homes. Incidents in the lives of the older folk are sketched with tenderness and reverence. Character sketches such as given in "The Curé of Calumette", "The Canadian Country Doctor", "Doctor Hilaire", "Josette", give an insight into the fortitude, the tenderness, the devotion to duty, and the simple, but lofty, ideals of these people. Dr. Drummond's verse is skilful, even exquisite at times in its musical effects, the sentiment is never overstrained; but, aside from mere literary values, we must realize that he has accomplished a great work, because he has enabled the English-speaking races of the Dominion to enter into the experiences of fellow-citizens whose language and racial traditions are different from their own.

From the home-life of the habitant we turn to our own, and find in the poetry of Jean Blewett the joys and sorrows, creeds and philosophies, loves and passions, pathos and humour—all the phases of Canadian home life—interpreted by her in home-like language and even verse. As an interpreter of child-nature, Mrs. Blewett is particularly strong. We quote from "Jack", a boyish lament:

I get so lonesome, it's so still,
 An' him out sleepin' on that hill;
 For nothin' seems just worth the while,
 A-doin' up in the old style,
 'Cause everything we used to do;
 Seemed always to just need us two;
 My throat aches till I think 'twill crack,
 I don't know why—it must be Jack.

There ain't no fun, there ain't no stir,
His mother—well, 'tis hard on her,
But she can knit, and sew and such—
Oh, she can't miss him half so much!

From these poets we turn for a moment to the contemplation of the delicately-wrought wares of a skilled worker—one skilled in all the niceties of technique, perfection of rhythm, harmonious rhyme, jewel-studded diction, but whose themes are etherealized or removed from the "songs of common day". We find no passionate note in the work of Marjorie Pickthall; we find little of intimacy with human nature as we know it every day; but yet we need her work to round out national accomplishment in literature. Holding to our thesis that the poet's mission is to bring to us the fuller realization of our own experiences or to point the way to new experiences, we mark that Miss Pickthall's peculiar place is in the appeal to the finer artistries of spirit and imagination.

It is a matter of chance, not of purpose, that leads me to such a contrast in the juxtaposition of "the poet of the Yukon" with one who is perhaps our most ethereal poet. What Robert W. Service accomplished chiefly was the crystallization of a phase of life that became Canadian by accident of circumstance—the impelling urge of the made wave of the Yukon gold rush, with all its attendant grimness and seaminess. The poem that voices the distinctive note of Service is "The Law of the Yukon":

This is the Law of the Yukon, that only
the strong shall thrive;
That surely the weak shall perish, and only
the fit survive;
Dissolute, damned, and despairful, crippled,
and palsied, and slain,
This is the Law of the Yukon,—Lo! how
she makes it plain!

But he has also poetized the Northland for us as none other has done. His descriptive passages, presenting the vastness of the great, cold, silent North, "plumb full of hush to the brim", stand alone in Canadian poetry for their foreible, vivid picturing of that Arctic wild.

Then, too, we have a "poet of the prairies"—a poet of a less rugged, but sweeter and more optimistic, philosophy. Robert J. C. Stead grew up with the expansion of the prairie country and watched that development which he describes in his epic of the prairies, "The Plough":

What power is this that stands behind the
steel?—

A homely implement of blade and wheel—

Before you came the Red Man rode the
plain,

Untitled lord of Nature's great domain;

But all lay silent, useless, and unused,
And useless 'twas because it was unused.

You came. Straightway the silent plain
Grew mellow with the glow of golden
grain;

The land became alive with busy din,
And as the many settled, more came in.

With the eye of the seer, he looks beyond the ragged shack of the homesteader and sees what that shack means to the future of the country:

Greater than the measure of the heroes of
renown,

He is building for the future and no hand
can hold him down;

Tho' they count him as a common man, he
holds the Outer Gate,

And posterity shall own him as the father
of the State.

I might go on to show that the poets who have been mentioned, and many others, have worthily earned the laurel for what they have done in contributing to the broadening of our experiences, to say nothing of what they have done to inspire us with feelings of loyalty, patriotism and other generous and uplifting emotions; but to attempt to include everything and everybody would make this "survey" far too long—let this be my apology for any seeming omission.

Just a word might be said here for the encouragement of the minor poets whose verses rarely attain greater permanence than that given by the daily, weekly, or monthly journal. We little know how these "echoes roll from soul to soul" and how often this ephemeral verse conveys to the heart

seeking for light, for hope, for inspiration, just the message or the outlook that brings courage or wakes the new resolve and tides a soul over a time of difficulty. If we have been inclined to grow carping or sarcastically critical over the faults of the "would-be poets", let us honour those who sing their songs in minor key, not because of any hope of reward, but because their hearts are filled with experience that seeks utterance. "Full many a gem a purest ray serene" shines but for a day, and yet sheds its light down the ages.

Before attempting a survey of Canadian fiction, it is necessary to consider a method of classification. When one opens one's eyes upon a new landscape, the first impression is more or less of a blur. It is only when we begin to grasp the outstanding features and to assort and classify them that we get a view which we are able to carry away as a "picture of memory". Certain elements enter into the composition of novels or works of fiction, and it is the predominance of one or other of these elements that gives us a basis of classification. If character drawing is the most distinctive feature, we may class the book as a "character novel"; if plot is its essential characteristic, we may call it a novel of "organic plot"; if it has been written with the evident intention on the part of the author to discuss some question of human conduct or policy, it may be called a "problem novel", but these elements are blended in such varying proportions that it is difficult to draw up any scientifically exact schedule of types (literature is an art, not a science, anyway). In dealing with Canadian fiction, we shall arrange works in groups which seem to be intimately related because of the similarity of subject matter and method of treatment.

The Local or Neighbourhood Novel.—This may be also defined as the community novel. The common point of resemblance in these works is that they sketch the life of a particular

neighbourhood or district. If we go to modern British fiction for illustrations, we may note that Arnold Bennett's greatest success is in writing of the people of "Five Towns", a noted pottery district of England; Thomas Hardy deals with Wessex; Eden Philpotts writes of Dartmoor; J. M. Barrie's best novels have their setting in the little Scottish village of Thrums.

In Canadian fiction, quite naturally, the community or neighbourhood type of fiction is most strongly developed. L. M. Montgomery, in her "Anne" books, pictures the purely Canadian rural community as it may be seen to-day, and it is no mere figure of comparison to say that L. M. Montgomery holds a place in Canadian literature corresponding to that of Jane Austen in English literature. She has rare imaginative and creative gifts and she uses them in enabling us to see the beauty, the humour, the pathos that lies about our daily paths.

Marian Keith writes of somewhat similar scenes, but the power and personality of the Scottish portion of the community is over all; her "Glenoro" is typical of many Canadian settlements. Nellie L. McClung in "Sowing Seeds in Danny" and "The Second Chance" has given the Manitoba rural community and its problems, while quite recently Robert J. C. Stead has done the same for the farthest western prairie settlements in "The Bail Jumper". Ralph Connor's "Glengarry School Days", "The Man From Glengarry", and the like deal with pioneer days in Ontario. The rural village of Ontario and its relations with the surrounding community are most faithfully presented in Adeline M. Teskey's "Where the Sugar Maple Grows".

The Institutional Novel.—This is very closely related to the first type, but in dealing with communities or localities, it does so more particularly by considering them in their relation to what we might call certain "institutions" of our national life, growth, or conditions. For instance, R. E.

Knowles in his "St. Cuthbert's" makes the Scottish Presbyterian Church and all that it meant in Ontario's earlier days, the dominating influence of the story. The life of the railroad and the construction camp is, in this sense, an institutional, rather than a local or community, life. It has been portrayed excellently by Cy Warman, and more recently by Frank L. Packard in his collection of short stories, "On the Iron at Big Cloud". Alan Sullivan's "The Passing of Oul-But" contains some splendid stories of this type.

Under this class might be put the novels in which the work of the North-West Mounted Police would furnish a leading theme—this famous "institution" has been more or less "written up" fictionally, and as the critic wishes to keep on smiling, I will only remark that there is still a chance for some one to put the Riders of the Plains on a big, striking literary canvas. Novels concerned with the assimilation of the foreigner and other problems arising out of immigration also belong to the institutional type.

The Novel of Organic Plot.—In this the "story" is the thing. Character drawing may be well enough done, but it is subsidiary; description and local atmosphere are also mere stage settings for the plot. This is the nature of the fiction written by alien authors who use Canada as a literary background—Rex Beach, Harold Bindloss, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, James Oliver Curwood, and many others. Some of the novels of Ralph Connor are scarcely more than "organic plot" novels, their treatment of Canadian themes is not broad enough. The stories of Alice Jones also come under this classification.

The Character Novel.—This is rather rare in Canadian fiction. "Anne of Green Gables", by L. M. Montgomery, might be classed as a character novel, although it has largely the elements of the community novel. The same is true of "Duncan Polite", by Marian Keith; here the personality of the lovable, gentle old

Scot stands out clearly defined apart from plot or setting. Alan Sullivan's "Blantyre-Alien" is a skilful piece of portrayal of character development, or rather character degeneration. Sir Gilbert Parker has produced a few striking character novels: "The Right of Way", dominated by our interest in the erratic Charley Steele; "When Valmond Came to Pontiac", in which a scion of the great Napoleon makes a romantic figure in a quiet French-Canadian village; "Mrs. Falchion", and Jacques Barville of "The Money Master".

The Nature Novel.—As Canada excels in nature poetry, she excels in nature fiction (by which, of course, I do not mean nature-faking). The work done by Thompson-Seton and Charles G. D. Roberts in describing the denizens of the wild and their lives, either apart from or in relationship with the human family, has not been excelled, if it has been equalled, in any other literature. In the domestic nature novel, "Beautiful Joe", a dog story by Marshall Saunders, has proved wonderfully popular, and in "Thoroughbreds", by W. A. Fraser, the race-horse has been "done" into fiction in a most vividly realistic fashion.

The Historical Novel.—There is an abundance of material for this type of fiction. That more has not been produced, may be explained by the fact that Canadians have been too busy with other things to spend the time necessary in delving for material. Some of the outstanding works of this class are:

"Wacousta", by Major Richardson, dealing with the conspiracy of Pontiac, centred chiefly in Fort Detroit and Michillimackinac.

"The Golden Dog", by William Kirby, a character sketch of Intendant Bigot and a picture of New France just prior to its conquest by the British. This shows clearly why the colony was unable to make a more effective resistance, and also why it so speedily became a loyal British province.

"Seats of the Mighty", by Sir Gilbert Parker, brings us up to the capture of Quebec and gives an insight into the relations between the British and French colonies in America prior to the conquest.

"A Forge in the Forest" and "A Sister to Evangeline", by Charles G. D. Roberts, are particularly valuable in presenting clearly the relations of the Acadians to the British Government. Longfellow's "Evangeline" leaves much to be desired in the way of explanation regarding the expulsion of the Canadians, and it is a regrettable fact that many a Canadian knows nothing further of the incident than he has gained from the reading of Longfellow's poem, in which the onus of the suffering is laid, by implication, upon the British Government. Even formal history does not make us see and feel the conditions as Mr. Roberts is able to do here. In another novel, "The Raid from Beausejour", Mr. Roberts describes an incident in the Maritime Provinces during the time of the Braddock campaign.

The local history of the Niagara Peninsula, the building of the Welland Canal, and Ontario pioneer life generally, are reproduced in "Candlelight Days", by Adeline M. Teskey; while a peculiar condition of pioneer times—the conflict between the purely pioneer spirit of the "bushwhacker" and that of the agricultural settler and the town builder—is described in "Love of the Wild", by Archie P. McKishnie, a tale of the Talbot settlement north of Lake Erie.

We have few novels in which humour is more than an accidental quality of the story. "Sam Slick", by Judge Haliburton, is often made to do duty as the sole example, but there are one or two others. "Tag", the

grotesquely funny story of a boy and a dog and a honeymoon couple (by Valance Patriarche), deserves to be very widely known. "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town", by Stephen Leacock, is scarcely a novel, but if read with due allowance for its burlesque character, it will afford an amusing picture of a Canadian town. Of humour which is accidental and incidental to the story, there is a goodly leaven in the work of our writers of both sexes. The humorous sketch and short story may be found in volumes by Peter McArthur, L. M. Montgomery, Frank L. Packard, Cy Warman, Charles G. D. Roberts, Nellie McClung, W. A. Fraser and others, despite the fact that a rather discriminating member of the body writes that "Canadians are too preoccupied for mirth".

The Problem Novel.—There is nothing worth noting under this head, and for this we may feel grateful. The novel that is a genuine success will teach lessons in the philosophy of life, but it will do so incidentally and not because its author set out to prepare a sermon.

In concluding this brief survey, let us remember that if we have not proved that Canadian writers have produced great "classic" literary masterpieces, we have indicated that at least a creditable foundation has been laid in many fields of verse and prose. Let us remember, too, that we have yet had barely fifty years of anything approaching to a "national" life. Considering, under these conditions, both the bulk and quality of our native literary production, we may look forward confidently to an enlarging progress and the gradual development of a truly national Canadian literature.





A DEPARTMENT OF PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS

THE FUTURIST SONG BIRD

AN interesting fact about Eva Gauthier is, that comparatively few facts about her are really known. She has books full of press cuttings—huge, cumbersome books that knock the bibelots off the drawing-room table, or sag ungracefully between the knees—and many are the glowing appreciations and technical criticism of her beautiful, rich and velvety voice. But of facts which link her romantic and adventurous past with her colourful and successful present, there is a scant array. The same few are repeated, slightly paraphrased, in order to avoid embarrassing results or the annoyance of using quotation makes.

It has been pretty widely stated that Mme. Gauthier made her first public appearance at the age of thirteen. Some chroniclers set the date three years earlier, but according to her own testimony, she sang first in public when three years old, at which time she established a precedent that holds good to the present day, by allowing no "paper" in the house! Her audience, consisting of the "big girls" of the Convent, had to guarantee a collection consisting largely of sweets, and these were handed to the tiny prima donna on her tiny stage, formed of one small, perilously-slop-

ing desk, with all the seriousness that now accompanies the presentation of a dozen or two American Beauties over the footlights.

It is true that the late Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, well-known patrons of musicians, were intensely interested in this talented child and that they succeeded in bringing her to the notice of Lord Strathecona to whom she owes at least a part of her musical education. For the Gauthiers were many and the Government salary earned by their father—also an able musician—would not stretch from Ottawa to Paris, no matter how frugally the young student was prepared to live.

But the fact that she was poor and had to make a real honest-to-goodness struggle for all she got, only proves that she was favoured of the gods, who seem to shower genius and poverty in about equal proportions upon those they wish to exalt.

When still in her teens, Eva Gauthier had to leave the Conservatoire in Paris because of insufficient funds. She went to London in search of work, which she found in a most unexpected quarter.

With a discrimination which is truly astounding in one of artistic temperament, she possesses rare business and executive ability and the faculty of picking out the people who will be of the greatest assistance to



Mme. Eva Gauthier,
The Futurist Song Bird

her in work. In London, however, she brought herself to the notice of Mme. Albani who promised with pardonable patronizing, to hear her sing. After listening to one song, the husband, I believe, of the greatest artist was called to the studio, and by the time little Eva Gauthier had finished her repertoire, not only the entire Albani family but several friends were gathered into an amazed and delighted audience.

Mme. Albani then arranged that her young countrywoman should accompany her on a tour of Great Britain, and later on her farewell trip

through Canada. Scarcely could the gods have found a more efficient way of launching their youthful protégé, and the excellent impression she created then is largely responsible for her having been called to London to create the prima donna role in the Coronation Mass of Edward VII.

After a few years in Italy, she made her début at the Royal Opera of Pavia in "Carmen". There followed a call to Covent Garden and an extended tour through France, Holland, Belgium, Germany and Denmark, after which Mme. Gauthier passed seven eventful years in Java. It was during these years that she had an opportunity of making a close study of Oriental music suitable for adaptation to Western taste. Certainly, every facility was generously provided, and one of her most interesting experiences was her residence in the seraglio of the Sultan with power to command the royal musicians at whatever time her whim dictated. As a mark of great favour the Sultan presented his distinguished guest with a magnificent Javanese costume, the first of its kind ever worn by a white woman. And Mme. Gauthier was preparing to bring a troupe of singers and dancers to America for a concert tour when the war broke out and her project had to be abandoned.

Returning alone to New York, she began slowly to lay the foundation for the pinnacle upon which she now stands. Gradually, she drifted farther and farther away from stereotyped classical concerts. In her own words, she feels that she has always been a "pioneer", making the courageous effort to present the best in modern music and to give the composer a larger and more appreciative hearing. "I never would have attempted this," she says, "had I not received a thorough grounding in the classics, but having such, I cannot see why anyone should hesitate to give a modern composer the opportunity of being heard. I like doing new things. When I announced to certain



Lieutenant Thomas O. L. Wilkinson

Musical Powers that I could provide a new programme every month, they raised a skeptical eyebrow. But I proved to them that I spoke the truth."

"New Programme" absolutely! Her songs are like nothing one has ever heard . . . unexpected cadences, full of what one might call *tonal grotesquerie*, sudden beginnings and more sudden endings, that leave the hearer breathless. Extraordinary, in the exact meaning of the word. And her costumes are carefully thought out to suit the type of programme being sung. On a certain tour with Mischa Elman when Eva Gauthier gave 400 consecutive performances, two a day, she electrified the audiences with a purple wig. Latterly, however, she wears her own soft black hair severely drawn from her brow and the peculiarity of her costume is limited to the various robe-effects one sees. These are never made in the common usage of the term. She

winds herself into them and not the least interesting part of her concert is seeing her dress.

No urchin on the street is more approachable than this truly gifted Canadian. She is interested in every one and knows full well the value of making friends. Many artists surround themselves with mystery and exclusiveness which amounts to a sort of professional snobbery.

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A BORN LEADER OF MEN

ON the first day of the war there enlisted in the 50th Gordon Highlanders of Victoria, British Columbia, a young surveyor, who had been living in Canada for some twenty months.

Thomas Orde Lawder Wilkinson was born in Shropshire, on June 29th, 1894. He was educated at Wellington College, one of the great public schools of England, and there he made his mark. His House-master

and Tutor said of him, "He was a magnificent specimen of humanity, the ideal we try to produce in the public schools, upright, straight as a die, fearless, not with the unseeing courage of a boy, but realizing the danger and regarding it not: scornful of what is mean and foul and such a good friend!"

He became second Prefect of the College, and head of the Officers' Training Corps and of the College Gymnasium. He was fond of swimming, riding and all athletic sports, "was very keen on football, and in two successive years represented Wellington at the English Public Schools Boxing Competition". Sports in which difficulties had to be surmounted especially appealed to him, and the same spirit was shown in his choice of a profession. No easy arm-chair life for him! At the age of eighteen, he came to British Columbia, and in the following spring passed the first examination prescribed for a surveyor, was articled to a member of the profession and immediately began work with surveying parties in Vancouver Island. He was so engaged when the war broke out. He went to England with the First Contingent.

While at school he had taken so keen an interest in his work in the Officers' Training Corps that the Head-master, who saw in him "a born leader of men", had suggested that he should enter the army, but he had had "no wish to become a professional soldier".

In January, 1915, soon after his arrival in England, he was offered a commission in the 7th Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. He accepted it, though he parted with regret from many of his comrades in the Gordons, of whose soldierly qualities he had a high opinion. This "was justified later on, when the Regiment went to France and fought splendidly, being finally almost exterminated".

He went to France with his regiment in July, 1915, and in the same

month of the following year, during the long-drawn-out Battle of the Somme he won the Victoria Cross and closed his short life of twenty-two years in the struggle for La Boisselle. In the restrained language of the "Official Gazette", it is told how "when a party of another unit was retiring without their machine gun, Lieut. Thomas Wilkinson rushed forward, and with two of his men got the gun into action and held up the enemy till they were relieved". Later, when the advance was checked, during a bombing attack, he forced his way forward and found four or five men of different units stopped by a solid block of earth over which the enemy was throwing bombs. With great pluck and promptness he mounted a machine gun on the top of the parapet and dispersed the enemy bombers. Subsequently he made two most gallant attempts to bring in a wounded man, but in the second attempt he was shot through the heart just before reaching the man.

One of the two privates who went with him when he held up with his machine gun the 3rd Prussian Guards Regiment sent to take the evacuated trench wrote as follows: "His self-sacrifice was typical of the man—his men first, himself last—for as soon as the cry went up, 'Wounded men are lying out', Wilkinson was the first over. When we used to come out of the trenches to billets the first man round to see if we were comfortable was sure to be Lieut. Wilkinson, and I shall never forget him carrying an exhausted 'Tommy' more than a mile when we were on a long route march. . . . There was not a man in his company who would not have followed him anywhere."

"He understood men," wrote a brother-officer, whilst the Colonel commanding his regiment struck the same note as his Head-master, "Had he only lived he was bound to do well, as he undoubtedly was a born leader of men."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

A LONDON LOT

By A. NEIL LYONS. Toronto: S. B. Gundy.



MY R. LYONS is an accurate and companionable interpreter of the lives and spirits of those who dwell in London, East. The sketches that make up *Arthur's* are not merely entertaining reports of the behaviour and conversation of the frequenters of a night coffee-stall, but genuine contributions to the literature of character, folk analysis, written with living sympathy and the humour that takes its rise therein. The author's war tales are extensions of this manner into dark and difficult atmospheres, but he succeeds in his determination to get at the shaded core of light in them, to disengage at all time such gleams of the hope and courage of the human spirit (especially the cockney spirit) as he may encounter, and to illuminate his pages with their homely, wholesome beauty. He had already shown his ability to do so in "Kitchener Chaps" and "A Kiss from France", two of the best little books of humour the war has produced. Now, in "A London Lot", he tells the story of Cuthbert Tunks and Cherry Walters, of Silverside, E., a costermonger and a factory girl, who happen to have strong, clean, simple souls that carry them through many hard trials into happiness. Tunk's partner, Will Mooney, Mr. and Mrs. Tunks, senior; Councillor Garlie, and a "nob", Miss Topleigh-Trevor, are also made to move through these pages with deft and vivid reality. They and their

backgrounds—scenic and human—are seen and understood and introduced with mischievous thrust and amiable tolerance. Consider, for example, these quick flashlight touches of descriptive suggestion: "He was a gentle, kind old man, who bred gold-fish"; "a lady having several chins and a terraced abdomen". The account of Cuthbert's adventures at the front and of his hospital life in England are among the best things in the book. The writer was fortunate enough to see the dramatization of this book, then called "London Pride" presented in London in 1917, and can testify to the constant and healthful influence it exerted upon its audiences, in favour of the clean honesties and modesties and humours of sincere self-realization as of equal value to the nation, from the lower grades of society upward. It seems apparent, however, that Mr. Lyons is happier with his cockneys than anywhere else, as his fellow-humourist Jacobs is with his pensive yet dramatic-minded seafarers.



THE VISION FOR WHICH WE FOUGHT

By A. M. SIMONS. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THIS book is a fine manual for optimists and a good tonic for pessimists. It is one of the volumes of the Citizen's Library of Economics, Politics and Sociology. The author's own words will best indicate the nature of his book:

"This book was written because the writer believes that the problems of peace call for a greater crusade than the one that

rallied millions to the battlefields to crush autocracy. In so far as they are suitable, all the enthusiasm, institutions, material, and persons mobilized to win the war should now be mobilized to fight ignorance, poverty, disease and social injustice."

Some of the chapter headings are as follows: "The Industrial Foundation", "The Growing Power of Labour", "What War Taught the Schools", "The New Internationalism", "A Positive League of Nations", "Conscious Continuance of Reconstruction".

While Mr. Simons may seem on occasion more theoretical than practical his pages make good reading for these jaded days of reaction. He proclaims the great objectives of peace with a vigour that kindles enthusiasm. Sometimes he seems to leave out of consideration the peculiar function of certain particular war motives in the getting of things done, motives that to-day are no longer operative. He seems to forget that a citizen will do things "when the Hun is at the gate" that he will tend to defer until to-morrow when apprehension has given place to national self-congratulation. Mr. Simons fails to notice the lapse into slackness that often comes when humanity is impelled by considerations that are rather more obviously altruistic than selfish. People still tend to achieve the greatest good of the greatest number by thinking first of number one. In war this was often a possible and indeed a natural way of procedure. In peace the personal and selfish appeal is lessened a little in its intensity and the general appeal is necessarily heightened. In war people are asked to make great sacrifices and do great community things and every individual sees, or thinks he sees, that everything, himself included, will go to smash if the sacrifices are not made and the great things are not done. This is of course not the only motive behind war effort but it is a potent motive. In peace many of the same objectives remain but in peace the individual tends, wittingly or unwittingly, to work on the theory that he

is all right and as for the other fellow he is probably all right too; a certain motive to great sacrifice is lacking.

If Mr. Simons had written a chapter on "Equivalent Peace Motives" he might have guarded a point and showed us a great and necessary thing how, in peace days, the same great community and national undertakings that war actuates could be actuated with equal enthusiasm in less obviously pressing times. As it is, the book stands more as an appeal to do than as a guaranteed method of doing. In its appeal lies its strength. If only, in the dozen ways Mr. Simons discusses, if only we can put all these constructive and re-constructive programmes through. . . . We may lack an adequate peace motive, but with books like Mr. Simons's in our hands we shall not lack an adequate objective.

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A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY

Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

WHEN this prominent American publishing house decided to place on the market an anthology of the best poetry of the war in English the first thing to do was to choose an editor. The choice fell naturally on a poet, on George Herbert Clarke, a Canadian, Professor of English in the University of Tennessee. The first volume (there are two) was an instant success. A second volume followed two years later, and already it promises to rival the first. Professor Clarke's great task was one of elimination. He could choose from the work of the best of living poets, but at the same time he had to sift the vast quantity of poetry by writers hitherto and in many cases still obscure and pick out the poetry whose sheer merit claimed for it a place in this anthology. Such a task demanded not only great perseverance but as well fine literary judgment. Among great poets such as Kipling, Brooke, Bridges, New-



Professor George Herbert Clarke,
editor of "A Treasury of War Poetry"

bolt, Hardy, Masfield, Binyon, Seeger, Masters, Helston, Drinkwater, A. E., we find several Canadians represented: Bliss Carman, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Arthur L. Phelps, George Herbert Clarke, Bernard Freeman Trotter, J. Edgar Middleton, Wilfred Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, John McCrae, Frederick George Scott, Katherine Hale, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, and Robert W. Service. The introduction is a learned and appreciative discourse on the poetry of war. Prof. Clarke finds, as indeed his book should show, that English and American literatures have both received genuine accessions arising out of the war, and he makes the important observation that a work of the character of this anthology illustrates the new fellowship of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. This introduction as well as the second, adds greatly to the value and interest of the collection.

SAINT'S PROGRESS

By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Toronto:
The Copp, Clark Company.

SO realistic and matter-of-fact a novel as this scarcely should be expected from John Galsworthy. Many readers would set it down as being immoral in its teaching, offensive in its delicate passages and in at least one glaring instance insufferably melodramatic. Others would say that it is a novel of the time, written to suit the time, and that its tendency will be to put a face on a social condition that has been woefully aggravated and greatly intensified by the war. Undoubtedly John Galsworthy has seen that impending illegitimate motherhood in thousands of homes in England has been enough to cause the nation to alter its attitude to such a condition, and therefore he selected what might be regarded as an average

case and built his novel upon it. First of all, it had to be a respectable home. And, to add to its poignancy, the author chose as the father of the unfortunate girl the vicar of a London suburban parish. The father is the saint of the story. So saintly, indeed, is he that he fails to observe the tendencies of the world about him—the abnormal circumstances surrounding everything—everybody. Although he himself is surrounded by all this abnormality, he fails to see it, for his progress is along one direct line within the confines of his parish. His daughter Nollie and her soldier-lover wish to be married, but he says it is too soon, too precipitate. The soldier is about to leave for the Front, a situation that impels the lovers. But the vicar is blind. The girl feels that her lover may never return, that she is losing him perhaps forever. They have only one day and one evening more together, for the inevitable call has come. Then the inevitable happens. And again the inevitable. But before the girl learns that she is to become a mother, her lover goes over the top and is killed. There, then, is the situation. Some attempt is made to keep the knowledge from the vicar, but that, of course, is not for long. And when the vicar is told, by Nollie herself, for she insists on that, he responds much more philosophically than one might expect. "If he would'n't be so good and kind!" both daughters agree. Until the baby is born and brought home his battle is only with himself, for as the father of two motherless daughters he ima-

gines that he must have failed lamentably. But when the young mother and her baby come home, an action he has requested, because he believes it to be his duty, he has to face the world, especially the world of his own parish. And while he is facing it and in time going through the ordeal of resigning and leaving the parish to accept a chaplaincy in Egypt, a returned soldier, a man whom the vicar does not approve because he has had a past, is making love to Nollie, knowing everything. And at last we see these two, one with a past and the other with a child, happily married, and the vicar, chastened and lonely, helping to comfort the last moments of dying men far from his beloved England.

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A GUEST OF THE KAISER

BY ARTHUR GIBBONS. Toronto: J. M. Dent and Sons.

OF all war literature the stories of prisoners of war make a high claim towards being the most romantic. It is a question if even sea tales can constitute themselves successful rivals. This story of Sergt. Gibbons may not be as hair-raising and entrancing and Arabian Nightsy as some prisoner stories have been but it is an apparently straightforward tale well worth the telling. A man who pretends to be insane as a scheme for safeguarding his incapacity for further war effort and therefore guaranteeing his exchange is an interesting man to know. Sergt. Gibbons may be known through his book.



THE HIGH COST OF CLOTHES

BY CHARLES F. NELSON

PRESIDENT, R. J. TOOKE, LIMITED

I KNOW that the merchants of Canada are as one in deploring the high cost of living, and the ascending values to which the signing of the armistice gave no relief.

To the large body of manufacturers or converters in Canada may be ascribed the same feeling. As the head of one of the largest men's wear houses in America I have been in the thick of it for five years. I have journeyed to England and the Continent several times during the war, and with other of my buyers, have visited the manufacturing centres of the United States. Occasionally I have been rewarded by being able to pick up lines below the prevailing market price. But always the sellers have stood on a high horse and handed me goods as a favour.

That is the condition which has confronted most merchants, even those who, like our firm, enjoy the highest credit standing.

The causes of the high cost of clothes have been published again and again, and it would be futile for me to recite these reasons, starting as they do with 25,000,000 men being in uniform and removed from the producing power of the world — men whose purpose was to destroy as well as to consume.

This shortage of labour was accentuated when the producers at home in every country took full advantage of the dilemma and demanded higher pay and shorter hours. The manufacturers willingly accorded higher wages, but demurred about the shorter hour week as it acutely injured their volume of production.

The men's clothing trade suffered most severely. Before the United States entered the war the workers in this trade were chiefly German and Russian Jews. They were confessed Bolshevists, and had broken away from the American Federation of Labour because that body advocated peaceful arbitration.

The alien workers sent delegates to Canada—organizers they called them. These men, working with their own racial brethren in Canada brought on strikes and disorders, dynamited the houses of some Montreal workers who refused to join them and struck such terror into the hearts of some of the smaller manufacturers that they were soon in command of their factories.

They were defeated in their ultimate purpose by one shop, possibly the best known in Canada, whose officers and directors turned their shop into a veritable fortress. The chief workers withstood a siege, never leaving the workshops except under es-

cort of some of the directors — and then only at nights.

But during the progress of this strike every garment made in this factory cost the Company five times as much as was received for it from their wholesale customers. For their courage and constancy and for their loyalty to their customers in quickly diagnosing the basis of the trouble—which trouble stopped as suddenly as the closing of the German war purse held by Bernstorff and Von Papen—this British Company is deserving of special commendation.

They have done more than that—for by their system of putting a price label in the pocket of every garment—they have kept the men's clothing trade quite free from profiteering.

I was struck by the phrase used in a letter to our own Company in 1915, when prices of commodities began to soar and famine conditions were the talk of Europe. This correspondent said:

"Everything has gone up in price — except Semi-ready clothes and postage stamps!"

And the Semi-ready Tailoring Company proudly aver that postage stamps went up first—before they were compelled by advancing wool costs to quit making suits for \$15.

We sell a great number of Semi-ready suits in a year—in the month of May our sales of this one line in our three stores totalled over \$40,000. Our net profit was about 3 per cent. in one store.

The price label in the pocket enforces a reasonable and fair profit and puts the problem of greater volume of trade squarely up to the merchant.

In the selling of the finer class of clothes — with better workmanship and "something better" in all other respects, the merchant is freed from all the worries and quibbles and come-backs which come to he who sells the risky and cheaper grades. The latter loses so much time in settling with dissatisfied customers that he cannot

give the same enthusiasm to increasing his volume of trade.

Almost every day in the week some member of our staff is asked the leading question: "When will clothing be cheaper?"

I only wish we could answer the question and forecast the date when this happy day would show the first sign of its coming. I do know that, with the removal of the war surtax we will have semi-ready suits for \$50 that last season we were selling at \$55—exactly the same pattern and wool quality.

The export of foodstuffs to England sends up the home price of eggs, butter, flour and meat. This year we will export \$4,000,000 worth of ready-made suits to Europe. I do hope that this exportation will not stiffen the price in Canada. Such clothes are not made in high-class factories like that of the Semi-ready, for they are of cheaper inside construction.

It was a somewhat callous reply, to use a mild expression, which one cloth manufacturer made to the Parliamentary Committee of Enquiry when the evidence developed that he had exported a cool 72 per cent. on his sales of cloth to Canadian manufacturers of clothing and also on cloth sold to the Dominion Government.

I am glad to say that we have never sold a dollar's worth of that porcine cloth. There is mild consolation in the thought that the excess income tax will take care of a portion of that war profiteering surplus and return it to the people.

To my mind the problem of the high cost of clothes will settle itself by evolution, by closer industry of the workers, more intensive production, and a wholesome effort on the part of manufacturers to see that production is increased and that profits are fair and normal.

I do not suggest that all manufacturers should follow the price in the pocket system of Semi-ready tailored clothes—for this requires courage and constancy and years of educational effort.

NO PROFITEERING SLOGAN IN MEN'S CLOTHES

BY E. LEEDS NELSON

I AM an "English buyer," though when I went to college in Toronto a decade since I had the ambition to be a journalist or an author.

Though I confess my first infantile ambition when I lived on the slope of the Rosedale ravine was to be a golf caddy for George Lyon.

As the purchaser of cloth for the Semi-ready tailoring firm I am willing to accept a dollar a word and write at least two pages of magazine copy about cloth and clothes, and about the broad intimation that there had been profiteering in the making of men's clothes in Canada.

The worthy Doctor, who is one of a thousand investigators, commissioners, and official enquirers sent forth by the Government whenever any complaint is made by somebody in the country, stated that there had been a decline in the cost of cloth and that the manufacturers and tailors were "profiteering" because there had been no sympathetic decline in the cost of tailored clothes.

There was a tempest for a moment. I was in England every year during the war. I was there when the armistice asked for was granted by the Allies.

Prices were going up and up. I left in disgust, but assistant buyers remained at the Semi-ready offices to watch and wait.

There was not, nor has there yet been in England a single decline in the prices of cloth.

In every city where clothes are made, the manufacturers protested that they could not find the cheaper cloth that the Government Investigator had been 'informed about. Nor would he tell who was his informant.

He just waited.

The war surtax of five and seven per cent. ad valorem was repealed by the Dominion Government.

Then the dear man came out of his hole and said there was a drop in the cost of cloth of about seven per cent.

To be sure there was.

We import the bulk of our cloth from England. During the war we paid the super-tax of five per cent. and the war risk as high as five per cent.

On cloth costing \$5.00 a yard this meant an additional charge of fifty cents a yard.

This amount we save to-day, and it is equal to ten per cent. on the cost of our cloth, which would have made a difference of nearly \$2 on the wholesale cost of a suit of clothes.

But the advances in the cost of woollens since the war have nearly eaten up that saving.

When the war broke out and prices began to soar we adopted the slogan that "There would be no profiteering in Semi-ready clothes."

We advertised this fact in every city in Canada. We adhered to our price-in-the-pocket—the same price West as East—the same price for the same garment in Montreal, Halifax or Vancouver.

And I venture the assertion here, made in every town in Canada, and never challenged, that because of this price-in-the-pocket, Semi-ready tailored clothes are delivered to the wearer at a less profit than are any clothes made in Canada.

Merchants selling Semi-ready clothes in Canada protested then and protest now that the small profit they make on each suit is not sufficient to pay the increased cost of doing business—the higher freights imposed by Government ownership and the higher salaries of clerks.

But while we lost many of our wholesale customers we still have the best of them. The “quitters” will find that the smaller profit begets the larger volume.

That there are many bright young men who believe this a true maxim of trade is proven by the opening this year of many new Semi-ready stores, such as:

Hersee Brothers, in Woodstock.
C. F. Smyth, in Brantford.
W. H. Mills, in Kitchener.
J. H. Poupart, in Sherbrooke.
A. S. Rennie, in Tilsonburg.
Orest Vaccari, in Brandon.

Prices are bound to decline some day—but that day will not come until the foolish men cease their foolishness—while the Government gives a fictitious dollar value to wheat and until Capital is left to develop itself and win its fight with Labour. Labour had declared war on Capital, and the meddlesome officials who try to interfere simply prolong the unrest and disturb true market values.

* * * *

New Semi-ready stores are springing up all around, in even the towns and smaller cities where a few years

ago a merchant would say that Semi-ready was too high-class, and not cheap enough.

Leo Watson, in Galt, was one of the first young men to see the opportunity.

Even in Norwood, not so large a town as Galt, Mr. Alex. Kempt has proven that a really first-class Semi-ready shop will gain a prosperous trade.

In October of this year the five new Semi-ready stores which are opening are in places that have not yet had exclusive Semi-ready stores, that is, shops that will sell only clothes made by the Semi-ready Tailoring Company.

Brantford opens with C. F. Smyth as the proprietor of a Semi-ready shop. He bought out a jewellery stock, auctioned it off, just to get the store.

Woodstock will have a splendid corner store at Dundas and Ferry street, with Fred and Beverley Hersee as owners.

Kitchener is to have its nice new shop with W. H. Mills, long in Orillia, at the helm.

Sherbrooke already has its Semi-ready store, and one of the first special order suits was delivered from Semi-ready shops by Lieut. Wilshire in his aeroplane.

Both Welland and Tilsonburg expect to have their real Semi-ready shops in a short time.

In Brandon, Manitoba, where for years, several merchants agreed between themselves, that they would not buy Semi-ready clothes, because the price in the pocket compelled them to sell at a small profit, half the average profit. A young man from the East saw the opportunity and has scored a distinct success with his Semi-ready store.

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DESK
OS
STOCKS

